

The Cloud of Witness

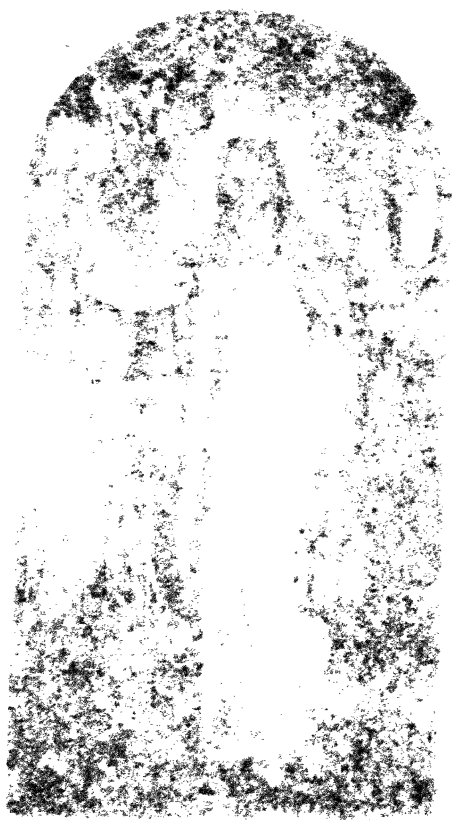
Thirty-first Thousand

That was the True Light.



He that followeth ME shall not walk
in darkness.

be found of . . . witness



The Cloud of Witness

A DAILY SEQUENCE

OF

Great Thoughts from Many Minds

FOLLOWING THE CHRISTIAN SEASONS

BY THE

HON. MRS. LYTTELTON GELL

"Certain even of your own poets have said, For we are
also His offspring."

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above,
and cometh down from the Father of lights."

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PREFATORY NOTE

BY HIS GRACE

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

THESE Sequences of Thoughts, resting each on some one clear 'idea' presented to us in our Sundays, seem to me full of interest and help. Brief words chosen for a day often help the day through more strongly and brightly. That is our experience of the greatest Lessons of all. The 'ideas' noted in the following pages are full of suggestion, and I know no like book with so wide a range of illustrations.

It is good to hear in pithy phrases what the observing, musing poet-people, that is the 'maker-people' as the Greeks have it, are saying at this moment:—None the less good, because some of them are yet unable to 'beat their music out'—the music of a full faith. In such voices is heard what St. Paul calls 'the yearning of the Creation,' and that yearning is Creation's witness to the Son of God.

EDW. CANTUAR.

Addington, Nov. 29, 1891.

Preface

us. We stunt our apprehension of His habitual and universal Presence among men. We contract our perception of the volume of Divine Influence to the limits of the single stream upon which circumstance has launched our individual lives. "The life of man is the knowledge of God. But this knowledge lives and moves. It is not a dead thing embalmed once for all in phrases¹."

A selection from general literature undertaken with the objects embodied in this little book, brings us to realize that the sum of Christian thought is far wider than any sect or creed ; and if any should be disposed to cavil at finding the sayings of heathen philosophers and secular poets side by side with those of Christian Saints, let them remember that St. Paul did not disown the Altar raised to the Unknown God, and that a Greater than St Paul commanded His followers to gather up the fragments that nothing be lost.

The Great Minds of each Age in succession, doubtless, are the channels of the Special Message which the needs of their Age require ; though portions of their message often prove to be of such final and perfect insight that they have only to be re-uttered in order to secure the acknowledgment of each succeeding generation. The heathen Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, and the unknown Saint, St. Thomas à Kempis, stand out in this respect as World Teachers. Each spoke to the soul on certain points more convincingly than any that has followed them, and each has been widely quoted in the following pages. To the compiler, nevertheless, it appears as if there were no epoch since the days of the Apostles and the Fathers when the Divine Message of literature was so wide

¹ Westcott.

Preface

in its range, so intense in its effort, so deep in its insight, as in the present century—at least amongst English and American writers. If the proportion of modern—even of living Authors—quoted in this little book seems large, it is because the work of compilation itself disclosed that the treasures of human thought—for our age at least—lay most richly scattered amongst modern writers.

I trust sincerely the living will approve this necessarily imperfect attempt to gather here some of the treasures of their spiritual teaching—a teaching the more valuable, from being so often obviously spontaneous, and, if I may say so, accidental. My obligations to Lord Tennyson, Lord Lytton, Mr. Myers, Mr. George Mac Donald, Miss Ingelow, Mrs. Hamilton King, and to all the other living writers whose names are given in the following list of Authors, cannot be too amply acknowledged¹. Alas! that there are so many of their brother Poets whom no formal acknowledgments can reach. Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning have passed from us into that Greater Life of which their lofty and prophetic souls seemed to attain so near a vision while on earth. Lowell—one of the most suggestive teachers for the nineteenth century—has joined them while these sheets were in the press. Matthew Arnold, Cardinal Newman, Lord Houghton, Father Faber, Emerson, Carlyle,

¹ It is mournful that, with each fresh edition, another honoured name has to be erased from the list of those whom my thanks can reach. In a second edition, I had to note the death of Lord Lytton, and yet again ere the third appeared, Tennyson's last word to his generation had been spoken.

Preface

Mazzini, Miss F. R. Havergal, Miss Adelaide Procter,
had gone before. Yet still

We feel the orient of their spirit glow—
Part of our life's unalterable good,
Of all our saintlier aspiration.

This little book has owed some of the noblest testimonies to Christian thought to writers of other Communions than my own. I should be glad if it could repay the debt by being found useful in its turn beyond the limits of the Church of England. Even to such as do not share our own lifelong associations with the progress of the Church's year, a Golden Treasury of great thoughts and aspirations culled from ancient and modern, from religious and secular writers, may be helpful.

For, when we penetrate through the vesture of doctrine and dogma to the Living Spirit within, have not "all spiritual influences, however antagonistic they may appear, more in common with each other than they have with the temper of the world" ?¹

Christ's faith makes but one Body of all souls,
And Love's that Body's soul :
What Soul soe'er in any language can
Speak Heaven like her's is my Soul's countryman².

EDITH LYTTTELTON GELL.

*Langley Lodge, Oxford,
All Saints' Day, MDCCCXCL*

. To increase the utility of this collection for general reference, a very careful though necessarily unexhaustive Index of Subjects has been added.

¹ Jowett.

² Crashaw.

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PART I.

FOOTPRINTS OF THE MASTER

ADVENT TO TRINITY

***"ARE YE ABLE TO DRINK OF THE CUP
THAT I SHALL DRINK OF?"***

THE SEASON OF
ADVENT



" THY KINGDOM COME "

St. Andrew's Day
Nov. 30th

St. Thomas's Day
DEC. 21st

THE FIRST WEEK IN ADVENT

“ God with us ”

**“ Be ye also ready ; for in such an hour as ye think
not the Son of Man cometh.”**

A Prayer for the Week

Thy Kingdom come, O LORD ;
Thy reign, O CHRIST, begin !

God with us.

Watch ye: for ye know not when the Master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning: lest coming suddenly He find you sleeping. MAT. xiii. 35, 36.

GO! as some venturer, from his stars receiving
 Promise and presage of sublime emprise,
 Wears evermore the seal of his believing
 Deep in the dark of solitary eyes.—
 So even I, and with a heart more burning,
 So, even I, and with a hope more sweet,
 Groan for the hour, O CHRIST, of Thy returning,
 Faint for the flaming of Thine Advent feet.

F. MYERS.

x

IT may be in the evening,
 When the work of the day is done,
 And you have time to sit in the twilight,
 And watch the sinking sun,
 While the long bright day dies slowly
 Over the sea,
 And the hour grows quiet and holy
 With thoughts of ME;
 While you hear the village children
 Passing along the street—
 Among those thronging footsteps
 May come the sound of My feet.
 Therefore I tell you, Watch!
 By the light of the evening star
 When the moon is growing dusky
 As the clouds afar,
 Let the door be on the latch
 In your home,
 For it may be through the gloaming
 I will come.

B. M.

THE MASTER is come, and calleth for thee.

JOHN xi. 28.

ADVENT SUNDAY.]

God with us.

Behold, thy King cometh to thee. — GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

HARK! what a sound, and too divine for hearing,
Stirs on the earth and trembles in the air!
Is it the thunder of the LORD's appearing?
Is it the music of His people's prayer?
Surely HE cometh, and a thousand voices
Shout to the saints and to the deaf are dumb!
Surely HE cometh, and the earth rejoices,
Glad in His coming, Who hath sworn, "I come!"

F. MYERS.



THOU art coming, O my SAVIOUR!
Thou art coming, O my KING!
In Thy beauty all resplendent,
In Thy glory all transcendent;
Well may we rejoice and sing!
Coming! in the opening east
Herald brightness slowly swells,
Coming! O my glorious Priest.
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

F. R. HAVERGAL.

OH, quickly come, great KING of all,
Reign all around us and within!
Let sin no more our hearts enthrall,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin!
Oh, quickly come, for THOU alone
Can'st make Thy scatter'd people one!

TUTTIEIT.

SURELY the time is short,
Endless the task and art,
To brighten for the ethereal court
A soil'd earth-drudging heart;
But HE, the dread Proclaimer of that hour,
Is pledged to thee in Love, as to thy foes in Power.

KEBLE.

[MONDAY.

God with us.

Behold, the Bridegroom cometh: go ye out to meet Him.—*MATTHEW, XXV. 6.*

THY care is fixed, and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore, be sure
Thou, when the Bridegroom with His feastful friends
Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
Hast gained thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.
MILTON.

HE lifts me to the golden doors,
The flashes come and go;
All Heaven bursts her starry floors,
And straws her light below,
And deepens on and up! The gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin.
The Sabbaths of Eternity!
One Sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom and His bride!
TENNYSON.

FAITHFUL soul, prepare thy heart for this Bride-
groom, that HE may vouchsafe to come unto
thee, and to dwell within thee. THOMAS À KEMPIS.

OH! that Thy steps among the stars would quicken!
Oh! that Thine ears would hear when we are
dumb!
Many the hearts from which the hope shall sicken,
Many shall faint before Thy kingdom come!
F. M.—

TUESDAY.]

God with us.

I came down from heaven, not to do Mine own will
but the will of Him that sent Me. — JOHN VI. 38.
For judgment I am come into this world. — JOHN IX. 3

—♦—♦—♦—
OH quickly come, dread JUDGE of all;
For, awful though Thine advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, in sight of THEE.
Oh quickly come : for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when THOU art near.



TUTTIETI

WE believe that THOU shalt come to be our JUDGE



THE night is well nigh spent : the world fulfils
Her season—on the everlasting hills
Bright burns the day-star ! Yet a little more
And all that lets will be for ever o'er ! . . .
Wake while ye may—or sleep for evermore !
The great JUDGE stands already at the door.
What ! will ye slumber till the day of doom
Dispels your darkness ? Must the dull, cold tomb,
More quick to hear, more keen to feel, than you,
Yield up its dead, to prove the warning true ?



BURCON.

GREAT God ! what do I see and hear,
The end of things created,
The JUDGE of all men doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before :—
Prepare, my soul, to meet HIM !
Great JUDGE ! to THEE our prayers we pour,
In deep abasement bending ;
O shield us through that last dread hour,
Thy wondrous love extending !
May we, in this our trial day,
With faithful hearts Thy word obey,
And thus prepare to meet THEE !

Trans. from LUTHER.

[WEDNESDAY.

God with us.

I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. — JOHN X. 10.

He did leave His FATHER'S throne
To assume thy flesh and bone?
Had HE life, or had HE none?
If HE had not lived for thee,
Thou hadst died most wretchedly
And two deaths had been thy fee.

HERBERT

THE life of man is the knowledge of God. But this knowledge lives and moves. It is not a dead thing embalmed once for all in phrases.

WESTCOTT.

THEN haste THEE, LORD! Come down,
Take Thy great power and reign!
But frame THEE first a perfect crown
Of spirits freed from stain —
Souls mortal once, now match'd for evermore
With the immortal gems that form'd Thy wreath
before.

KELLE.



NOT heralded by fire and storm,
In shadowy outline dimly seen,
Comes through the gloom a glorious form,
The once-despised Nazarene.
“Fear not, Beloved, thou art Mine,
For I have given My life for thee,
By name I call thee, rise and shine,
Be praise and glory unto ME!
Thy life is hid in God with ME,
I stoop to dwell within thy breast.”
“My joy for ever THOU shalt be,
And in my love for THEE I rest!”

F. R. HAYFORD

THURSDAY.]

God with us.

He came unto His own, and His own received Him
not.—JOHN I. 11.

EARTH breaks up, time drops away,
In flows heaven with its new day
Of endless life, when HE who trod,
Very MAN and very God,
This earth in weakness, shame and pain,
Dying the death whose signs remain
Up yonder on the accursed tree,—
Shall come again, no more to be
Of captivity the thrall,
But the one God, All in All,
KING of kings and LORD of lords :
As His servant John received the words,
“ I died, and live for evermore.”

BROWNING.

ADVENT through the cold dark air
Blows a shrill blast of warning, and the Night
Is wellnigh spent. Do thou and I beware
Lest the JUDGE come, and we, in Love's despite,
Be found with cruel hands rais'd up to smite
Our fellow servant !

BURTON.

O GOD. O kinsman, loved, but not enough !
O MAN, with eyes majestic after death,
Whose feet have toiled along our pathway rough,
Whose lips drawn human breath ;
By that one likeness which is ours and Thine,
By that one nature which doth hold us kin,
By that high heaven where sinless, THOU dost shine
To draw us sinners in ;
Come ! lest this heart should, cold and cast away,
Die ere the guest adored she entertain—
Lest eyes which never saw Thy earthly day
Should miss Thy heavenly reign !

JEAN INGELOW

God with us.

The kingdom of God cometh not with observation: neither shall they say, Lo here! or, lo there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you.

LUKE XVII. 20, 21.

UNTO you is given
To watch for the coming of His feet
Who is the Glory of our blessed Heaven;
The work and watching will be very sweet
Even in an earthly home,
And in such an hour as you think not
He will come. B. M.

✠

I AM come a Light into the world. JOHN XII. 46.

O HEART! weak follower of the weak,
That thou should'st travel land and sea
In this far place that God to seek
Who long ago had come to thee!

LORD HOUGHTON.

✠

EVEN so, come, LORD JESUS! REV. XXII. 20.

O THOU that in our bosom's shrine
Dost dwell, unknown, because divine!
I thought to speak, I thought to say,
"The light is here," "Behold the way."
"The voice was thus," and "Thus the word,"
And "Thus I saw," and "That I heard"—
But from the lips that half essayed,
The imperfect utterance fell unmade.
Unseen, secure in that high shrine,
Acknowledged, present and divine,
I will not ask some upper air,
Some future day to place THEE there . . .
Do only THOU in that dim shrine,
Unknown or known, remain divine . . .
Be THOU but there! In soul and heart
I will not ask to feel THOU art.

THE SECOND WEEK IN ADVENT

“In change

“This same Jesus which is taken up from you into Heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into Heaven.”—ACTS I. II.

A Prayer for the Week

Be present, O Merciful GOD, and protect us . . . so that we who are fatigued by the changes and chances of this fleeting world, may repose upon Thy eternal changelessness.

[SATURDAY.

In change unchanged.

We are changed into the same image, from glory to

○ LORD, my heart is sick,
Sick of this everlasting Change ;
And life runs tediously quick
Through its unresting race and varied range !
Change finds no likeness to itself in THEE,
And makes no echo in Thy mute eternity.

ALL things must change
To something new, to something strange ;
Nothing that is, can pause or stay,
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
The rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be to-day.

○ OH that I once past changing were
Fast in Thy Paradise wherè no flower can wither !
○ HERBERT.

BLAME not life ! it is scarce begun ;
Blame not mankind ! thyself art one ;
And Change is holy, oh, blame it never !
Thy soul shall live by its changing ever ;
Not the bubbling change of a stagnant pool,
But the change of a river, flowing and full ;
Where all that is noble and good will grow
Mightier still as the full tides flow,
Till it joins the hidden, the boundless sea
Rolling through depths of Eternity.

○ MAC DONALD.

BUT wherefore bring Change
To the spirit,
God meant should mate His with an infinite range,
And inherit
His power to put Life in the darkness and cold ?
BROWN----

SUNDAY.]


In change, unchanged.

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words
shall not pass away. — GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.


ALL things are ever God's : the Shows of things
Are of man's fantasy and warped with sin ;—
God, and the things of God, immutable. ALLINGHAM

TO-DAY'S brief passion limits their range ;
It seethes with the morrow for us ;—and more
They are perfect—how else ? They shall never
change ;


We are faulty—why not ? We have time in store.
The ARTIFICER's hand is not arrested
With us ; we are rough-hewn, no-wise polished.
They stand for our copy, and, once invested
With all they can teach, we shall see them
abolished. BROWNING.


ALL things are passing !
God never changeth.

SANTA TERESA.


NOTHING, resting in its own completeness,
Can have worth or beauty ; but alone
Because it leads and tends to farther sweetness
Fuller, higher, deeper, than its own.
Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Towards a truer, deeper Life above.
Human Love is sweetest when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect Love.

ADELAIDE PROCTER.


SOOL ! all that is at all
Lasts ever, past recall !
Earth changes, but thy Soul and God stand sure ;
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be :
Time's wheel runs back or stops ; Potter and clay
endure. BROWNING.

In change unchanged.

They shall perish; but Thou remainest; and they all shall wax old as doth a garment; and as a vesture shalt Thou fold them up, and they shall be changed; but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail. — *HEB. I. 11, 12.*



GOD, though we change, Thou art the same—
The same sweet God of love and light.



HERBERT.

THEY drift away—Ah, God! they drift for ever!
I watch the stream sweep onward to the sea
Like some old battered buoy upon a roaring river,
Round whom the tide-waifs hang—then drift to sea.
I watch them drift—the old familiar faces
Who fished and rode with me by stream and wold,
Till ghosts, not men, fill old beloved places,
And, ah! the land is rank with churchyard mould.
I watch them drift—the youthful aspirations
Shores, landmarks, beacons, drift alike! . . .
Yet overhead the boundless arch of heaven
Still fades to night, still blazes into day . . .
Ah God! my God! Thou wilt not drift away.



KINGSLEY.

EARTH, we Christians praise thee thus,
Even for the Change that comes
With a grief from thee to us.

E. B. BROWNING.



LIFE'S sorrows still fluctuate; God's love does not,
And His love is unchanged, when it changes
our lot.



LYTTON

MAN'S yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow,
Nought may endure but mutability



SHELLEY.

ALL which is real now remaineth
And faileth never;
The hand which upholds it now, sustaineth
The soul for ever.

WHITTIER.

TUESDAY.]

In change unchanged.

I am the Lord, I change not. — MAL. III. 6.

THE ONE remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's
shadows fly;

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity—
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled!

SHELLEY.

NOT saint nor sage could fix immutably
The fluent image of the unstable Best,
Still changing in their very hands that wrought;
To-day's eternal Truth to-morrow proved
Frail as frost-landscapes on a window-pane—
Meanwhile THOU smiledst, inaccessible,
At Thought's own substance made a cage for
Thought,

And Truth locked fast with her own master-key.

LOWELL.

THOUGH to the vilest things beneath the moon,
For poor ease sake I give away my heart,
And, for the moment's sympathy, let part
My sight and sense of truth, Thy precious boon,—
My painful earnings, lost, all lost, as soon
Almost as gained! and though aside I start,
Belie THEE daily, hourly,—still THOU art,
Art surely, as in heaven the sun at noon!
How much soe'er I sin, whate'er I do
Of evil, still the sky above is blue,
The stars look down in beauty as before.

CLOUGH.

OH, the outward hath gone!—but in glory and
power,
The Spirit surviveth the things of an hour;
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same.

WHITTIER.

In change unchanged.

[WEDNESDAY.

Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and
for ever. — HEB. XIII. 8.

— ♦ —
TWIXT gleams of joy and clouds of doubt
Our feelings come and go ;
Our best estate is toss'd about
In ceaseless ebb and flow.
No mood of feeling, form of thought,
Is constant for a day ;
But THOU, O LORD ! THOU changest not ;
The same THOU art always !
Out of that weak unquiet drift,
That comes but to depart,
To that pure Heaven my spirit lift
Where THOU unchanging art !
Thy purpose of eternal good
Let me but surely know :
On this I'll lean, let changing mood
And feeling come or go !



J. CAMPBELL SHAIRP.

HAVING loved His own that were in the world,
He loved them unto the end.

JOHN XIII. 1.



SAY never, ye loved *once* !
God is too near above,—the Grave, beneath :
And all our moments breathe
Too quick in mysteries of life and death,
For such a word. The eternities avenge
Affections light of range ;
There comes no change to justify that change,
Whatever comes—Loved *once*.



E. B. BROWNING.

IT fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so ;
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, THOU dost not change.
I steadier step, when I recall
That, if I slip, THOU dost not fall. CLOUGH.

THURSDAY.]

In change unchanged.

Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. — MATT. XXVIII. 20.

THE course of GOD is one. It likes not us
To think of Him as being acquaint with Change;
It were beneath Him! † J. INGELow.

HE reigns above! HE reigns alone!
Systems burn out and leave His throne;
Fair mists of seraphs melt and fall
Around Him changeless amid all—
Ancient of Days, Whose days go on!
E. B. BROWNING.

‘*NIMA Mundi*,’ of Thyself existing,
Without diversity or change to fear,
Say, has this Life to which we cling, persisting,
Part or communion with Thy stedfast sphere?
Does Thy serene Eternity sublime
Embrace the slaves of Circumstance and Time?
HOUGHTON.

THE old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
TENNYSON.

BUT THOU art true, Incarnate LORD,
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;
Thy smile is sure. Thy plighted word
No Change can falsify. WORDSWORTH.

THOU comest not, THOU goest not,
THOU wert not, wilt not be;
Eternity is but a thought
By which we think of THEE. FABER.

CHANGE and decay in all around I see,
O THOU, Who changest not, abide with me!
LYTLE.

[FRIDAY.

In change unchanged.

The heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment, and they that dwell therein shall die in like manner: but My salvation shall be for ever, and My righteousness shall not be abolished. *ISAIAH.*

LEAVING the final issue in His hands [is sure,
Whose goodness knows no change, Whose love
Who sees, foresees, Who cannot judge amiss.

WORDSWORTH.

THINGS learnt on earth we shall practise in heaven.

BROWNING.

NOT clinging to some ancient saw ;
Not master'd by some modern term ;
Not swift nor slow to change, but firm :
And in its season bring the law.

Meet is it Changes should control
Our being, lest we rust in ease :
We all are changed by still degrees,
All—but the basis of the soul.

TENNYSON.

LIFE'S vapours arise
And fall, pass and change, group themselves and revolve
Round the great central Life, which is Love; these dissolve
And resume themselves—here assume beauty, there
And the phantasmagoria of infinite error [terror ;—
And endless complexity, lasts but a while !
Life's self,—the immortal, immutable smile
Of God on the soul—in the deep heart of Heaven
Lives changeless, unchanged : and our morning and even
Are earth's alternations, not Heaven's.

LYTTON.

CHANGE must proceed whether for good or ill.

BROWNING.

WHEREFORE, if Thou canst fail,
Then can Thy Truth and I ! But while rocks stand
And rivers stir, Thou canst not shrink or quail ;
Yea, when both rocks and all things shall disband,
Then shalt Thou be my rock and tower,
And make their ruin praise Thy power. *HERBERT.*

THE THIRD WEEK IN ADVENT

“Right judgment”

“Judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come.”

A Prayer for the Week

Grant us by Thy Holy Spirit to have a right judgment in all things, and evermore to rejoice in His holy comfort.

[SATURDAY.]

Right judgment.

He that judgeth me is the Lord.—1 COR. IV. 4.

BY things which do appear
We judge amiss. The flower, which wears its way
Through stony chinks, lives on from day to day
Approved for living,—let the rest be gay
And sweet as summer! Heaven within the reed
Lists for the flute-note; in the folded seed
It sees the bud, and in the Will the Deed.

D. GREENWELL

IS this your Christian counsel? Out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet. There sits a JUDGE
That no king can corrupt.

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE the tears of earth are dried,
There its hidden things are clear:
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.

FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

ELLEKTON.

HOW shall we judge their present, we who have
never seen
That which is past for ever, and that which might
have been?

Measuring by ourselves, unwise indeed are we!
Measuring what we know by what we can hardly
see.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

BE not proud of well-doing; for the judgment of
God is far different from the judgment of men,
and that often offendeth Him which pleaseth them.

THOS. A KEMPIS.

GOD judges by a light
Which baffles mortal sight;
And the useless-seeming man the crown hath won.
In His vast world above,—
A world of broader love,—
God hath some grand employment for His son.

FABER.

SUNDAY.]

Right judgment.

With me it is a very small thing that I should be judged
of you or of man's judgment — E.P. FOR THE DAY

— — —
THEY extol
Things vulgar and, well weigh'd, scarce worth the
praise.

They praise and they admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other.
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk.
Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise! —
His lot who dares be singularly good! MILTON.

TAKE each man's censure, but reserve thy judg-
ment. SHAKESPEARE.

WHERE men of judgment creep, and feel their way,
The positive pronounce without dismay :
Their want of light and intellect supplied
By sparks Absurdity strikes out of Pride :
Without the means of knowing right from wrong,
They always are decisive, clear and strong.

BUT thou, why dost thou judge thy brother? . . . for
we must all stand before the judgment seat of God.

ROM. XIV. 10 (R.V.).
I KNOW my own appointed patch in the world.
BROWNING.

FOR whom the heart of man shuts out,
Sometimes the heart of God takes in,
And fences them all round about
With silence 'mid the world's loud din.

LOWELL
THOU art not the more holy for being praised,
nor the more worthless for being dispraised.
What thou art, that thou art ; neither by words canst
thou be made greater than what thou art in the sight
of God. THOS. A KEMPIS.

[MONDAY.

Right judgment.

Judge not according to the appearance, but judge
righteous judgment — JOHN VII. 24.

THE night
Wanes into morning, and the dawning light
Broadens, and all the shadows fade and shift !
I follow, follow, — sure to meet the sun,
And confident that what the future yields
Will be the Right, — unless myself be wrong.

LONGFELLOW.

SHADOWS there are who dwell
Among us, yet apart,
Deaf to the claim of God
Or kindly human heart ;
Voices of earth and heaven
Call, but they turn away,
And Love, through such black night
Can see no hope of day.
And yet — our eyes are dim
And thine are keener far ;
Then gaze till thou can'st see
The glimmer of some star !
The black stream flows along,
Whose waters we despise, —
Show us reflected there
Some fragment of the skies '
'Neath tangled thorns and briers
(The task is fit for thee.
Seek for the hidden flowers
We are too blind to see !
Then will I thy great gift
A crown and blessing call ;
Angels look thus on men,
And God sees good in all.

A PROCTER.

SUCH as everyone is inwardly, so he judgeth
outwardly.

THOS. A KEMPIS.

TUESDAY.]

Right judgment.

Neither cast ye your pearls before swine.—MATT. VII. 6.

DELIVER not the tasks of might
To weakness, neither hide the ray
From those, not blind, who wait for day,
Tho' sitting girt with doubtful light.
Make Knowledge circle with the winds;
But let her herald, Reverence, fly
Before her to whatever sky
Bear seed of men and growth of minds!
Watch what main-currents draw the years;
Cut Prejudice against the grain;
But gentle words are always gain)
Regard the weakness of thy peers!

TENNYSON.



GOOD and Great,
In Whom, in this bedarkened state,
I fain am struggling to believe,
Let me not ever cease to grieve,
Nor lose the consciousness of ill
Within me;—and refusing still
To recognise in things around
What cannot truly there be found,
Let me not feel, nor be it true
That, while each daily task I do,
I still am giving day by day
My precious things within away
(Those Thou didst give to keep as Thine)
And casting,—do whate'er I may,—
My heavenly pearls to earthly swine!

CLOUGH.



SEEING ye thrust the word of God from you, and
judge yourselves unworthy of eternal life, lo,
we turn to the Gentiles.

ACTS xiii. 46 (R. V.)

[WEDNESDAY.

Right judgment.

Are ye not then partial in yourselves, and are become judges of evil thoughts? — JAMES II. 4.

—♦—
THOU hast done well, perhaps,
To lift the bright disguise
And lay the bitter truth
Before our shrinking eyes.
When evil crawls below
What seems so bright and fair,
Thine eyes are keen and true
To find the serpent there :
And yet — I turn away —
Thy task is not divine, —
The evil angels look
On earth with eyes like thine.
Thou hast done well, perhaps,
To show how closely wound
Dark threads of Sin and Self
With our best deeds are found ; —
How great and noble hearts
Striving for lofty aims
Have still some earthly chord
A meaner spirit claims : —
And yet — although thy task
Is well and fairly done, —
Methinks for such as thou
There is a holier one.

A. PROCTER.

—♦—
SHALL one like me
Judge hearts like yours ?

BROWNING.

—♦—
HE that well and rightly considereth his own
works will find little cause to judge hardly of
another.

—♦—
THOMAS À KEMPIS.

THERE is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven ;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgments given.

FABER.

THURSDAY.]

Right judgment.

Ye shall not be afraid of the face of man; for the judgment is God's. — DEUT. I. 17.

—♦—
TIME was when I believed that wrong
In others to detect,
Was part of genius, and a gift
To cherish, not reject.
Now better taught by THEE, O LORD!
This truth dawns on my mind—
The best effect of heavenly light
Is earth's false eyes to blind. FABER.

⊕
THE world is full of Judgment-Days, and into every
assembly that a man enters, in every action he
attempts, he is gauged and stamped. EMERSON.

⊕
WHAT from this barren being do we reap?
Our senses narrow, and our reason frail,
Life short, and truth a gem which loves the deep,
And all things weigh'd in custom's falsest scale;—
Opinion an omnipotence whose veil
Mantles the earth with darkness, until right
And wrong are accidents, and men grow pale,
Lest their own judgments should become too
bright,
And their free thoughts be crimes, and earth have
too much light! BYRON.

⊕
HE'S loved of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes.
SHAKESPEARE.

⊕
THE best men, doing their best,
Know peradventure least of what they do:
Men usefulest in the world are simply used;
The nail that holds the wood must pierce it first,
And he alone who wields the hammer sees
The work advanced by the earliest blow.
E. B. BROWNING.

⊕
JUDGE not; that ye be not judged.

[FRIDAY.

Right judgment.

Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart
that I may discern between good and bad.—1 Kings
3.

THEY do but grope in learning's pedant round,
Who on the fantasies of sense bestow
An idol substance, bidding us bow low
Before those shades of being which are found
Stirring or still, on man's brief trial-ground ;—
As if such shapes and moods, which come and go,
Had aught of Truth or Life in their poor show,
To sway or judge, and skill to sane or wound !
Son of immortal seed ! high-destined Man !
Know thy dread gift—a creature, yet a cause :
Each mind is its own centre, and it draws
Home to itself, and moulds in its thought's span
All outward things, the vassals of its will,
Aided by Heaven, by earth unthwarted still.

NEWMAN.

LET such men rest
Content with what they judged the best ;
Let the unjust usurp at will ;
The filthy shall be filthy still :
Miser, there waits the gold for thee !
Hater, indulge thine enmity !

BROWNING.

FAIR Judgment.

Without the which we are pictures or mere beasts.

SHAKESPEARE.

AND shall we then be restless in the search
For other proofs and witnesses of God,
Before our hearts have rested on the One
He gave us in our very flesh to know !
Impatient for the noon-day, shall we miss
The sunrise we shall never see again !

H. HAMILTON KING.

IF we would judge ourselves we should not be
judged.

1 COR. XI. 31.

THE FOURTH WEEK IN ADVENT.

“ The Way of Joy ”

“ Rejoice greatly ! . . . Behold, thy King cometh
unto thee ! ”

A Prayer for the Week

LORD ! ev'n as THOU all-present art,
Oh ! may we still with heedful heart
Thy presence know and find !
Then come what will of weal or woe,
Joy's bosom-spring shall steady flow ;
For though 'tis Heaven Thyself to see,
Where but Thy Shadow falls, grief cannot be !

[SATURDAY.

The Way of Joy.

Your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.—JOHN XVI. 22.

AM I wrong to be always so happy? This world is full of grief;
Yet there is laughter of sunshine, to see the crisp green in the leaf.
Daylight is ringing with song-birds, and brooklets are crooning by night,
And why should I make a shadow where God makes all so bright?
Earth may be wicked and weary, yet cannot I help being glad;
There is sunshine without and within me, and how should I mope or be sad?
God would not flood me with blessings, meaning me only to pine
Amid all the bounties and beauties He pours upon me and mine;
Therefore will I be grateful, and therefore will I rejoice;
My heart is singing within me! sing on, O heart and voice!

WALTER SMITH.

EVERY joy is gain,
And gain is gain however small.

BROWNING.

AND if in thy life on earth
In the chamber or by the hearth,
'Mid the crowded city's tide,
Or high on the lone hill-side;
Thou canst cause a thought of peace,
Or an aching thought to cease,
Or a gleam of Joy to burst
On a soul in sadness nurst;
Spare not thy hand, my child:
Though the gladdened should never know
The well-spring amid the wild,
Whence the waters of blessing flow.

MAC DONALD.

SUNDAY.]

The Way of Joy.

Rejoice in the Lord alway : and again I say,
Rejoice !—LESTIE FOR THE DAY.

EARTHLY joy

Is but a bubble.

HERBERT

SO soon made happy ! Hadst thou learned
What God accounteth happiness,
Thou would'st not find it hard to guess
What hell may be His punishment
For those who doubt if God invent
Better than they.

BROWNING.

IN every gladness, LORD, THOU art
The deeper Joy behind.

MAC DONALD.

I THANK THEE too, that THOU hast made
Joy to abound :
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of Earth
Some love is found.

I thank THEE more that all our joy
Is touched with pain ;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain ;
So that Earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

For THOU, Who knowest, LORD, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys tender and true,
But all with wings,—
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

A. PROCTER.

The Way of Joy.

[MONDAY.]

Ye shall rejoice in all that ye put your
hand to.—*Deut. xii. 7.*

TAKE joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her !
Then will She come and often sing to thee
When thou art working in the furrows ; ay,
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.
It is a comely fashion to be glad—
Joy is the grace we say to God.

J. INGELow.

WHO is the angel that cometh !
Joy !
Look at his glittering rainbow wings—
No alloy
Lies in the radiant gifts he brings ;
Tender and sweet,
He is come to-day,
Tender and sweet,
With chains of love on his tender feet.
' Blessed is he that cometh
In the name of the LORD.'

A. PROCTER.

PUT case,—I never have myself enjoyed,
Known by experience what enjoyment means,—
How shall I—share enjoyment ?—no, indeed !
Supply it to my fellows ?—ignorant
As so I should be of the thing they crave,
How it affects them, works for good or ill ? . . .
Just as I cannot, till myself convinced
Impart conviction, so, to deal forth Joy
Adroitly, needs must I know Joy myself.

BROWNING.

DIVINITY hath surely touched my heart ;
I have possessed more Joy than earth can lend.

BRIDGES.

TUESDAY.]

The Way of Joy.

As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall
thy God rejoice over thee.—ISA. LXII. 5.

—♦—♦—♦—
WHEN first Thy sweet and gracious eye
Vouchsafed e'en in the midst of youth and
night

To look upon me, who before did lie
Weltering in sin,
I felt a sugared strange delight,
Passing all cordials made by any art,
Bedew, embalm and over-run my heart
And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter storm
My soul hath felt, e'en able to destroy,
Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm
His swing and sway;

But still Thy sweet original Joy
Sprung from Thine eye, did work within my soul,
And surging griefs when they grew bold, control
And get the day.

If Thy first glance so powerful be
A mirth but opened and sealed up again,
What wonders shall we feel when we shall see
Thy full-eyed love!

When THOU shalt look us out of pain
And one aspect of Thine spend in delight
More than a thousand suns disburse in light
In heaven above!

HERBERT.



GOD tastes an infinite Joy
In infinite ways—one everlasting bliss;—
From Whom all Being emanates, all power
Proceeds:—in Whom is life for evermore,
Yet Whom Existence in its lowest forms
Includes. Where dwells enjoyment there is He;
With still a flying point of bliss remote,
A happiness in store afar, a sphere
Of distant glory still in view.

BROWNING.

[WEDNESDAY.

The Way of Joy.

Thou hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity ;
therefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee
with the oil of gladness above thy fellows. — *HEB. 1. 9.*

— — —
IN heaven above
And earth below, they best can serve true gladness
Who meet most feelingly the calls of sadness.

✂

WORDSWORTH.

NOR hath thy knowledge of adversity
Robbed thee of any faith in happiness,
But rather cleared thine inner eyes to see
How many simple ways there are to bless.

✂

LOWELL.

RENOUNCE joy for my fellows' sake ! That's joy
Beyond joy : but renounced for mine, not theirs !
Why, the physician called to help the sick,
Cries ' Let me, first of all, discard my health !'
No, Son ! the richness hearted in such joy
Is in the knowing what are gifts we give,
Not in a vain endeavour not to know !
Therefore, desire Joy, and thank God for it.

✂

BROWNING.

I LOOKED for Evil, stern of face and pale ;
Came Good, too fair to tell.

I leant on God when other joys did fail ;

He gave me these as well.

S. WILLIAMS.

✂

THE men who met him rounded on their heels
And wonder'd after him, because his face
Shone like the countenance of a priest of old
Against the flame about a sacrifice
Kindled by fire from heaven ; so glad was he.

✂

TENNYSON.

NONE here is happy but in part :
Full bliss is bliss divine ;
There dwells some wish in every heart,
And doubtless one in thine.

COWPER.

✂

MAKER and High Priest
I ask Thee not my joys to multiply,—
Only to make me worthier of the least. E. B. BROWNING.

THURSDAY.]

The Way of Joy.

If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do
them.—JOHN XVI. 17.

MY MASTER, they have wronged THEE and Thy love!
They only told me I should find the path
A *Via Dolorosa* all the way ! . . .
Narrow indeed it is ! . . . Oh, why
Should they misrepresent Thy words, and make
'Narrow' synonymous with 'very hard' ?
For THOU, divinest Wisdom, THOU hast said
Thy ways are ways of pleasantness, and all
Thy paths are peace ; and that the path of him
Who wears Thy perfect robe of righteousness
Is as the light that shineth more and more
Unto the perfect day. And THOU hast given
An olden promise, rarely quoted now,
Because it is too bright for our weak faith :
'If they obey and serve HIM, they shall spend
Days in prosperity, and they shall spend
Their years in pleasure.'

F. R. HAVERGAL

FOR he, and he only, with wisdom is blest
Who, gathering true pleasures wherever they
grow,
Looks up in all places, for joy or for rest,
To the Fountain whence Time and Eternity flow.

WORDSWORTH.

'TIS mine—to boast no joy
Unsobered by such sorrows of my kind
As sully with their shade my life that shines.

BROWNING.

THOU hast proved that purest Joy is Duty.

H. COLERIDGE.

'TIS joy enough, my All in All
At Thy dear feet to lie :
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly !

COWPER.

WEEK OF
SEPTUAGESIMA

“The Call to Endurance”

“Blessed is the man that endureth”

A Prayer for the Week

O LORD GOD, thou just Judge, strong and patient, THOU knowest what I know not ; and therefore under all reproof I ought to humble myself, and endure meekly. Forgive me then of Thy mercy whenever I have not so borne myself, and when again trial comes, grant me the grace of fuller Endurance.

[ST. ANDREW.

The Discipline of Duty.

Jesus saw two brethren, Simon called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea, (for they were fishers; and He saith unto them, Follow me! and I will make you fishers of men.—GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

—♦—♦—♦—
BUT two ways are offered to our will—
Toil with rare triumph, Ease with safe disgrace:—
Nor deem that acts heroic wait on chance!
The man's whole life preludes the single deed
That shall decide if his inheritance
Be with the sifted few of matchless breed,
Or with the unmotivated herd that only sleep and
feed.

LOWELL

—♦—
NEAR after year, we slide from day to day
Like a sleek stream, from bay to sinuous bay
Wearing the course it evermore hath held.
The crumbling banks, that have so long compell'd
The stream to wind, to haste, to strive, or stay,
Drop down at last, and quite choke up the way
That once they foil'd. The river that rebelled
Becomes a marsh, prolific of ill weeds.

Such is the life of him who streams along
A lazy course, unweeting of his deeds;
Till duty, hope, love, custom, prayers and creeds
Crumble away, and yield to helpless wrong,
That from the mere disuse of right proceeds.

H. COLERIDGE.

—♦—
OH righteous doom, that they who make
Pleasure their only end,
Ordering the whole life for its sake,
Miss that whereto they tend;
While they who bid stern Duty lead,
Content to follow,—they
Of duty only taking heed,
Find pleasure by the way.

TRENCH.

ST. THOMAS.]

Loyalty in Weakness.

Let us also go, that we may die with Him.

JOHN XI. 16.

WHO can come near to God with a heart not on fire?

Souls must tire upon earth who in heaven would rest.
Is it hard to serve God, timid soul? Hast thou found
Gloomy forests, dark glens, mountain-tops on thy
way?

All the hard would be easy, the tangle unwound,
Wouldst thou only desire as well as obey! **FABER.**



THE desire of our soul is to Thy name and to the
remembrance of THEE. **ISAIAH XXVI. 8.**



IS there, on earth, a spirit frail,
Who fears to take their word,
Scarce daring, through the twilight pale,
To think he sees the LORD!
With eyes too tremblingly awake
To bear with dimness for His sake!
Read and confess the Hand Divine
That drew thy likeness here so true in every line!
For all thy rankling doubts so sore
Love thou thy SAVIOUR still!
Him for thy LORD and GOD adore,
And ever do His will!
Though vexing thoughts may seem to last,
Let not thy soul be quite o'ercast;—
Soon will HE shew thee all His wounds and say
"Long have I known thy name—know thou My
Face alway!" **KEBLE.**



OH how powerful is the pure love of JESUS, which
is mixed with no self-interest, nor self-love!
THOS. A KEMPIS.

CHRISTMAS
AND
THE DYING YEAR

—♦—
"GOD TO MEN IS DRAWING NEAR"
—♦—

Christmas-Eve and Christmas-Day

DEC. 24th and 25th

Festivals of St. Stephen, St. John, and
the Holy Innocents

DEC. 26th-28th

The Dying Year

DEC. 29th-31st

CHRISTMAS-TIDE

"Perfect God and Perfect Man"

"This I did for thee.—What hast thou done for Me?"

SAINTS COMMEMORATED IN CHRISTMAS-TIDE

ST. STEPHEN

DEC. 26th

"Faithful unto Death"

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST

DEC. 27th

"The Sanctuary of Home"

THE HOLY INNOCENTS

DEC. 28th

"The Ministry of Children"

Perfect God and Perfect Man.

Will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth?

2 L. C. R. S. VI, 16.

—♦—

LET not the hearts, whose sorrow cannot call
 This Christmas merry, slight the festival ;
 Let us be merry that may merry be,
 But let us not forget that many mourn ;
 The smiling Baby came to give us glee
 But for the weepers was the SAVIOUR born.
H. COLERIDGE.



O BLESSED day, which giv'st the eternal lie
 To self, and sense, and all the brute within ;
 Oh ! come to us amid this war of life ;
 To hall and hovel come ! to all who toil
 In senate, shop, or study ! and to those
 Ill-warned and sorely-tempted—
 Come to them, blest and blessing, Christmas Day !
 Tell them once more the tale of Bethlehem,
 The kneeling shepherds, and the Babe Divine ;
 And keep them men indeed, fair Christmas Day !
KINGSLEY.



WAS it a fancy bred of vagrant guess,
 Or well-remember'd fact—that HE was born
 When half the world was wintry and forlorn,
 In Nature's utmost season of distress !
 And did the simple earth indeed confess
 Its destitution and its craving need,
 Wearing the white and penitential weed,
 Meet symbol of judicial barrenness ?
 So be it : for in truth 'tis ever so,
 That when the winter of the soul is bare,
 The seed of heaven at first begins to grow,
 Peeping abroad in desert of despair.

H. COLERIDGE.

• CHRISTMAS DAY.]

Perfect God and Perfect Man.

The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.

GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

BLEST day which aye reminds us, year by year,
What 'tis to be a MAN : to curb and spurn
The tyrant in us ; that ignobler self
Which owns no good save ease, no ill save pain,
No purpose, save its share in that wild war
In which through countless ages living things
Compete in internecine greed !
While ever out of the eternal heavens
Looks patient down the great, magnanimous God,
Who, Maker of all worlds, did sacrifice—
All to Himself ? Nay, but Himself to one ;
Who taught mankind on that first Christmas Day
What 'twas to be a MAN : to give, not take ;
To serve, not rule ; to nourish, not devour ;
To help, not crush ; if need, to die, not live !

KINGSLEY.

THOU cam'st from Heaven to Earth, that we
Might go from Earth to Heaven with THEE ;
And though THOU found'st no welcome here,
THOU didst provide us mansions there. H. VAUGHAN.

WHAT is man, that THOU art mindful of him ! and
the son of man that THOU visitest him !

Ps. VIII. 4.

IMMANUEL ! God with us in His meekness,
Immanuel ! God with us in His might,
To bind our wounds, to gift with strength our
weakness,
To bring us, angels, to the home of light !
SHILOH is come ; His feet our earth have trod ;
Now thanks and glory to the CHILD our God !

MORGAN.

Faithful unto Death.

[ST. STEPHEN.]

They stoned Stephen, calling upon God and saying,
"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." ACTS VII. 59

—♦—
WHO follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train! HERER.

†
MANY loved Truth and lavished life's best oil
Amid the dusk of books to find her,
Content at last for guerdon of their toil
With the cast mantle she hath left behind her.
Many in sad faith sought for her,
Many with crossed hands sighed for her;
But these our brothers fought for her,
At life's dear peril wrought for her,
So loved her that they died for her!
Their higher instinct knew.
They love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do!
They followed her and found her
Where all may hope to find,
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
But beautiful,—with danger's sweetness round her.
Where faith made whole with deed
Breathes its awakening breath
Into the lifeless creed. LOWELL.

†
IF high feelings live, the Man a Martyr dies.
HOUGHTON.

†
BLESSED are those who die for God
And earn the Martyr's crown of light;
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater Conqueror in His sight.
A. PROCTER.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.]

The Sanctuary of Home.

Then saith He to the Disciple, "Behold thy Mother!"
and from that hour that Disciple took her to his own
home. - JOHN XIX. 27.

SWEET is the smile of Home ; the mutual look
Where hearts are of each other sure ;
Sweet all the joys that crowd the household nook,
The haunt of all affections pure. KEBLE.



THE many make the household
But only One the Home. LOWELL.



NEAR ones, dear ones, you in whose right hands
Our own rests calm ; whose faithful hearts all
day
Wide open wait till back from distant lands
Thought, the tired traveller, wends his homeward
way !
Helpmates and hearthmates, gladdeners of gone
years,
Tender companions of our serious days,
Who colour with your kisses, smiles, and tears
Life's worn web woven over wonted ways,
Oh shut the world out from the heart you cheer !
Tho' small the circle of your smiles may be,
The world is distant, and your smiles are near,
This makes you more than all the world to me !
LYTTON.



LET them learn first to shew piety at home, and
to requite their parents ; for that is good and
acceptable before God. 1 TIM. V. 4.



HOME is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where
Supporting and supported, polished friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss !
THOMSON.

The Ministry of Children.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou
ordained strength.—PSALM VIII. 2.

CHILDREN are God's apostles, day by day
Sent forth to preach of love, and hope, and peace.
LOWELL.

LIKE lamp beside sepulchral urn,
Much teaching that it ne'er did learn,
Revealing by felicity,
Foretelling by simplicity,
And preaching by its sudden cries,
Alone with GOD the baby lies. H. COLERIDGE.

THE childhood shows the man
As morning shows the day. MILTON.

TRAIN up a child in the way he should go, and
when he is old he will not depart from it.
PROV. XXII. 6.

THE most childish sin which man can do
Is yet a sin which JESUS never did,
When JESUS was a child, and yet a sin
For which, in lowly pain, HE lived and died;
And for the bravest sin that e'er was praised
The King Eternal wore the crown of thorns.
H. COLERIDGE.

WERE thou wert born into this breathing world
God wrote some characters upon thy heart.
Oh, let them not like beads of dew imperl'd
On morning blades before the noon depart!
But morning drops before the noon exhale,
And yet those drops appear again at even,
So childish innocence on earth must fail
Yet may return to usher thee to heav'n.
H. COLERIDGE.

THE DYING YEAR

“Retrospect”

“It were better that we were not at all, than that we should live still in wickedness.”

A Prayer for the Week

We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done, and there is no health in us. But THOU, O LORD, have mercy upon us!—Forgive us all that is past, and grant that we may ever hereafter serve and please THEE in newness of life!

Retrospect.

Where is the flock that was given thee, thy beautiful
flock?—[LE. XIII. 20.]

THINK first what you are! Call to mind what you
were!

I gave you innocence, I gave you hope,
Gave health and genius, and an ample scope.
Return you Me guilt, lethargy, despair?

S. T. COLERIDGE.

FAMISHT hopes press fast behind me, weakly
wailing,

Faint before me fleets the good I have not done!

LYTTON.

NO action, whether foul or fair,
Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere
A record written by fingers ghostly,
As a blessing or a curse, and mostly
In the greater weakness or greater strength
Of the acts which follow it,—till at length
The wrongs of ages are redressed
And the justice of God made manifest.

LONGFELLOW.

SIN may be clasped so close we cannot see its face,
Nor seen nor loathed until held from us a small
space.

TRENCH.

IHAD a noble purpose and the strength
To compass it; but I have stopp'd half-way,
And wrongly given the first-fruits of my toil
To objects little worthy of the gift.

Why linger round them still? Why check my
Why seek for consolation in defeat, [fault]
In vain endeavours to derive a beauty
From ugliness? Why seek to make the most
Of what no power can change, nor strive instead
With mighty effort to redeem the past
And, gathering up the treasures thus cast down
To hold a steadfast course till I arrive
At their fit destination and my own!

BROWNING.

DECEMBER 30.]

Retrospect.

We are unprofitable servants. —LUKE XVII. 10.

I NEVER glanced behind to know
If I had kept my primal light from wane,
And thus insensibly am—what I am. BROWNING.

SIN, not till it is left, will duly sinful seem;
A man must waken first, ere he can tell his
dream. TRENCH.

COMFORT me not!—for if aught be worse than
failure from over-stress
Of a life's prime purpose, it is to sit down content
with a little success. LYTTON.

LET us look back on life :—was any change,
Any now blest experience, but at first
A pang, remorse-like, shot to the inmost seats
Of moral being? CLOUGH.

TOO true it is, my time of power was spent
In idly watering weeds of casual growth,—
That wasted energy to desperate sloth
Declined, and fond self-seeking discontent,—
Too true it is that, knowing now my state,
I weakly mourn the sin I ought to hate,
Nor love the law I yet would fain obey;
But true it is, above all law and fate
Is Faith, abiding the appointed day.

H. COLERIDGE.

IN doing is this knowledge won,
To see what yet remains undone.
With this our pride repress,
And give us grace, a growing store,
That day by day we may do more
And may esteem it less.

TRENCH.

Retrospect.

What I have written, I have written.—JOHN XIX. 22.
That which is crooked cannot be made straight,
and that which is wanting cannot be numbered.

LEVI 1. 15.

THE year departs ! a blessing on its head !
We mourn not for it, for it is not dead ;
Dead ! What is that ! A word to joy unknown,
Which love abhors, and faith will never own.

The passing breezes gone as soon as felt,
The flakes of snow that in the soft air melt,
The smile that sinks into a maiden's eye.
They come, they go, they change, they do not die.
So the Old Year—that fond and formal name—
Is with us yet,—another and the same.

And are the thoughts that ever more are fleeing,
The moments that make up our being's being,
The silent workings of unconscious love
Or the dull hate which clings and will not move,
Are these less vital than the wave or wind
Or snow that melts and leaves no trace behind !

H. COLERIDGE.

TO forget is not to be restored ;
To lose with time the sense of what we did
Cancels not what we did ; what's done remains !

CLOUGH.

NOW, it is gone. Our brief hours travel past,
Each with its thought or deed, its Why or How.
But know, each parting hour gives up a ghost
To dwell within thee—an eternal Now !

S. T. COLERIDGE.

ALAS ! alas !

Whatever hath been written shall remain,
Nor be erased nor written o'er again ;
The Unwritten only still belongs to thee,
Take heed and ponder well what that shall be !

LONGFELLOW.

Watch Night.

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.—1 SAMUEL VII. 12.

MARK how there still has run, enwoven from
above,
Thro' thy life's darkest woof, the golden thread of
love.

TRENCH.

I HAVE always had one lode-star: now.
As I look back, I see that I have wasted
Or progressed as I looked towards that star—
A need, a trust, a yearning after God.

BROWNING.

HAVE I laid by from summer hours
Ripe fruits as well as leaves and flowers?
Hath my past year a growth to harden,
As well as fewer sins to pardon?
Is God in all things more and more
A king within me than before?

FABER.

WHAT hath been bringeth what shall be, and is,
Worse—better—last for first and first for last;
The Angels in the Heavens of Gladness reap
Fruits of a holy past!

E. ARNOLD.

THE Past is something, but the Present more;
Will It not, too, be past? Nor fail withal
To recognise the Future in your hopes;
Unite them in your manhood, each and all,
Nor mutilate the perfectness of life!—
You can remember; you can also hope.

CLOUGH.

THE NEW YEAR
AND
THE SEASON OF EPIPHANY

"THY LIGHT IS COME"

The Feast of the Circumcision
JAN. 1st

The Epiphany
JAN. 6th

The Conversion of St. Paul *
JAN. 25th

The Feast of the Presentation *
FEB. 2nd

* When there are less than *four* Sundays after the Epiphany, one or both of these festivals will fall within the following Season.

The Divine Brotherhood.

In all things it behoved Him to be made like unto
His brethren.—HEB. II. 7.

—♦—

THOU would'st like wretched man be made,
In everything but sin.
That we as like THEE might become
As we unlike have been. STENNETT.

✧

HE is not ashamed to call them brethren.
HEB. II. 11.

✧

GIVE me an heart that beats
In all its pulses with the common heart
Of human kind, which the same things make glad,
The same make sorry! Give me grace enough
Even in their first beginnings to detect
The endeavours which the proud heart still is
making
To cut itself from off the common root,
To set itself upon a private base,
To have wherein to glory of its own,
Beside the common glory of the kind!
Each such attempt in all its hateful pride
And meanness, give me to detect and loathe,—
A man, and claiming fellowship with men!

TRENCH.

✧

HE is bound to me,
For human love makes aliens near of kin.
J. INGLOW.

✧

SUCH was the life THOU livedst; self-abjuring,
Thine own pains never easing,
Our burdens bearing, our just doom enduring,
A life without self-pleasing. FABER.

THE NEW YEAR

"Onward and Upward"

"Forward out of darkness, forward into light!"

A Prayer for the Week

O LORD, THOU knowest what is best for us, give what THOU wilt, and how much THOU wilt, and when THOU wilt! Deal with me as THOU thinkest good, and as best pleaseth THEE, and is most for Thine honour! Set me where THOU wilt, and deal with me in all things just as THOU wilt!

Confirm and strengthen me in all goodness, and grant that the rest of my life hereafter may be pure and holy, so that at the last I may come to Thine eternal joy!

[JANUARY 1.

Onward and Upward.

Choose you this day whom ye will serve.

JOSE. XXIV. 15.

THOU canst not choose but serve,—man's lot is servitude,—

But thou hast thus much choice, a bad lord or a good.

TRENCH.

ONCE to every man and nation comes the moment to decide

In the strife of Truth with Falsehood for the good or evil side!

Some great cause. God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,

Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,

And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

LOWELL.

ARE your minds set upon righteousness?

PS. LVIII. 1. (P.-R.)

MERELY thyself, O man, thou canst not long abide,

But must for less or greater presently decide.

TRENCH.

GOD! fight we not within a cursed world
Whose very air teems thick with leagued fiends?

Each Word we speak has infinite effects—

Each Soul we pass must go to heaven or hell—

And this our one chance through eternity

To drop and die, like dead leaves in the brake!

Be earnest, earnest, earnest!

Do what thou dost as if the stake were Heaven,

And that thy last deed ere the Judgment-day!

When all's done, nothing's done. There's rest above—

Below let work be death, if work be love!

KINGSLEY.

JANUARY 2.]

Onward and Upward.

Forgetting those things that are behind and reaching forth unto those things that are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling.—*PAIL. III. 4*

OUR only greatness is that we aspire.

¶

J. INGELOW.

GO with the spiritual life, the higher volition and action,

With the great girdle of God, go and encompass the earth!—

Not for the gain of the gold, for the getting, the hoarding, the having.

But for the joy of the deed;— but for the Duty to do!

¶

CLOUGH.

A BLESSING such as this our hearts might reap,

The freshness of the garden they might share,

Through the long day an heavenly freshness keep,

If knowing how the day and the day's glare

Must beat upon them, we would largely steep

And water them betimes with dews of Prayer.

¶

TRENCH.

IF every year we would root out one vice we should sooner become perfect men.

¶

THOS. À KEMPIS.

ALAS, long suffering and most patient God,

Thou needst be surelier God to bear with us

Than even to have made us! Thou aspire, aspire

From henceforth for me! Thou who hast Thyself

Endured this flesh hood, knowing how as a soaked

And sucking vesture it can drag us down

And choke us in the melancholy Deep,

Sustain me, that with THEE I walk these waves

Resisting!— Breathe me upward, Thou in me

Aspiring, Who art the Way, the Truth, the Life—

That no Truth henceforth seem indifferent,

No Way to Truth laborious, and no Life,

Not even this life I live, intolerable!

E. B. BROWNING.

[JANUARY 3.]

Onward and Upward.

New wine must be put into new bottles. — MARK II. 22.

JOY for the promise of our loftier homes !
Joy for the promise of another birth !
For oft oppressive unto pain becomes
The riddle of the earth. BURRIDGE.

MAN must pass from old to new,
From vain to real, from mistake to fact,
From what once seemed good, to what now proves
best :

How could man have progression otherwise !

BROWNING.

THEREFORE go and join head, heart and hand,
Active and firm, to fight the bloodless fight
Of science, freedom, and the truth in CHRIST.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE distant prospect always seems more fair,
And when attained, another yet succeeds
Far fairer than before.

KIRKE WHITE.

YOU need the lower life to stand upon
In order to reach up unto that higher ;
And none can stand a-tip-toe in the place
He cannot stand in with two stable feet.

E. B. BROWNING.

A MAN'S best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet,
It is the distant and the dim
That we are sick to greet :
For flowers that grow our hands beneath
We struggle and aspire,—
Our hearts must die, except they breathe
The air of fresh Desire.

HOUGHTON.

GO where thou wilt, seek whatsoever thou wilt,
thou shalt not find a higher way above, nor a
safer way below, than the way of the Holy Cross.

THOS. A KEMP.

JANUARY 4.]

Onward and Upward.

Leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ,
let us go on unto perfection.—HEB. VI. 1.

—♦—♦—
THOU who canst *think* as well as *feel*,
Mount from the earth! Aspire! Aspire!
WORDSWORTH.

✕
THOU might'st have been one of us,
Cleaving the storm and fire;
Aspiring through faith to the glorious,
Higher and ever higher;
Till the world of storms look tremulous
Far down, like a smitten lyre! MAC DONALD.

✕
MAN was made to grow, not stop;
That help he needeth once and needs no more,—
Having grown but an inch by,—is withdrawn.
For he hath new needs,—and new helps to these.
This imports solely, man should mount on each
New height in view; the help whereby he mounts—
The ladder-rung his foot has left,—may fall,
Since all things suffer change, save God the Truth.
Man apprehends HIM newly at each stage
Whereat earth's ladder drops,—its service done;
And nothing shall prove twice what once was
proved. BROWNING.

✕
THEN be it so!
For in better things we yet may grow,
Onward and upward still our way,
With the joy of progress from day to day;
Nearer and nearer every year
To the visions and hopes most true and dear!
Children still of a FATHER'S love,
Children still of a home above!
Thus we look back
Without a sigh, o'er the lengthening track.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

[JANUARY 3.

Onward and Upward.

We know in part and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.—1 Cor. xiii. 9, 10.

MAN knows partly but conceives beside,
Creeps ever on from fancies to the fact,
And in this striving,—this converting air
Into a solid he may grasp and use,—
Finds Progress,—man's distinctive mark alone,
Not God's, and not the beasts'. God is,—They are,—
MAN partly is, and wholly hopes to be ! BROWNING.

LEARN the mystery of Progression duly,
Do not call each glorious change Decay ;
But know we only hold our treasures truly
When it seems as if they pass'd away !
Nor dare to blame God's gifts for incompleteness !
In that want their beauty lies ; they roll
Towards some infinite depth of love and sweetness,
Bearing onward man's reluctant soul.

A. PROCTER.

O EYE, and O soul, is your thirst yet sated ?
Or what more do ye claim for your own ?
Must this world, at the best, be so lightly rated,
For the sake of a better, unknown ? LYTTON.

ENDS accomplished turn to means.

BROWNING.

HINTS haunt me ever of a more beyond ;
I am rebuked by a sense of the incomplete,
Of a completion over-soon assumed,—
Of adding up too soon,— CLOUGH.

SO oft the doing of God's will
Our foolish wills undoeth !
And yet what idle dream breaks ill
Which morning-light subdueth ?
And who would murmur and misdoubt
When God's great Sunrise finds him out !

E. B. BROWNING.

THE EPIPHANY

"The Universal Fellowship"

**"Ye are all sons of God through faith in
Christ Jesus."**

The Readings for the week-days intervening between the Epiphany and the following Sunday are to be taken from the Sixth Week of the Season, "The Supreme Fatherhood," pp. 103-110.

The Universal Fellowship.

To make all men see what is the fellowship of the
mystery.—EPHESIANS III. 9.

GOD, being so great, great gifts most willingly
imparts ;

But we continue poor that have such narrow hearts.

TRENCH.

HE sees the gleams

Of better thoughts across the murkiest gloom,
The seeds of good amid the howling wastes,
And perfects them at last ; and in the depths
Of His divine forbearance, suffereth long,
And passeth by transgression. That vast throng,
The multitude of peoples, nations, tongues,
Shall stand before His Throne, and every act
Of human kindness He will own as His,
And crown, as service rendered unto Him.

PLUMPTRE.

WE that once were far off are made nigh in the
blood of CHRIST.

EPHES. II. 13. (R. V.)

SMALL, Great, are merely terms we bandy here :
Since to the Spirit's absoluteness, all
Are like !

BROWNING.

LORD visit THOU our souls
And teach us by Thy grace,
Each dim revealing of Thyself
With loving awe to trace !

ALL who speak truth to me commissioned are :
All who love God are in my Church embraced.
Not that I have no sense of preference —
None deeper !—but I rather love to draw,
Even here, on earth, on toward the future law
And Heaven's fine etiquette, where "*Who ?*" and
"*Whence ?*"

May not be asked ; and at the Wedding Feast,
North shall sit down with South, and West with East !

BURBIDGE.

WEEK OF THE
FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

"The Consecrated Life"

**"Better is it that thou hadst not vowed than thou
shouldest vow and not pay."**

A Prayer for the Week

Here we offer and present unto THEE, O LORD, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy and lively sacrifice unto THEE. And although we be unworthy, through our manifold sins, to offer unto THEE any sacrifice, yet we beseech THEE to accept this our bounden duty and service.

[SATURDAY.]

The Consecrated Life.

Called to be saints. — C. — 12

WHAT offering, what transcendent monument
Shall our sincerity to THEE present ?
—Not work of hands ; but trophies that may reach
To highest Heaven—the labour of the Soul !
That builds, as Thy unerring precepts teach,
Upon the internal conquests made by each,
Her hope of lasting glory for the whole !

WORDSWORTH.

BRING thine all, thy choicest treasure,
Heap it high and hide it deep !
Thou shalt win o'erflowing measure,
Thou shalt climb where skies are steep.
For as Heaven's true only light
Quickens all those forms so bright,
So where Bounty never faints
There the LORD is with His saints.

KEBLE.

WHO shall dare make common or unclean
What once has on the Holy Altar been ?

NEWMAN.

KNOW that His might is yours, Whose breathing
seal'd your vows !

KEBLE.

TEACH me, my GOD and KING,
In all things THEE to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for THEE !
All may of THEE partake,
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with this tincture for Thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.
A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine !
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine.

HERBERT.

SUNDAY.]

The Consecrated Life

How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?—GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

—♦♦—
THY life is God's, thy time to come is gone,
And is His right. HERBERT.

—♦—
THOU that in life's crowded city art arrived, thou
know'st ~~not~~ how
By what path or on what errand—list and learn
thine errand now!
From the palace to the city on the business of thy
King
Thou wert sent at early morning to return at
evening.
Dreamer, waken!—loiterer, hasten!—what thy task
is, understand!
Thou art here to purchase substance, and the price
is in thy hand.
Has the tumult of the market all thy sense and
reason drowned?
Do its glistening wares attract thee? or its shouts
and cries confound?
Oh! beware lest thy LORD's business be neglected
while thy gaze
Is on every show and pageant which the giddy
square displays! —♦— RÜCKERT.

OH let our adoration for all that HE hath done
Peal out beyond the stars of GOD, while voice
and life are one!
And let our consecration be real, and deep, and true,
Oh, even now our hearts shall bow, and joyful vows
renew!

“In full and glad surrender we give ourselves to Thee,
Thine utterly, and only, and evermore to be!

© Son of God, Who lovest us, we will be Thine
alone,

And all we are, and all we have, shall henceforth be
Thine own!” F. R. HAVERGAL.

[MONDAY.

The Consecrated Life.

If ye offer the lame and sick is it not evil? MAL. I. 8

I WAS not good enough for man
And so was given to GOD!

C. KINGSLEY.

MY God must have my best, e'en all I had.

HERBERT.

ALL we have we offer,
All we hope to be:
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to THEE.

THRING.

WHILE life is good to give, I give.

E. ARNOLD.

DEEP in the warm vale the village is sleeping,
Sleeping the firs on the bleak rock above;
Nought wakes, save grateful hearts, silently creep-
ing,

Up to the LORD in the might of their love.
What THOU hast given to me, LORD, here I bring
THEE,

Odour and light, and the magic of gold;
Feet which must follow THEE, lips which must sing
THEE,

Limbs which must ache for THEE ere they grow
old.

What THOU hast given to me, LORD, here I tender,
Life of mine own life, the fruit of my love;
Take him, yet leave him me, till I shall render
Count of the precious charge, kneeling above!

C. KINGSLEY.

THEY give their best—O tenfold shame
On us their fallen progeny,
Who sacrifice the blind and lame,
Who will not wake or fast with THEE!

KESLER

TUESDAY.]

The Consecrated Life.

My son, give me thine heart.—*PROV. XIII. 26.*

IN the dark church she knelt alone,
Her tears were falling fast :
“ Help, LORD,” she cried, “ the shades of death
Upon my soul are cast !
Have I not shunned the path of sin,
And chosen the better part ? ”—
What voice came through the sacred air !—
“ My child, give ME thy Heart ! ”
“ Have I not laid before Thy shrine
My wealth, O LORD ! ” she cried ;
“ Have I kept aught of gems or gold,
To minister to pride !
Have I not bade youth’s joys retire
And vain delights depart ? ”—
But sad and tender was the voice,—
“ My child, give ME thy Heart ! ”
“ Have I not, LORD, gone day by day
Where Thy poor children dwell ;
And carried help, and gold, and food ?
O LORD, Thou knowest it well !
From many a house, from many a soul,
My hand bids care depart.”—
More sad, more tender, was the voice,—
“ My child, give ME thy Heart ! ” A. PROCTER.



WITH bowed heads and open hearts, may we
offer ourselves. We can do no more, and we
dare do no less.

WESTCOTT.

The Consecrated Life.

[WEDNESDAY.

Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's. — 1 COR. VI. 19, 20.

THE man who consecrates his hours
By vig'rous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death.

YOUNG.

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated. LORD, to THEE;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for THEE.
Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only for my King;
Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from THEE.

Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect and use
Every power as THOU shalt choose.
Take my will and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.
Take my love; my LORD, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, All for THEE! F. R. HAVESGAL.

MY life, if THOU preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to THEE.

ADDISON.

THURSDAY.]

The Consecrated Life.

I beseech you therefore brethren by the mercies of God that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.—ROM. XII. 1.

FROM henceforth thou shalt learn that there is
love

To long for, pureness to desire, a mount
Of consecration it were good to scale. J. INGELW.

I AM poor, oblation I have none,
None for a SAVIOUR, but Himself alone;
Whate'er I render THEE, from THEE it came;
And if I give my body to the flame,
My patience, love, and energy divine
Of heart and soul and spirit—all are Thine.
Oh vain attempt to expunge the mighty score!
The more I pay, I owe THEE still the more!

MME. GUION.

NEITHER will I offer burnt-offerings unto the LORD
my God of that which doth cost me nothing.

2 SAM. XXIV. 24.

WHEN God is to be served, the cost we weigh
In anxious balance, grudging the expense:
The world may use profuse magnificence;
A thousand lamps from gilded roof may sway
Where its poor votaries turn night to day,
And who will blame? But if two tapers shine
Apart before some solitary shrine,
"Why was this waste?" indignantly men say.
Oh, hearts unlike to his, who would not bring
To God, releasing him from dismal fears,
What cost him nothing for an offering!
Unlike to hers commended while she shed
Of that true nard which grows in spiky cars,
A rich libation on her SAVIOUR's head! TRENCH.

FREELY ye have received, freely give.

MATT. X. 8.

The Consecrated Life.

Be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable and perfect will of God—Rom. xii. 2.

—♦♦—

IT all amounts to this!—the sovereign proof
That we devote ourselves to God, is seen
In living just as though no God there were!

BROWNING.

✠

MY son, forsake thyself, and thou shalt find ME!
LORD, how often shall I resign myself, and
wherein shall I forsake myself?—Always, yea, every
hour; as well in small things as in great.

THOS. A KEMPIS.

✠

JESUS calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying "Christian, love ME more."

C. F. ALEXANDER.

✠

THERE are few who care to analyse
The mingled motives, in their complex force,
Of some apparently quite simple course.
One disentangled skein might well surprise.
Perhaps a "single heart" is never known,
Save in the yielded life that lives for God alone,—
And that is therefore doubted as a dream
By those who know not the tremendous power
Of all-constraining love!

F. R. HAVERGAL.

✠

I'LL bind myself to that which, once being right,
Will not be less right when I shrink from it.

KINGSLEY.

✠

THUS, dishonouring not her station,
Would my Life present to THEE,
Gracious God, the pure oblation
Of divine tranquillity!

WORDSWORTH.

✠

THEY shall be Mine, saith the LORD of Hosts, in
that day when I make up My jewels.

WEEK OF THE
SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

"Obedience"

"Not as I will, but as Thou wilt"

A Prayer for the Week

Teach me, O LORD, the way of Thy statutes, and I shall keep it unto the end. Give me understanding, and I shall keep Thy law; yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart. Make me to go in the path of Thy commandments, for therein do I delight.

Thy Will be done in earth as it is in heaven.

Obedience.

Though he were a Son, yet learned He obedience.
HEB. V. 8.

—♦—
WHO best
Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first
Well hath obey'd. * MILTON.

STRONG in subjection, by obedience brave!
H. COLERIDGE.

* NONE
Could trace God's Will so plain as you, while yours
Remained implied in it; but now you fail,
And we, who prate about that Will, are fools!
In short, God's service is established here
As HE determines fit, and not your way—
And this you cannot brook! BROWNING.

* DO but your duty, and do not trouble yourself
whether it is in the cold, or by a good fire.
MARCUS AURELIUS.

* TO see the Law by CHRIST fulfilled
And hear His pardoning voice,
Changes a slave into a child
And duty into choice. COWPER.

* I LEARNT
The fullest measure of obedience,—learnt
The wide, deep love, embracing all mankind,
Passing through all the phases of their woe,
That I before their God might plead for all.
PLUMPTRE.

* NO man doth safely rule, but he that is glad to be
ruled. No man doth safely rule, but he that
hath learned gladly to obey. THOS. A KEMPIS.

* SON of heaven and earth
Attend! That thou art happy, owe to God;
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself—
That is, to thy obedience! Therein stand!
MILTON.

SUNDAY.]

Obedience.

Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it. — GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

—♦—
CAN we want obedience then
To HIM, or possibly His love desert,
Who form'd us from the dust? MILTON.

—♦—
WITH quivering heart and trembling will
The word hath passed thy lips,
Within the shadow, cold and still,
Of some fair joy's eclipse—
“Thy Will be done!” Thy God hath heard,
And HE will crown that faith-framed word.
F. R. HAVERGAL.

—♦—
OH let Thy sacred Will
All Thy delight in me fulfil!
Let not me think an action mine own way,
But as Thy love shall sway,
Resigning up the rudder to Thy skill!
HERBERT.

—♦—
IT is far safer to obey than to govern. THOS. A KEMPIS.

—♦—
OBEDIENCE is nobler than freedom! What's free?
The vex'd straw on the wind, the froth'd spume
on the sea!

The great ocean itself, as it rolls and it swells,
In the bonds of a boundless obedience dwells.
LYTTON.

—♦—
THE whole course of things goes to teach us faith.
We need only obey. There is guidance for
each of us, and by lowly listening we shall hear
the right word.
EMERSON.

—♦—
THE Will of heaven
Be done in this and all things! I obey.
SHAKESPEARE.

—♦—
JESUS calls us! By Thy mercies,
SAVIOUR, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love THEE best of all! ALEXANDER.

Obedience.

To obey is better than sacrifice.—1 SAM. XV. 22.

—♦—♦—♦—

HENCEFORTH I learn that to obey is best,
And love with fear the only God, to walk
As in His presence, ever to observe
His Providence, and on Him sole depend. MILTON.

✽

SELF-REVERENCE, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power power of herself
Would come uncall'd for, but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And, because Right is right, to follow Right
Were wisdom—in the scorn of consequence!

TENNYSON.

♦

PRESUME not to serve God apart from such
Appointed channel as He wills shall gather
Imperfect tributes:—for that sole obedience
Valued perchance. He seeks not that His altars
Blaze,—careless how, so that they do but blaze.

BROWNING.

♦

OBEDIENCE is our universal Duty and Destiny;
wherein whoso will not bend must break.

CARLYLE.

♦

I WOULD not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child
And guided where I go.
In a service which Thy Will appoints
There are no bonds for me!
For my inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty!

A. L. WARING.

TUESDAY.]

Obedience.

We ought to obey God rather than men.—ACTS V. 29.

OBEDIENCE is the Courtesy due to Kings.

TENNYSON.

IF God had sent with thunder, and a voice
Leaping from heaven, ye *must* have heard; but so
Ye had been robbed of choice, and like the beasts
Yoked to obedience.—God makes no men slaves.

J. INGELOW.

WHO hath bewitched you, that ye should not
obey the truth?

GAL. III. 1.

SUCH delight hath God in men
Obedient to His Will, that HE vouchsafes
Among them to set up His tabernacle—
The Holy One with mortal men to dwell.

MILTON.

THE Perfect Way is hard to flesh,
It is not hard to love;
If thou wert sick for want of God
How swiftly would'st thou move!

Be docile to thine unseen Guide,
Love HIM as HE loves thee;

Time and obedience are enough,

And thou a saint shalt be.

FABER.

THERE was their duty :—They were men.
Schooled the soul's inward gospel to obey,
Though leading to the lion's den.
They felt the habit-hallowed World give way
Beneath their lives, and on went they—
Unhappy who was last.

LOWELL.

RENEW my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!

C. ELLIOT.

[WEDNESDAY.

Obedience.

His servants ye are whom ye obey; whether of sin
unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness

15. 8. VI. 19.

JESUS! THOU didst the fishers call,
Who straightway at Thy voice left all
To teach the world of THEE;
May I with ready will obey
Thine inward call, and keep the way
Of Thy simplicity!

FABER.

HAPPY, if full of days—but happier far
If, ere we yet discern life's evening star,
Sick of the service of a world that feeds
Its patient drudges with dry chaff and weeds,—
We can escape from Custom's idiot sway,
To serve the Sovereign we were born to obey.

COWPER.

WHAT Conscience dictates to be done
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than Hell to shun,
That—more than Heaven pursue!

POPE.

THE sea, which seems to stop the traveller,
Is by a ship the speedier passage made;
The winds, who think they rule the mariner,
Are ruled by him, and taught to serve his trade.

HERBERT.

HE who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king;
Which ev'ry wise and virtuous man attains:
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule,—
Subject himself to anarchy within.

MILTON.

THEE may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labour on at Thy command.
And offer all my works to THEE!

WESLEY.

WE have purified your souls in your obedience to
the truth.

Obedience.

By the obedience of one shall many be made righteous.—Rom. v. 19.

BUT not the less do thou aspire
 Light's earlier messages to preach!
 Keep back no syllable of fire,—
 Plunge deep the rowels of thy speech!
 Yet God deems not thine aëried sight
 More worthy than our twilight dim,
 For meek Obedience, too, is Light,
 And following that, is finding HIM.

LOWELL.

DELIGHT to do Thy will, O my God.

JESUS! confirm my heart's desire
 To work, and speak, and think for THEE;
 Still let me guard the holy fire,
 And still stir up Thy gift in me!

C. WESLEY.

DEEP harm to disobey,
 Seeing Obedience is the bond of rule!

TENNYSON.

FOR knowledge is a steep which few may climb,
 While Duty is a path which all may tread.
 And if the soul of Life and Thought be this,—
 How best to speed the mighty scheme, which still
 Fares onward day by day—the Life of the World,
 Which is the sum of petty lives,—how then shall
 Of that great multitude of faithful souls, [each
 Who walk not on the heights, fulfil himself,
 But by the duteous Life which looks not forth
 Beyond its narrow sphere, and finds its work,
 And works it out?—content, this done, to fall
 And perish, if Fate will,—so the great scheme
 Goes forward!

L. MORRIS.

YOUR obedience is come abroad unto all men.

[FRIDAY.

Obedience.

If ye be willing and obedient ye shall eat the good of the land. — ISA. 1. 19.

NOW have I found obedience that is joy.
Not pain, not conflict of the heart and mind,
But harmony of human souls with God. H. H. K.

TO prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,
Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
MILTON.

TO me
There seems something nobler than genius, to be
In that dull patient labour no genius relieves,
That absence of all joy which yet never grieves :
The Humility of it ! the grandeur withal !
The Sublimity of it ! and yet, should you call
The man's own very slow apprehension to this,
He would ask, with a stare,—what sublimity is !
His work is the duty to which he was born. LYTTON.

HE that endeavoureth to withdraw himself from
obedience, withdraweth himself from grace.

GOD'S will on earth is always joy,
Always tranquillity. FABER.

THY prayer shall be fulfilled ; but how !
His thoughts are not as thine,
While thou wouldst only weep and bow,
He saith, " Arise and shine !"
Thy thoughts were all of grief and night,
But His of boundless joy and light.
Thy Father reigns supreme above :
The glory of His name
Is Grace and Wisdom, Truth and Love,
His Will must be the same.
And thou hast asked all joys in one
In whispering forth, " Thy Will be done." F. R. H.

WEEK OF THE
THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

"Triumph of Righteousness"

**"We are more than conquerors through Him that
loved us"**

A Prayer for the Week

Grant that we may have power and strength to have victory, and to triumph against the Devil, the World, and the Flesh.

Strengthen such as do stand ; comfort and help the weak-hearted ; raise up them that fall ; and finally beat down Satan under our feet.

The Triumph of Righteousness.

If this counsel or this work be of man, it will come to nought, but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God.

ACTS V. 35, 36.

—♦—

BE strong, be good, be pure !
The Right only shall endure.

LONGFELLOW.

♦

WHAT seems a fiend, perchance may prove a saint.

BROWNING.

♦

DEFEAT thou know'st not, canst not know;
Only thy aims so lofty go,
They need as long to root and grow
As any mountain swathed in snow.

MAC DONALD.

♦

WHO seeks
To lessen THEE, against his purpose serves
To manifest the more Thy might : his evil
THOU usest, and from thence creat'st more good.

MILTON.

♦

HEREFORE to whom turn I but THEE, the ineffable Name ?

Builder and maker THOU of houses not made with hands !

What ?—have fear of change from THEE who art ever the same ?—

Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power expands ?

There shall never be one lost Good ! What was, shall live as before ;

The Evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound ;

What was good, shall be good, with for evil so much good more ;

On the earth the broken arcs,—in the heaven a perfect round !

BROWNING.

SUNDAY.]

The Triumph of Righteousness.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.—EPISTLE FOR THE DAY.

WE know the arduous strife, the eternal laws
To which the triumph of all good is given,
High sacrifice, and labour without pause,
Even to the death.

WORDSWORTH.

AN accident is not a misfortune, but bearing it
well turns it to advantage. MARCUS AURELIUS.

OH yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood—
That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void
When God hath made the pile complete!
Behold, we know not anything!
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

TENNYSON.

FROM seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still
In infinite progression.

THOMSON.

WE are not bound! the Soul of Things is sweet,
The Heart of Being is celestial Rest;
Stronger than woe is will, that which was Good
Doth pass to Better—Best.

E. ARNOLD.

[MONDAY.

The Triumph of Righteousness.

They that be with us are more than they that be with them.—II KINGS VI. 16.

THRICE blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.

Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God !
For JESUS won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.
For Right is right, since God is God ;
And Right the day must win !
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin !

FABER.

ALL things work together for good to them that
love GOD.

ROM. VIII. 28.

DIVE through the stormy surface of the flood
To the great current flowing underneath ;
Explore the countless springs of silent good ;
So shall the truth be better understood,
And thy grieved spirit brighten strong in faith.

WORDSWORTH.

NAKED belief in God the Omnipotent—
Omniscient—Omnipresent—sears too much
The sense of conscious creatures to be borne !
It were the seeing HIM, no flesh shall dare !
Some think Creation's meant to show HIM forth :
I say it's meant to hide HIM all it can,
And that's what all the blessed Evil's for !
Its use in Time is to environ us—
Our breath,—our drop of dew,—with shield enough
Against that Sight till we can bear its stress.

BROWNING.

ALL God does, if rightly understood,
Shall work thy final good.

KEBLE.

TUESDAY.]

The Triumph of Righteousness.

Fret not thyself because of evil-doers . . . For they shall soon be cut down like the grass and wither as the green herb. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass. And He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light and thy judgment as the noon-day.—Ps. xxxvii. 1, 2, 5, 6.

—
THERE lives

A JUDGE, who, as man claims by merit, gives;
To whose all-pondering mind a noble aim,
Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed;
In whose pure sight all virtue doth succeed.

—
WORDSWORTH.

THERE are two properties and privileges common to the soul of God and Man. The one is, not to be hindered by anything external; the other to make virtuous intention and action their supreme satisfaction, and not so much as to desire anything farther.

—
MARCUS AURELIUS.

WHAT'S mere sand is demolished, while the rock
Endures;—A column of black fiery dust
Blots heaven; but the air clears, nought's erased
Of the true outline.

—
BROWNING.

HE always wins who sides with God;
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.
Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong
If it be His sweet will.

FABER.

—
THAT day, the earth's feast-master's brow
Shall clear, to God the chalice raising;
"Others give best at first, but THOU
"Forever set'st our table praising,
"Keep'st the good wine till now!"

BROWNING.

[WEDNESDAY.

The Triumph of Righteousness.

Rejoice, ye heavens, and ye that dwell in them.
Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea!
For the devil is come down unto you, having great
wrath because he knoweth he hath but a short time!
—REV. xii. 1.

—♦—♦—♦—
SLY envious Time, till thou run out thy race!
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace!
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain
And merely mortal dross!
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.

For when as each thing bad thou hast entombed,
And last of all, thy greedy self consumed,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;

And Joy shall overtake us as a flood!

When every thing that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of HIM, t' Whose happy-making sight alone,
When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb,
Then all this earthly grossness quit,
Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee
O Time!

MILTON.

SUDDEN the Worst turns the Best to the brave,
The black minute's at end!—
And the Elements' rage, the fiend voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become,—first a Peace out of
Pain,
Then a Light, then thy breast,
O thou Soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

BROWNING.

THURSDAY.]

The Triumph of Righteousness.

The Son of man shall send forth His angels, and they shall gather out of His kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire . . . Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the Kingdom of their Father.

MAT. XIII. 41-43.

DEEM not that saints alone

Are Heaven's true servants, and His laws fulfil,
Who rules o'er just and wicked! He from ill
Calls good . . .

Then grieve not at their high and palmy state,—
Those proud, bad men, whose unrelenting sway
Has shatter'd holiest things, and led astray
CHRIST'S little ones!—they are but tools of Fate,
Duped rebels, doom'd to serve a power they hate
To earn a traitor's guerdon, yet obey! R. H. FROUDE.

YET there are some to whom a strength is given—

A Will, a self-constraining Energy,—
A Faith which feeds upon no earthly Hope,
Which never thinks of Victory,—but content
In its own consummation, combating
Because it ought to combat,
And conscious that to find in martyrdom
The stamp and signet of most perfect life,
Is all the science that mankind can reach,—
Rejoicing fights, and still rejoicing fails.

It may be that to Spirits high-toned as these
A revelation of the end of Time
Is also granted; that they feel a sense
Giving them firm assurance that the foe
By which they must be crushed (in Death well-won
Alone to find their freedom in his turn
Will be subdued, though not by such as They.

Evil, which is the King of Time, in Time
Cannot be overcome; but who has said
That Time shall be for ever? Who can lay
The limits of Creation? Who can know
That Realm and Monarch shall not sink together
Into the deep of blest Eternity,
And Love and Peace be all the Universe? HOUGHTON.

[FRIDAY.]

The Triumph of Righteousness.

The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever. *REVELATION.*

NOW,—the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard and waiting long;
Afterward,—the golden reaping,
Harvest home and grateful song.

Now,—the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring;
Afterward,—the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

Now,—the tuning and the tension,
Wailing minors, discord strong;
Afterward,—the grand ascension
Of the Alleluia song! *F. R. HAVERGAL.*

THEN shall the righteous man stand in great boldness before the face of such as have afflicted him, and made no account of his labours. When they see it, they shall be troubled with terrible fear, and shall be amazed at the strangeness of his salvation, so far beyond all that they looked for.

WISDOM V. 1, 2.

IMPERFECTION means perfection hid,
Reserved in part, to grace the after-time.
BROWNING.

AND in despair I bowed my head:
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong
And mocks the song
Of *Peace on Earth, Good-will to Men.*"
Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;
"God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With *Peace on Earth, Good-will to men.*"

LONGFELLOW.

WEEK OF THE
FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

" Fearfulness "

" The Lord shall give thee rest from thy fear "

A Prayer for the Week

O LORD, my GOD, be THOU not far from me ! My GOD, have regard to help me ! for there have risen up against me sundry thoughts, and great fears afflicting my soul. How shall I pass through unhurt ? How shall I break them to pieces ?

What time I am afraid I will trust in THEE.

[SATURDAY.]

Fearfulness.

The thing which I greatly feared is come upon me,
and that which I was afraid of is come unto me.

Job iii. 25.

—♦—
O THOU who liv'st in fear of the *To Come!*
Around whose house the storm of terror breaks
All night ; to whose love-sharpened ear, all day
The Invisible is calling at thy door,
To render up that which thou canst not keep,—
Be it a Life or Love ! Open thy door
And carry forth thy Dead unto the marge
Of the great sea ; bear it into the flood,
Braving the cold that creepeth to thy heart,
And lay thy coffin as an Ark of Hope
Upon the billows of the infinite sea !
Give God thy dead to keep ! so float it back,
With sigh and prayers to waft it through the dark,
Back to the Spring of Life. Say, " It is dead !
But THOU, the Life of Life, art yet alive,
And THOU canst give the Dead its dear old life,
With new abundance perfecting the old."

MAC DONALD.

—♦—
KNOW that the Wrath Divine, when most severe,
Makes Justice still the guide of His career,
And will not punish in one mingled crowd
Those without light, and thee without a cloud.

COWPER.

—♦—
WHY fear the Night ! why shrink from Death,
That Phantom wan !
There is nothing in heaven or earth beneath
Save God and Man.
But never for this, never for this
Was thy being lent !
For the craven's fear is but selfishness,—
Like his merriment.
Know well, my soul, God's hand controls
Whate'er thou fearest ;
Round Him in calmest music rolls
Whate'er thou hearest !

WHITTIER.

SUNDAY.]

Fearfulness.

Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?

GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

THEIRS was the sin to cumber Faith with Fear,—
To tremble—where they should have feared and
To overlook the Glory close and near, [loved;
And only reverence it in space removed.

HOUGHTON.

WHO would lose, that had the power to improve,
The occasion of transmuting Fear to Love?

COWPER.

POOR tremblers at His rougher wind,
Why do we doubt HIM so?—
Who gives the storm a path, will find
The way our feet shall go.
The LORD yields nothing to our fears,
And flies from selfish care;
But comes Himself where'er HE hears
The voice of loving prayer.

IF the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us!
Let not faith and hope forsake us!
For through many a foe
To our home we go.

ZINZENDORF.

OH where Thy Voice doth come
Let all doubts be dumb;
Let all words be mild,
All strifes be reconciled,
All pains beguiled!
Light bring no blindness,
Love no unkindness,
Knowledge no ruin,
Fear no undoing!
From the cradle to the grave,
Save, oh! save!

MATT. ARNOLD.

[MONDAY.

Fearfulness.

They feared as they entered into the cloud.

LUKE IX. 34.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On Him I lean, Who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears. GRANT.

“HOW small is our place 'mid the kingdoms and
nations of God :
These are greater than we, every one !”
And there falls a great Fear, and a dread cometh
over that cries,
“O my hope ! Is there any mistake ?
Did He speak ? Did I hear ? Did I listen aright if
He spake ?
Did I answer Him duly !” J. INGELow.

WHEN in my brightest time a lurking fear
Possessed me : I well knew my weak resolves,
I felt the witchery which makes mind sleep
Over its treasure, as one half afraid
To make his riches definite : but now
These feelings shall not utterly be lost,
For I, having thus again been visited,
Shall doubt not many another bliss awaits,—
And, though this weak soul sink and darkness come,
Some little word shall light it up again,
And I shall see all clearer and love better,
And unknown secrets will be trusted me,
Which were not mine when wavering. BROWNING.

IN heavenly sunlight live no shades of Fear ;
The soul there—busy or at rest—hath peace ;
And music floweth from the various world.

ALLINGHAM.

TUESDAY.]

Fearfulness.

If thou do that which is evil, be afraid.—ROM. xiii. 4.

O CONSCIENCE! into what abyss of Fears
And Horrors hast thou driven me, out of which
I find no way,—from deep to deeper plunged!

MILTON.

BUT ah! the Will which thus could quail
Might yield—oh, horror drear!
Thou more than love, the Fear to fail,
Kept down the other Fear!

MAC DONALD.

MY sole Fear was the fear of doing an unrighteous
or unholy thing.

SOCRATES.

WHY did I ever one brief moment's space
But parley with this filthy Belial?
..... Was it the fear
Of being behind the World,—which is the Wicked?
But what they are, or have been, matters not.
To thine own self be true, the wise man says.
Are then my fears myself? O double self!
And I untrue to both!

CLOUGH.

FEAR nothing, blame nothing, flee nothing—so
much as thy vices and thy sins.

THOS. A KEMPIS.

FEAR this effects—that I do not the ill:—
Love more—that I thereunto have no will.

TRENCH.

FEAR is an instructor of great sagacity.

EMERSON.

WHEN the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with Fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

MILMAN.

[WEDNESDAY.

Fearfulness.

Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? If God be for us, who can be against us?

Rom. viii. 31.

NO craven Fear be thine, tho' Man's poor tongue
Should rail against thee! Wilt thou then refuse
To bear the cross—whereon thy Master hung?
And be, like HIM, insulted? Wilt thou choose
The world's brief friendship—haply *His* to lose?
Dread only this :—in aught offending One,
Who doth of folly ev'n His Saints accuse!—
What HE forbids, be *that* thy care to shun:
What HE commands, dread thou in aught to leave
undone!

BURTON.

GIVE to the winds thy Fears,
Hope and be undismayed!
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

GERHARDT.

WHAT is thy Fear, O soul? The fear of that dark
place,
Or fear to lose the joy of thy Creator's face?

TRENCH.

WHO the Creator love, created Might
Dread not; within their tents no Terrors walk.
For they are Holy Things before the LORD
Aye unprofaned,—though Earth should league with
Hell.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

WE must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers. . . If we shall stand still
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE brave makes Danger opportunity;
The waverer, paltering with the chance sublime,
Dwarfs it to peril.

LOWELL.

THURSDAY.]

Fearfulness.

The Lord is on my side: I will not fear; what can man do unto me?—PSALM CXVIII. 6.

WHAT should be the fear?

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that?

SHAKESPEARE.

THANK God, the times are pass'd
When Fear and blindly-working ignorance
Could govern man—Fear that dishelms
The vessel of the soul, and quite o'erwhelms
The spiritual life.

H. COLERIDGE.

TEMPER joy with fear
And pious sorrow, equally inured
By moderation either state to bear,
Prosperous or adverse!—so shalt thou lead
Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure
Thy mortal passage when it comes.

MILTON.

THINGS done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear.

SHAKESPEARE.

MAN ever with his Now at strife,—
Pained with first gasps of earthly air,—
Then praying Death the last to spare,
Still fearful of the ampler life.

LOWELL.

EITHER grief will not come; or if it must
Do not forecast;
And while it cometh, it is almost past.
Away, distrust!

My God hath promised; He is just!

HERBERT.

HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most
High shall abide under the shadow of the Al-
mighty.

PS. XCI. 1.

Fearfulness.

Fear thou not, for I am with thee: be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee: yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.—ISA. XLII. 13.

HOPE evermore and believe, O man, for e'en as
thy thought [belief.

So are the things thou see'st; e'en as thy hope and
Cowardly art thou and timid! they rise to provoke
thee against them;

Hast thou courage! enough! see them exulting to
yield.

CLOUGH.

BACK and doubt and fear can only come
Because of plenty, confidence, and love—
Without the mountain there were no abyss.

MAC DONALD.

I AM afraid of all my sorrows.

FEAR God, and thou shalt not shrink from the
terrors of men.

THOS. A KEMPIS.

NOT yet thou knowest how I bid
Each passing hour entwine
Its grief or joy, its hope or fear,
In one great love-design;
Nor how I lead thee through the night
By many a various way,
Still upward to unclouded light
And onward to the day.

F. R. H.

SHUTTING out Fear with all the strength of Hope.

BROWNING.

THOUGH in the paths of Death I tread
With gloomy Horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For THOU, O LORD, art with me still!
Thy rod and staff shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade!

ADDISON.

WEEK OF THE
FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

“Patience”

“The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God,
and into the patient waiting for Christ”

A Prayer for the Week

O LORD my GOD, Patience is very necessary for me,
for I perceive that many things in this life do fall out
as we would not.

Give me strength to resist, patience to endure, and
constancy to persevere.

Patience.

The God of patience.—REV. vi. 5.

Behold, I stand at the door and knock.—REV. iii. 20.

—♦—

“**N**OUGHT can comfort me!
Even if the heavens were free to such as I,
It were not much, for death is long to wait,
And heaven is far to go!”

What, is it long
To wait and far to go? Thou shalt not go;
Behold, across the snow to thee HE comes!
Thy heaven descends!—And is it long to wait?
Thou shalt not wait: “This night, this night,” He
saith,
“I stand at the door and knock.”

What! and shall HE wait?
And must HE wait? O patient Hand!
Knocking and waiting—knocking in the night
When work is done!

But do thou know
That on thy lot much thought is spent in heaven;
And coveting the heart a hard man broke,
One standeth patient, watching in the night,
And waiting in the day-time!

Speak, then, O rich and strong;
Open, O happy young, ere yet the hand
Of HIM that knocks, wearied at last, forbear—
The patient foot its thankless quest refrain—
The wounded heart for evermore withdraw!

J. INGLOW.

♦

GOD doth not bid thee wait
To disappoint at last;
A golden promise fair and great
In precept-mould is cast.
Soon shall the morning gild
The dark horizon-rim,
Thy heart's desire shall be fulfilled,
Wait patiently for HIM. P. R. HAVERGAL.

SUNDAY.]

Patience.

Let both grow together until the harvest.—GOSPEL
FOR THE DAY.

Put on therefore, as the elect of God, longsuffering.
EPISTLE FOR THE DAY.

ALL things are best fulfilled in their due time,
And time there is for all things. MILTON.

GOD'S fashion is another: day by day
And year by year HE tarrieth; little need
The LORD should hasten! MYERS.

DO not thou hasten above the most Highest; for
thy haste is in vain to be above HIM.

II ESDRAS IV. 34.

GOD will make clear His purpose; I, at least,
Can wait in silence. PLUMPTRE.

COMRADE bold of toil and pain!
Thy trial how severe,
When sever'd first by prisoner's chain
From thy loved labour-sphere!

Say, did impatience first impel
Thy heaven-sent bond to break?
Or couldst thou bear its hindrance well,
Loitering for JESU'S sake?

Oh, might we know! for sore we feel
The languor of delay,
When sickness lets our fainter zeal,
Or foes block up our way.

LORD! who Thy thousand years dost wait
To work the thousandth part
Of Thy vast plan, for us create
With zeal, a patient heart! NEWMAN.

OUR anger and impatience often prove much more
mischievous than the things about which we
are angry or impatient. MARCUS AURELIUS.

[MONDAY.

Patience.

God is a righteous Judge, strong and patient, and
God is provoked every day.—PS. vii. 12. (P. 11.)

Be patient towards all men.—1 THESS. v. 14.

—♦♦—
LORD, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me—that THOU didst
wait,

Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there!
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
“Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt
see

How HE persists to watch and wait for thee!”
And oh! how often to that voice of sorrow
“To-morrow we will open,” I replied,
And when the morrow came, I answered still “To-
morrow!”

LONGFELLOW.

—♦—
FOR troubles wrought of men
Patience is hard.

J. INGELow.

—♦—
I DO oppose
My patience to his fury, and am armed
To suffer with a quietness of spirit
The very tyranny and rage of his. SHAKESPEARE.

—♦—
ENDEAVOUR to be patient in bearing with the
defects and infirmities of others, of what sort
soever they be; for that thyself also hast many
failings which must be borne with by others.

THOS. A KEMPIS.

—♦—
SAFF to the hidden house of Thine abiding
Carry the weak knees and the heart that faints,
Shield from the scorn and cover from the chiding,
Give the world joy, but patience to the saints!
F. MYERS.

TUESDAY.]

• • Patience.

Therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious to you; . . . blessed are all they that wait for Him.—ISA. XXX. 18.

WHAT need to look behind thee and to sigh?
When GOD left speaking, HE went on before
To draw men after, following up and on;
And thy heart fails because thy feet are slow!
Thou think'st of HIM as one that will not wait.
A Father and not wait!—HE waited long
For us, and yet perchance HE thinks not long
And will not count the time. There are no dates
In His fine leisure!

J. INGELOW.

ENDURANCE is the crowning quality
And Patience all the passion of great hearts!

LOWELL

IN your Patience possess ye your souls.

LUKE XXI. 19.

WHY have we yet no great deliverance wrought,
Why have we not truth's banner yet unfurled,
High floating in the face of all the world,—
Why do we live and yet accomplish nought?
These are the stirrings of unquiet thought,
What time the years pass from us of our youth,
And we unto the altar of high truth
As yet no worthy offering have brought.
But now we bid these restless longings cease;
If Heaven has aught for us to do or say,
Our time will come; and we may well hold peace,
When HE, till thrice ten years had passed away,
In stillness and in quietness upgrew,
Whose word once spoken should make all things
new.

TRENCH.

BECAUSE thou hast kept the word of my
Patience, I also will keep thee from the hour
of temptation.

REV. III. 10.

[WEDNESDAY.]

Patience.

If when ye do well and suffer for it ye take it patiently, this is acceptable before God.—1 PET. II. 20.

LET us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise. LONGFELLOW.

✠ O THOU God of old,
Grant me some smaller grace than comes to these!
But so much Patience as a blade of grass
Grows by, contented through the heat and cold!
E. B. BROWNING.

✠ HE is not truly patient, who is willing to suffer
only so much as he thinks good, and from
whence he pleases. THOS. A KEMP.

✠ CRUTE strength
Clangs his huge mace down in the other scale;—
The inspired soul but flings his Patience in,
And slowly that outweighs the ponderous globe.
LOWELL.

✠ FROM bearing right
Our sorest burthens, comes fresh strength to bear;
And so we rise again towards the light
And quit the sunless depths for upper air.
Meek Patience is as diver's breath to all
Who sink in sorrow's sea, and many a ray
Comes gleaming downward from the source of day
To guide us re-ascending from our fall. TURNER.

✠ BIDE thou thy time!
Watch with meek eyes the race of pride and crime,
Sit in the gate, and be the heathen's jest,
Smiling and self-possess.
O thou to whom is pledged a victor's sway,
Bide thou the victor's day! NEWMAN.

THURSDAY.]

Patience.

Let patience have her perfect work that ye may
be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.—JAMES I. 4.

WALK thy way greatly ! So do thou endure
Thy small, thy narrow, dwarfed and cankered
That soothing Patience shall be half the cure [life,
For ills that lesser souls keep sore with strife.

C. GREENE.

PROMPT to move, but firm to wait—
Knowing things rashly sought are rarely
found.

WORDSWORTH.

DO not repine, neither do thou lessen thy crown
by impatience.

THOS. A KEMPIS.

HE does not fail
For thy impatience, but stands by thee still,
Patient, unfaltering—till thou too shalt grow
Patient,—and would'st not miss the sharpness grown
To custom, which assures HIM at thy side.

H. HAMILTON KING.

GOD doth not need
Either man's works, or his own gifts ; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve HIM best. His
state

Is kingly ; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;—
They also serve who only stand and wait. MILTON.

HE doth not bid thee wait,
Like drift-wood on the wave,
For fickle chance or fixed fate
To ruin or to save.

Thine eyes shall surely see
(No distant hope or dim),
The LORD thy God arise for thee ;

"Wait patiently for HIM." F. R. H.

Patience.

Ye have need of patience that after ye have done
the will of God ye might receive the promises.

HEB. x. 36.

HARD task! exclaim the undisciplined,—to lean
On Patience coupled with such slow endeavour
That long-lived servitude must last for ever!
Perish the grovelling few, who, prest between
Wrongs and the terror of redress, would wean
Millions from glorious aims! Our chains to sever
Let us break forth in tempest now or never!—

What! is there then no space for golden mean
And gradual progress!—Twilight leads to day,
And even within the burning zones of earth,
The hastiest sunrise yields a temperate ray;
The softest breeze to fairest flowers gives birth;
Think not that Prudence dwells in dark abodes,
She scans the Future with the eye of gods.

WORDSWORTH.

THOSE things that a man cannot amend in him-
self or in others, he ought to suffer patiently,
until God order things otherwise. THOS. À KEMP.

HAST thou o'er the clear heaven of thy soul
Seen tempests roll?
Hast thou watched all the hopes thou wouldst have
Fade one by one? [won
Wait till the clouds are past, then raise thine eyes
To bluer skies!

Hast thou gone sadly through a dreary night,
And found no light,
No guide, no star, to cheer thee through the plain,
No friend, save pain!
Wait, and thy soul shall see, when most forlorn,
Rise a new morn.

A. PROCTER.

WEEK OF THE
SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

"The Supreme Fatherhood"

"The Father Himself loveth you."

A Prayer for the Week

Defend, O LORD, we beseech THEE, us Thy children with Thy Heavenly Grace, that we may continue Thine for ever, and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more, until we come unto Thy Everlasting Kingdom.

[SATURDAY.]

The Supreme Fatherhood.

Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my Sons and Daughters.—2 COR. VI. 17, 18.

HAIL, then, hail to you all! To the heirdom of heaven be ye welcome!—

Children no more from this day, but by covenant brothers and sisters.

Yet,—for what reason not children? Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Here upon earth an assemblage of children, in heaven one Father

Ruling them all as His household,—forgiving in turn, and chastising.

LONGFELLOW.



GOD only knows the love of God:

Oh that it now were shed abroad

In this poor stony heart!

For love I sigh, for love I pine,

This only portion, LORD, be mine,

Be mine this better part.

C. WESLEY.



THOU wert always our FATHER! Each sun that arose

Has done nothing through life but fresh mercies disclose;

But we feel, while the joy of our life is laid low,

THOU hast ne'er been so tender a Father as now.

FABER.



WHOM the LORD loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.



GOD'S dealings still are love—His chastenings are alone

Love now compelled to take an altered, louder tone.

TRENCH.

SUNDAY.]

The Supreme Fatherhood.

Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the Sons of God.—EPISTLE FOR THE DAY.

LEARN that the flame of the Everlasting Love
Doth burn ere it transform. NEWMAN.

HEARKEN, hearken !
God speaketh to thy soul,
Saying "O thou that movest
With feeble steps across this earth of Mine
To break beside the fount thy golden bowl
And spill its purple wine—
Look up to heaven ! and see how, like a scroll,
My right hand hath thine immortality
In an eternal grasping ! thou that lovest
The songful birds and grasses underfoot
And also what change mars and tombs pollute.—
I am the end of love ! give love to ME !"

E. B. BROWNING.

BEST love of all
Is God's ; then why not have God's love befall
Myself ? BROWNING.

THE son of God, I also am, or was,—
And if I was, I am ; relation stands ;
All men are sons of God. MILTON.

GOD'S child in CHRIST adopted—CHRIST my all—
What that earth boasts were not lost cheaply,
Than forfeit that blest name, by which I call {rather
The HOLY ONE, the ALMIGHTY GOD, my Father !
Father ! in CHRIST we live, and CHRIST in THEE—
Eternal THOU ; and everlasting We !
The heir of heaven, henceforth I fear not death ;
In CHRIST I live ! In CHRIST I draw the breath
Of the true life ! S. T. COLERIDGE.

[MONDAY.

The Supreme Fatherhood.

As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the Sons of God, even to them that believe on His name.—JOHN I. 12.

IT remains, if thou, the image of God,
Wilt reason well, that thou shalt know His
But first thou must be loyal!—Love, O man, [ways.
Thy Father—hearken when He pleads with thee!
For there is something left of Him e'en now,—
A witness for thy Father in thy soul,
Albeit thy better state thou hast foregone.

J. INGELOW.

FEELING God loves us, and that all that errs
Is a strange dream which death shall dissipate.

BROWNING.

WE have known and believed the love that God
hath to us.

1 JOHN IV. 16.

WE are filled
Who live to-day, with a more present sense
Of the great love of God, than those of old
Who, groping in the dawn of Knowledge, saw
Only dark shadows of the Unknown.

L. MORRIS.

A SON honoureth his father and a servant his
master; if then I be a FATHER, where is mine
honour, and if I be a MASTER, where is my fear!

HALF mankind maintain a churlish strife
With Him, the Donor of Eternal life,
Because the deed by which His love confirms
The largess He bestows, prescribes the terms.

COWPER.

ALAS! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from THEE we rove,
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners to a Father's home.

WHITMORE.

TUESDAY.]

The Supreme Fatherhood.

As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the Sons of God.—ROM. VIII. 14.

—♦—♦—♦—
FOR the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind ;
And the Heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own ;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own. FABER.

✕
IT were better to have no opinion of God at all,
than such an opinion as is unworthy of HIM; for
the one is Unbelief, the other is Contumely.

BACON.

✕
IS it not in my nature to adore ?
And e'en for all my Reason do I not
Feel HIM and thank HIM, and pray to HIM—NOW ?
Can I forego the trust that HE loves me ?
Do I not feel a love which only ONE——? BROWNING.

✕
OH man ! thy heart
Is stout against His wrath. But will HE love ?
I heard it rumoured in the heavens of old,
(And doth HE love ?) Thou wilt not, canst not,
stand
Against the love of God. J. INGELow.

✕
O LORD, how wonderful in depth and height,
But most in man, how wonderful THOU art !
With what a love, what soft persuasive might
Victorious o'er the stubborn fleshly heart ;
Thy tale complete, of saints THOU dost provide
To fill the throne which angels lost through pride !
NEWMAN.

✕
DREW them with cords of a man, with bands of
love. HOSEA XI. 4.

[WEDNESDAY.

The Supreme Fatherhood.

Because ye are Sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, "Abba, Father." Wherefore thou art no more a servant, but a son; and if a son, then an heir of God through Christ.—GAL. IV. 6, 7.

ARE we not Princes? we who stand
As heirs beside the Throne;
We who can call the Promised Land
Our Heritage, our own;
And answer to no less command
Than God's, and His alone?

O God, that we can dare to fail
And dare to say we must!
O God, that we can ever trail
Such banners in the dust,
Can let such starry honours pale
And such a blazon rust!

Shall we upon such titles bring
The taint of sin and shame?
Shall we, the children of the King
Who hold so grand a claim,
Tarnish by any meaner thing
The glory of our name? A. PROCTER.

THUS saith the Almighty LORD, Have I not
prayed you as a father his sons, as a mother
her daughters . . . that ye would be My People
and I should be your GOD; that ye would be My
Children and I would be your FATHER!

2 ESDRAS I. 28, 29.

MINE is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

COWPER.

THURSDAY.]

The Supreme Fatherhood.

He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God and he shall be my Son. — REV. XXI. 7.

MY heart in chiming gladness o'er and o'er
Sings on "God's everlasting love! What
would'st Thou more!"

Yes, one thing more! To know it ours indeed,
To add the conscious joy of full possession! —
O tender grace that stoops to every need!
This everlasting love hath found expression
In loving-kindness which hath gently drawn
The heart that else astray too willingly had gone...
We thirst for God, our treasure is above;
Earth has no gift our one desire to meet,
And that desire is pledge of His own love.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

FATHER of all, to THEE
We breathe unuttered fears
Deep-hidden in our souls,
That have no voice but tears;
Take THOU our hand and through the wild
Lead gently on each trustful child! JULIAN.

BOTH HE answer, the Ancient of Days!
Will HE speak in the tongue and the fashion
of men?
... Nay, HE spoke with them first; it was
then
They lifted their eyes to His throne;
"They shall call on ME." "THOU art our Father,
our God, Thou alone!"
For I made them, I led them in deserts and desolate
ways,
I have found them a Ransom Divine;
I have loved them with love everlasting,—the
Children of Men,—
I swear by MYSELF, they are Mine. J. INGELOW.

[FRIDAY.

The Supreme Fatherhood.

Beloved, now are we the Sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be.—1 JOHN III. 2.

WHAT hath not man sought out and found,
But his dear God! Who yet His glorious law
Embosoms in us, mellowing the ground
With showers and frosts, with love and awe:
So that we need not say "Where's this command!"
Poor man! thou searchest round
To find out death, but missest life at hand.

HERBERT.

THERE'S not a man
That lives, who hath not known his god-like hours
And feels not what an empire we inherit!

WORDSWORTH.

FATHER! what hast THOU grown to now!
A joy all joys above,
Something more sacred than a fear,
More tender than a love!
With gentle swiftmess lead me on,
Dear God! to see Thy face;
And meanwhile in my narrow heart
Oh make Thyself more space!

FABER.

I HAVE loved thee with an everlasting love.

MY heart was restless, weary, sad, and sore,
And longed and listened for some heaven-sent token;
And like a child that knows not why it cried,
'Mid God's full promises it moaned, "*Unsatisfied!*"
Yet there it stands! O love, surpassing thought,
So bright, so grand, so clear, so true, so glorious;
Love infinite, love tender, love unsought,
Love changeless, love rejoicing, love victorious!
And this great love for us in boundless store;
God's everlasting love! What would we more!

F. R. HAVENGAL.

FESTIVALS COMMEMORATED IN
THE SEASON OF THE EPIPHANY

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL
JAN. 25th

"The Snare of Intolerance"

THE FEAST OF THE PRESENTATION
FEB. 2nd

"The Force of Gentleness"

When there are less than *four* Sundays after the Epiphany,
one or both of these Festivals will fall in the following Season.

The Snare of Intolerance.

Ye have heard how that beyond measure I persecuted the Church of God and wasted it . . .

Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?

— ACTS, xix. 9.

HAST thou made much of words, and forms, and tests,

And thought but little of the peace and love,—
His Gospel to the poor? Dost thou condemn
Thy brother, looking down, in pride of heart,
On each poor wanderer from the fold of Truth? . . .

Go thy way!—

Take Heaven's own armour for the heavenly strife,
Welcome all helpers in thy war with sin . . .
And learn through all the future of thy years
To form thy life in likeness of thy LORD'S!

PLUMPTRE.

THOU to wax fierce in the cause of the LORD,
To threat and to pierce with the heavenly
sword!

Anger and zeal and the joy of the brave,
Who bade *thee* to feel Sin's slave?

The Altar's pure flame consumes as it soars;
Faith meekly may blame, for it serves and adores.
Thou warnest and smitest! Yet CHRIST must atone
For a soul that thou slightest—thine own! NEWMAN.

BEST things perish of their own excess,
And quality o'er-driven becomes defect.

LOWELL.

SO evermore!—His sentence overturns
Our feeble judgment . . .
So in the end the eternal Love will shine;
So at the last the mists and clouds will clear:
Till then from out the cloud there comes the voice
Which speaks in trumpet-tones through every land:
"O house of Israel! O thou Church of God!
O parties, sects, disputers! own ye not
Your ways unequal,—Mine all just and true!"

PLUMPTRE.

THE PRESENTATION.]

The Force of Gentleness.

This child is set for the fall and rising again of many.
—GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith
the Lord of Hosts — Zech. iv. 6.

KING of Eternity ! what revelation
Could the created and finite sustain
But for Thy marvellous manifestation,
Godhead incarnate in weakness and pain !

F. R. HAVERGAL

HE shall not strive nor cry. MATT. XII. 19.

GOD gives Himself, as Mary's Babe,
To sinners' trembling arms,
And veils His everlasting light
In childhood's feeble charms.

His sacred Name a common word

On earth HE loves to hear ;

There is no majesty in HIM

Which love may not come near.

The solemn face, the downcast eye,

The words constrained and cold—

These are the homage, poor at best,

Of those outside the fold.

FABER.

THERE is a spell of unresisted power
In wonder-working weak simplicity,—
Because it is not fear'd.

H. COLERIDGE.

THY gentleness hath made me great.

2 SAM. XXII. 36.

THE noble love of JESUS impels a man to do great
things, and stirs him up to be always longing
for what is more perfect.

THOS. A KEMPIS.

YOUR gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.

SHAKESPEARE.

GENTLENESS is invincible.

M. AURELIUS.

THE SEASON OF LENT

*"LET US ALSO GO THAT WE MAY DIE
WITH HIM"*

THE PREPARATION

Septuagesima, Sexagesima,
Quinquagesima

THE FORTY DAYS

Ash Wednesday and Weeks in Lent

St. Matthias.

FEB. 24th

Feast of the Annunciation.

MARCH 25th

WEEK OF
SEPTUAGESIMA

“The Call to Endurance”

“Blessed is the man that endureth”

A Prayer for the Week

O LORD GOD, thou just Judge, strong and patient, THOU knowest what I know not ; and therefore under all reproof I ought to humble myself, and endure meekly. Forgive me then of Thy mercy whenever I have not so borne myself, and when again trial comes, grant me the grace of fuller Endurance.

[SATURDAY.]

Endurance.

Thou, therefore, endure hardness, as a good soldier
of Jesus Christ.—2 TIMOTHY II. 3.

IN the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife! LONGFELLOW.

THE man who without murmuring endures
Even the little sufferings of sustained
Exertion or privation, hourly cures
For the disease of Self, if self-ordained,)
Hath in his aspect something which allures
That sentiment our nature hath retained
Of the sublime: a sentiment that speaks
As do the cataracts to the mountain-peaks.
LYTTON.

RUDGERY is the gray angel of success.
GARNETT.

BUT in that patience was the seed of scorn—
Scorn of the world and brotherhood of man;
Not patience such as, in the manger born,
Up to the Cross endured its earthly span,
Thou must endure!—yet loving all the while,
Above, yet never separate from, thy kind,—
Meet every frailty with the gentlest smile,
Though to no possible depth of evil blind.
HOUGHTON.

TO endure and to pardon is the wisdom of life.
KORAN.

LORD, Who hast suffered all for me
My peace and pardon to procure,
The lighter cross I bear for THEE,
Help me with patience to endure! COWPER.

SUNDAY.]

Endurance.

So run that ye may attain . . . I therefore so run not
as uncertainly.—EPISTLE FOR THE DAY. (R. V.)

PATIENT endurance
Attaineth to all things.

SANTA TERESA.

NOR deem who to that bliss aspire
Must win their way through blood and fire!—
The writhings of a wounded heart
Are fiercer than a foeman's dart.

Oft in Life's stillest shade reclining,
In Desolation unrepining,
Without a hope on earth to find
A mirror in an answering mind,
Meek souls there are who little deem
Their daily strife an Angel's theme! KEBLE.

LET a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will!
BROWNING.

HE endured as seeing HIM Who is invisible.
HEB. XI. 28.

MORTAL! thou standest on a point of time
With an Eternity on either hand!
Thou hast one duty above all sublime,—
Where thou art placed, serenely there to stand!
To stand!—undaunted by the threatening death,
Or harder circumstance of living doom,
Nor less untempted by the odorous breath
Of Hope, that rises even from the tomb.
'Tis well on deeds of good, though small, to thrive,
'Tis well some part of ill, though small, to cure;
'Tis well with onward, upward hopes to strive,—
Yet better and diviner to endure! HOUGHTON.

STAND firm like a Rock against which the
waves batter, yet it stands unmoved, till they
fall to rest at last. MARCUS AURELIUS.

[MONDAY.

Endurance.

Can thy heart endure?—EZEKIEL XXXI 14.

FATHER! if we may well endure
The ill that with our lives begins,
May'st THOU, to whom all things are pure,
Endure our follies and our sins!

Brothers! if we return you good
For evil thought or malice done,
Doubt not, that in our hearts a blood
As hot as in your own may run!

HOUGHTON.

THIS poor *One thing I do*—instead of repining at
its lowness or its hardness—I will make it
glorious by my supreme loyalty to its demand.

GANNETT.

BEHOLD we count them happy which endure.

HART thou alone? and does thy soul complain
It lives in vain?

Not vainly does he live who can endure!

O, be thou sure

That he who hopes and suffers here, can earn
A sure return!

Hast thou found naught within thy troubled life
Save inward strife?

Hast thou found all she promised thee Deceit,
And Hope a cheat?

Endure!—and there shall dawn within thy breast
Eternal rest!

A. PROCTER.

WANT but a few things, and complain of nothing.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

BE thou thyself! So strongly, grandly bear
Thee on what seems thy hard, mistaken road,
That thou shalt breathe heaven's clearest upper air
And so forget thy feet that meet the clod.

C. GREENE.

TUESDAY.]

Endurance.

Faint, yet pursuing.—JUDGES VIII. 4. (R. V.)

WHY should I murmur at my lot forlorn?
The self-same Fate that doom'd me to be
poor,
Endues me with a spirit to endure
All, and much more than is, or has been, borne
By better men, of want and worldly scorn :—
My soul has faith!

H. COLERIDGE.

THINE was the prophet's vision! Thine
The exultation, the divine
Insanity of noble minds,
That never falters nor abates,
But labours and endures and waits,
Till all that it foresees, it finds,
Or what it cannot find, creates!

LONGFELLOW.

NOTHING makes the soul so pure, so religious,
as the endeavour to create something perfect;
for God is Perfection, and whoever strives
for Perfection strives for something that is God-like.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

O MAN! hold thee on in courage of soul
Through the stormy shades of thy worldly
way,
And the billows of cloud that around thee roll
Shall sleep in the light of a wondrous day!

SHELLEY.

IF anywise from morn to morn
I can endure a weary faithfulness,
From minute unto minute calling low
On God Who once would answer;—it may be
He hath a waking for me, and some surprise
Shall from this prison set the prisoner free,
And love from fears, and from the flesh the soul.

MYERS.

Endurance.

We have borne the burden and heat of the day.
MAT. XX. 12.

THOU hast thine office ; we have ours ;
 God lacks not early service here ;
 But what are thine eleventh hours,
 He counts with us for morning cheer ;
 Our day, for HIM, is long enough,
 And when HE giveth work to do
 The bruised reed is amply tough
 To pierce the shield of error through.

LOWELL.

THE right-good fighter was oftenest also . . . the
 right-good improver, discerner, doer and
 worker in every kind ; for true valour . . . is the
 basis of all. May such valour last for ever with us !

CARLYLE.

NOT light and momentary labour these,—
 But discipline and self-denial long,
 And purpose staunch, and perseverance—asked,
 And energy that inspiration seemed.

POLLOCK.

IF call'd, like Abraham's child, to climb
 The hill of sacrifice,
 Some angel may be there in time—
 Deliverance shall arise !

Or, if some darker lot be good,
 Oh, teach us to endure
 The sorrow, pain, or solitude
 That make the spirit pure !

LEIGH.

ALL desire to rejoice with JESUS : few are wil-
 ling to endure anything for HIM, or with
 HIM.

THOMAS A. KEMPIS.

THURSDAY.]

Endurance.

Hold fast that which thou hast, that no one take thy crown.—REV. III. 11. (R. V.)

GOD spake, and gave us the Word to keep;
Bade never fold the hands, nor sleep
'Mid a faithless world;—at watch and ward,
Till CHRIST at the end relieve our guard.—
By His servant Moses the watch was set:
Though near upon cock-crow, we keep it yet.

BROWNING.

HE saw with faith's far-reaching eye the fount
Of life, His FATHER's house, his Saviour God,
And borrowed thence to help his present want. . .
And so his eye upon the land of life
He kept. Virtue grew daily stronger,—sin
Decayed: his enemies repulsed, retired;
Till at the stature of a perfect man
In CHRIST arrived, and with the Spirit filled,
He gained the harbour of eternal rest. POLLOCK.

SET thy heart aright and constantly endure, and
make not haste in time of trouble.

ECCLESIASTICUS II. 2.

CHARACTER is centrality—the impossibility of
being displaced or overset.

EMERSON.

DYING is easy;—keep thou stedfastly
The greater part,—to live and to endure.

H. HAMILTON KING.

IF thou art unwilling to be saved, thou refuseth
to be crowned. But if thou desire to be
crowned, fight manfully, endure patiently!

THOS. A KEMPIS.

KEEP us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own!
Help, O help us to endure,
Fit us for Thy promised crown! DOWNTON.

Endurance.

He that endureth to the end shall be saved.

MATTH. X. 22.

❖

CAN we conceive a disregard in heaven
What the worst perpetrate, or best endure ?
YOUNG.

❖

BE not uneasy, discouraged, or out of humour
because practice falls short of precept in
some particulars. If you happen to be beaten,
return to the charge !
MARCUS AURELIUS.

❖

THEREFORE gird up thyself, and come to stand
Unflinching under the unfaltering Hand,
That waits to prove thee to the uttermost !
It were not hard to suffer by His hand,
If thou couldst see His face ;—but in the dark !
That is the one last trial ;—be it so.
CHRIST was forsaken, so must thou be too :
How couldst thou suffer, but in seeming, else ?
Thou wilt not see the face nor feel the hand,
Only the cruel crushing of the feet, [down
When through the bitter night the LORD comes
To tread the winepress. Not by sight, but faith !
Endure, endure—be faithful to the end !

H. HAMILTON KING.

❖

GENIUS is patience. SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

❖

COME, labour on !
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure,
Blessed are those who to the end endure ;
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
O LORD, with THEE ! J. BORTHWICK.

❖

AND so after he had patiently endured, he
obtained the promise.

HEBREWS VI. 15.

WEEK OF

SEXAGESIMA

“The Voice of God”

“Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth”

A Prayer for the Week

Let not Moses speak unto me, nor any of the Prophets, but rather do THOU speak, O LORD GOD, Inspirer and Enlightener of all the Prophets, lest perchance if I be only admonished externally, and not aroused within, I die and prove unprofitable,—lest the word heard and not fulfilled, known and not loved, believed and not obeyed, turn to my condemnation!

Open THOU mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.

[SATURDAY.

The Voice of God.

To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. JOHN VI. 35.

—♦—
O WORD of God incarnate!
O WISDOM from on high!
O TRUTH unchanged, unchanging!
O LIGHT of our dark sky!
We praise THEE for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age. WALSHAM HOW.

~
S LAME not thy thought, that it cannot reach
That which the Infinite must teach!
Bless thy God that the WORD came nigh
To guide thee home to thy native sky! MAC DONALD

~
THE Heavens declare the glory of God.
PS. XIX. 1.

~
O NATURE! why do I not name thee "God"? Art
not thou "The living garment of God"? Is
it in very deed HE then that ever speaks through
thee; that lives and loves in thee? CARLYLE.

~
AND who, what God foretells (Who speaks in
Things
Yet louder than in Words, shall dare deny!
YOUNG.

~
O FTEN through my heart is pealing
Many another voice than Thine,
Many an unwilling echo stealing
From the walls of this Thy shrine:
Let Thy longed-for accents fall;
MASTER, speak, and silence all.

~
F. R. HAVERGAL.

~
LET all creatures be silent in Thy sight; speak
Thou alone to me. THOMAS A KEMPIS.

SUNDAY.]

The Voice of God.

The seed is the Word of God.—LUKE VIII. 11.

Search the Scriptures.—JOHN V. 39.

HOW very good is God!—that HE hath taught
To every Christian that can hear and see
Both what he is and what he ought to be,
And how and why the saints of old have fought.
Whate'er of truth the antique sages sought,
And could but guess of His divine decree,
Is given to Faith affectionate and free,
Not wrung by force of self-confounding thought.
Is the book finished? May not God once more
Send forth a prophet to proclaim His laws
In holy words not framed by human lore?

H. COLERIDGE.

IF thou desire to reap profit, read with humility,
simplicity, and faithfulness.

THOS. A KEMPIS.

NATURE'S least worthy growths have quickest
spring,
And soonest answering service readiest meed . . .
And wisest thought needs deepest burying
Before its ripe effect begins to breed.
Therefore, O spiritual seedsman, cast
With unregretful hand thy rich grain forth,
Nor think thy Word's regenerating birth
Dead, that so long lies locked in human breast.
Time, slow to foster things of lesser worth,
Broods o'er thy work, and God permits no waste.

CALDWELL ROSCOE.

ETERNAL God! Thy Word is not all fulfilled;
Thy thought . . . not all revealed. The ages
that are past have but revealed to us some frag-
ments of it.

MAZZINI.

[MONDAY.]

The Voice of God.

The word of God is living and active, and sharper than any two-edged sword, and piercing even to the dividing of soul and spirit of both joints and marrow, and quick to discern the thoughts and intents of the heart.—HEB. IV. 12. (R. V.)

NO blinder bigot, I maintain it still, [will!—
Than he who must have pleasure, come what
He laughs whatever weapon Truth may draw,
And deems her sharp artillery mere straw.
Scripture indeed is plain, but God and he
On Scripture ground are sure to disagree—
Some wiser rule must teach him how to live
Than this his MAKER has seen fit to give. COWPER.

✠

GOD'S voice is of the heart,—I do not say
All voices therefore of the heart are God's;
And to discern the voice amidst the voices
Is that hard task that we are born to! CLOUGH.

✠

HEARKEN, hearken!
God speaketh to thy soul,
Using the supreme voice which doth confound
All life with consciousness of Deity,
All senses into one! . . . It speaketh now
Through the regular breath of the calm creation,
Through the moan of the creature's desolation,
Striking, and in its stroke resembling
The memory of a solemn vow
Which pierceth the din of a festival,
To one in the midst. E. B. BROWNING.

✠

GOD, Who speaks to man on every side,
Sending His voices from the outer world,
Glorious in stars, and winds, and flowers, and waves,
And from the inner world of things unseen,
In hopes, and thoughts, and deep assurances,—
Not seldom ceases outward speech awhile,
That the inner, isled in calm, may clearer sound.
MAC DONALD.

TUESDAY.]

The Voice of God.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.—PSALM CXIX. 1-5.

GOD is not dumb, that He should speak no more !
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinai,—'tis thy soul is poor !
There towers the Mountain of the Voice no less,
Which whoso seeks shall find—but he who bends
Intent on Manna still and mortal ends,
Sees it not,—neither hears its thundered lore !



LOWELL

GOD'S holy Word, once trivial in his view,
Now by the voice of his experience, true,
Seems, as it is, the fountain whence alone
Must spring that Hope he pants to make his own.



COWPER.

AS far as you can, enter into the Soul of him that
speaks.



MARCUS AURELIUS.

I HEARD Thy Voice . . . and was afraid.

AMIDST the thrilling leaves, Thy Voice
At evening's fall drew near ;
FATHER ! and did not man rejoice
That blessed sound to hear ?
Did not his heart within him burn
Touch'd by the solemn tone ?
Not so ! for, never to return,
His purity was gone. . .
Oh ! in each mind, each fountain flow,
Each whisper of the shade,
Grant me, my God, Thy Voice to know,
And not to be afraid !

F. HEMANS.

NOW rare it is to find a soul still enough to hear
God speak !

The Voice of God.

Receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls. But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.—JAMES I. 21, 22.

HOPES of every sort,—whatever sect
Esteem them, sow them, rear them, and protect,
If wild in nature and not duly found,
Gethsemane ! in thy dear, hallowed ground,—
That cannot bear the blaze of Scripture light,
Nor cheer the spirit, nor refresh the sight,
Nor animate the soul to Christian deeds,—
(Oh cast them from thee ! are weeds, arrant weeds.

COWPER.

THE Gospel sounds not now so loud and bold
As once it did. Some lie in sleep secure,
And many faint because their love is cold ;
But never doubt that GOD may still be found,
Long as one bell sends forth a Gospel-sound !

H. COLERIDGE.

IS there no prophet-soul the while
To dare, sublimely meek,
Within the shroud of blackest cloud
The DEITY to seek ?
'Midst atheistic systems dark,
And darker hearts' despair,
That soul has heard perchance His word,
And on the dusky air
His skirts, as passed He by, to see
Hath strained on their behalf,
Who, on the plain, with dance amain,
Adore the Golden Calf !

CLOUGH.

WHOSOEVER would fully and feelingly under-
stand the words of CHRIST, must endeavour
to conform his life wholly to the life of CHRIST.

THOS. A KEMPIS.

IF any man will do His Will, he shall know of the
Doctrine, whether it be of GOD. JOHN VII. 17.

THURSDAY.]

The Voice of God.

See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh. HEB. XII. 25.

The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.

JOHN I. 14.

—♦—
GOD has other Words for other worlds,
But for this world the Word of GOD is **CHRIST**.
H. HAMILTON KING.

✽
THE Word of God . . cannot be made a present of
to anybody . . but is nevertheless being offered
to us daily, and by us with contumely refused; and
sown in us daily, and by us, as instantly as may be,
choked.
RUSKIN.

✽
GOD hath now sent His living oracle
Into the world to teach His final Will.
MILTON.

✽
IN holy books we read how God hath spoken
To holy men in many different ways;
But hath the present world no sign or token?
Is God quite silent in these latter days?
Oh! think it not, sweet maid! God comes to us
With every day, with every star that rises;
In every moment dwells the Righteous
And starts upon the soul in sweet surprises.
The Word were but a blank, a hollow sound,
If HE that spake it were not speaking still,
If all the light and all the shade around
Were aught but issues of Almighty will!
Sweet girl, believe that every bird that sings,
And every flower that stars the elastic sod,
And every thought that happy summer brings
To thy pure spirit, is a word of God.
H. COLERIDGE.

✽
WHAT thou understandest not when thou redest,
thou shalt know in the day of visitation.
THOS. À KEMPIS.

The Voice of God.

God, who at sundry times and in divers manners
spake in time past unto the Fathers by the Prophets,
hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son.

HEB. I. 1, 2.

—♦—
WE abide

Not on this earth ; but for a little space
We pass upon it ; and while so we pass,
God through the dark hath set the Light of Life,
With witness of HIMSELF—the Word of God,
To be among us Man, with human heart,
And human language,—thus interpreting
The One Great Will incomprehensible,
Only so far as we in human life
Are able to receive it.

H. HAMILTON KING.

TRUTH is not local—God alike pervades
And fills the world of traffic and the shades,
And may be feared amid the busiest scenes,
Or scorned where business never intervenes.

COWPER.

IF thy heart were sincere and upright, then every
creature would be unto thee a living mirror, and
a book of holy doctrine.

THOS. A KEMPIS.

HAVE not all created things a voice
For those who listen farther—whispers low
To bid the children of the Light rejoice
In burning hopes they yet but dimly know ?

F. R. HAVERGAL.

MATTER exists only spiritually, and to represent
some Idea, and body it forth.

CARLYLE.

THESE are Thy glorious works, Parent of Good,
Almighty ! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair ! THYSELF how wondrous then !
Unspeakable, Who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these Thy lowest works ; yet these declare
Thy Goodness beyond thought, and Power divine.

MILTON.

WEEK OF
QUINQUAGESIMA

“The Great Essential”

“If I give my body to be burned, but have not Love,
it profiteth me nothing.”

A Prayer for the Week

O LORD, Who hast taught us that all our doings without
CHARITY are nothing worth ; send Thy Holy Ghost and
pour into our hearts that most excellent gift of Charity,
the very bond of peace and of all virtues, without which,
whosoever liveth is counted dead before THEE.

The Great Essential.

[SATURDAY.]

Love suffereth long and is kind : Love envieth not.
1 COR. XIII. 4. (R. V.)

○ PERFECT LOVE that 'dureth long!

Dear growth that shaded by the palm,
And breathed on by the angel's song,

Blooms on in heaven's eternal calm.

How great the task to guard thee here,

Where wind is rough and frost is keen,
And all the ground with doubt and fear

Is chequered, birth and death between!

J. INGELow.

JN social hours who CHRIST would see

Must turn all tasks to Charity! KEBLE.

○ NE small touch of Charity

Could lift them nearer God-like state,

Than if the crowded Orb should cry

Like those who cried Diana great.

TENNYSON.

LOVE is kind and suffers long,

LOVE is meek and thinks no wrong,

LOVE than Death itself more strong;

Therefore give us LOVE!

C. WORDSWORTH.

○ THOU, Who keep'st the Key of LOVE,

Open Thy fount, Eternal Dove,

And overflow this heart of mine,

Enlarging as it fills with THEE,

Till in one blaze of charity [divine!

Care and remorse are lost, like motes in light

Till, as each moment wafts us higher,—

By every gush of pure desire,

And high-breath'd hope of joys above,

By every secret sigh we heave,

Whole years of folly we outlive,

In His unerring sight Who measures Life by LOVE.

KEBLE.

SUNDAY.]

The Great Essential.

If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels
and have not Love, I am become as sounding brass,
or a clanging cymbal.—EPISTLE FOR THE DAY. (R. V.)

MAN'S part

Is plain—to send LOVE forth—astray perhaps :—
No matter !—he has done his part. BROWNING.

WY LOVE the soul from dust is freed ;
You, sin-born, seize the baser part,—
LOVE keeps for GOD the heaven-born heart.

KEN.

DOES not the spirit of LOVE, free in its celestial
primeval brightness, even here, though but for
moments, look through ! . . . Where else is the GOD'S
PRESENCE manifested, not to our eyes only, but to
our hearts,—as in our fellow-man ! CARLYLE.

LOVE, and LOVE only, is the loan for LOVE.

YOUNG.

LOVE delights to bring her best,
And where LOVE is, that offering evermore is blest.

KEBLE.

WHICH is LOVE,

To do GOD'S Will, or merely suffer it ?

KINGSLEY.

AND if . . . I know all mysteries and all know-
ledge . . . and have not LOVE, I am nothing.

1 COR. XIII. 2. (R. V.)

ENJOY the present gift, nor wait to know
The unknowable Enough to say " I feel
LOVE'S sure effect, and being loved, must love
The LOVE, its cause, behind ;—I can, and do ! "

Knowledge means

Ever-renewed assurance, by defeat,
That victory is somehow still to reach—
But LOVE is victory—the prize itself !

BROWNING.

The Great Essential.

[MONDAY.

Love seeketh not its own.—1 COR. XIII. 5. R. V.)

—♦♦—

SUCH ever was LOVE's way—to rise, it stoops.

BROWNING.

MAY I reach

That purest heaven,—be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony!—
Enkindle generous ardour,—feed pure love,—
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense!
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world!

G. ELIOT.

IF you loved only what were worth your love,
LOVE were clear gain, and wholly well for you.
Make the low nature better by your throes!
Give earth yourself, go up for gain above!

BROWNING.

LOVED wilt thou be? then LOVE must first by
thee be given;

No purchase-money else avails beneath the heaven.

TRENCH.

LOVE seeketh not itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care;
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a heaven in hell's despair.

BLAKE.

LOVE took up the harp of Life and smote on all
the chords with might,
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in
music out of sight!

TENNYSON.

IN the life of Love, we die to self, but it is the
death not of annihilation but of transmigration.

CAIRD.

HER sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she
loved much!

LUKE VII. 47.

BEFORE Contrition, LOVE!

WEEK OF

ASH WEDNESDAY

“The Cry of Penitence”

“Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.”

A Prayer for the Season

O most mighty GOD, and merciful FATHER, Who hast compassion upon all men, and hatest nothing that THOU hast made ; receive and comfort us who are grieved and wearied with the burden of our sin ; give us unfeigned repentance for all the errors of our life past, and stedfast faith in Thy Son JESUS ; that our sins may be done away by Thy mercy, and our pardon sealed in heaven, before we go hence and are no more seen.

Thoughts on Repentance.

The goodness of God leadeth thee to Repentance.
ROM. II. 4.

NOR custom, nor example, nor vast numbers
Of such as do offend, make less the sin.
MASSINGER.

IF I have erred, there was no joy in error,
But pain, and insult, and unrest, and terror;
I have not, as some do, bought Penitence
With pleasure!
SHELLEY.

GRIEVE not so much that sin
Hath found a stealthy passage to thy heart,
As now rejoice that Penitence hath tracked
Its subtle footstep there.
W. SMITH.

IN Repentance too is man purified. It is the grand
Christian act.
CARLYLE.

OUR sorrow for sins is then best accounted of for
its degree, when it . . . shall have equalled or ex-
ceeded the pleasure we had in commission of the sin.
J. TAYLOR.

OUR faults are at the bottom of our pains.
YOUNG.

THE seeds of our own punishment are sown at the
same time we commit sin.
HESIOD.

THOSE who inflict must suffer, for they see
The work of their own hearts, and that must be
Our chastisement or recompense.
SHELLEY.

MAKE me cords to hold from wrong,
And bind my will by purpose strong,
But my resolves as cords of tow,
Before the strength of passion go,
Like hempen bonds which flames o'er-run,
Or icy streams before the sun . . .
LORD, WHO hast ta'en us by Thy hand,
'Tis only by Thy strength we stand!
I. WILLIAMS.

SHROVE TUESDAY.]

The Cry of Penitence.

I acknowledge my faults, and my sin is ever before me.—PSALM LI. 3. P-B.)

—♦♦♦—
BECAUSE I knew not when my life was good,
And when there was a light upon my path,
But turned my soul perversely to the dark—

O Lord, I do repent!

Because I held upon my selfish road,
And left my brother wounded by the way,
And called ambition, Duty, and pressed on—

O Lord, I do repent!

Because I struck at others in my pain,
Like some wild beast, that, wounded turns at bay,
And rends the innocent earth he stands upon—

O Lord, I do repent!

Because I was impatient,—would not wait,
But thrust mine impious hand across Thy threads,
And marred the pattern drawn out for my life—

O Lord, I do repent!

SARAH WILLIAMS.

GODLY sorrow worketh Repentance . . a Repentance which bringeth no regret. 2 COR. VII. 10. (R.V.)

GOD knows I know the faces I shall see,
Each one a murdered self! With low last breath,

“I am thyself,—what hast thou done to me?”

“And I - and I—thyself,” (lo! each one saith)

“And thou thyself to all eternity!”

D. G. ROSSETTI.

NOT lament for happy childish years,
For loves departed that have had their day,
But for the pain I felt, the gushing tears
I used to shed when I had gone astray.

H. COLERIDGE.

WHAT is true repentance, but in thought—
Not even in inmost thought—to think again
The sins that made the past so pleasant to us!

TENNYSON.

The Cry of Penitence.

Turn ye even to Me, saith the Lord, with all your heart and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning And rend your heart and not your gar-

IN trouble for my sin, I cried to God,
To the Great God Who dwelleth in the deeps;—
The deeps return not any voice or sign.
But with my soul I know THEE, O Great God ;
The soul THOU givest knoweth THEE, Great God
And with my soul I sorrow for my sin.

Full sure I am there is no joy in sin ;
Sin is established subtly in the heart,
As a disease : like a magician foul,
Ruleth the better thoughts against their will.

Only the rays of God can cure the heart,
Purge it of evil ; there 's no other way,
Except to turn with the whole heart to God.

ALLINGHAM.

OF all acts, is not for man Repentance the most
divine ?

CARLYLE.

FROM the ingrained fashion
Of this earthly nature,
That mars Thy creature ;
From grief—that is but passion ;
From mirth—that is but feigning ;
From tears—that bring no healing ;
From wild and weak complaining—
Thine old strength revealing,— *Save, oh, save!*
M

TRUE Repentance must reduce to act all its holy
purposes . . . A holy life is the only perfection
of Repentance.

J. TAYLOR.

' then ?—what rests ?
Try what repentance can ! What can it not !
Yet what can it,—when one can not repent ?

S

THURSDAY.]

The Cry of Penitence.

Against Thee, Thee only have I sinned, and done that which is evil in Thy sight; that Thou mayest be justified when Thou speakest, and be clear when Thou judgest.—PSALM LII. 4. (K. V.)

HAST thou lost the shame,
Whose early tremor once could flush
Thy cheek, and make thine eyes to gush,
And send thy spirit sad and sore,
To kneel with face upon the floor,
Burdened with consciousness of sin?
Then hast thou cause for grief!—and most,
In seldom missing what is lost!
With the loss of Yesterday,
Thou hast lost To-day.—To-morrow,—
All thou might'st have been. O pray,
(If pray thou canst), for poignant sorrow!

ALLINGHAM.

BECAUSE I called Good evil, Evil good,
And thought, I, ignorant, knew many things,
And deemed my weight of folly, weight of wit—
O Lord, I do repent!

Because THOU hast borne with me all this while,
Hast smitten me with love until I weep,
Hast called me, as a mother calls her child—
O Lord, I do repent!

S. WILLIAMS.

THOU may'st repent:
And one bad act with many deeds well done
May'st cover.

MILTON.

PROSTRATE your soul in penitential prayer!
Humble your heart beneath the mighty hand
Of GOD, Whose gracious guidance oft shall lead
Through sin and crime the changed and melted
heart,
To sweet repentance and the sense of HIM.

CLOUGH.

The Cry of Penitence.

The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit, a broken
and contrite heart, O God, shalt Thou not despise.

PSALM LI. 17. (P—B.)

I AM sad, and fain
Would give up all to be but where I was,—
Not high, as I had been if faithful found,
But low and weak,—yet full of hope, and sure
Of goodness as of life. I would lose
All this gay mastery of mind to sit
Once more with them, trusting in truth and love,
And with one aim—not being what I am!

B

BECAUSE I spent the strength THOU gavest me
In struggle which THOU never didst ordain,
And have but dregs of life to offer THEE—

O Lord, I do repent!

Because I chose the thorns, and 'plained for
flowers,

And pressed the sword-points down upon my heart,
And moaned that they did hurt me, like a child—

O Lord, I do repent!



S. WILLIAMS.

I KNOW not what I am, but only know
I have had glimpses tongue may never speak :
No more I balance human joy and woe,

But think of my transgressions, and am meek.

FATHER! forgive the child who fretted so—

His proud heart yields—the tears are on his
cheek.



BUCHANAN.

IN my repentance I have joy,—such joy
That I could almost sin to seek for it. CLOUGH.



THOU the shame, the grief hast known ;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear,
JESUS, Son of Mary, hear!

WEEK OF THE
FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT

"The Ordeal of Temptation"

"Blessed is the man that endureth Temptation."

A Prayer for the Week

Blessed for ever be Thy Name, O LORD, for that it is Thy Will that this Temptation should come upon me ! I cannot escape it, but must needs flee to THEE, that THOU mayest succour me, and turn the temptation itself to my good ! And now, O Beloved FATHER, what shall I say ? I am caught amidst straits ! Save THOU me from this hour ! Yet, therefore came I unto this hour, that THOU mayest be glorified, when I shall have been utterly humbled, and by THEE delivered.

Temptation.

He was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.—HEBREWS IV. 15.

—♦—♦—♦—
GO to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye that feel the Tempter's power!
 Your REDEEMER'S conflict see—
 Watch with HIM one bitter hour.

MONTGOMERY.

♦

THE devil tempteth not unbelievers and sinners, whom he hath already secure possession of; but faithful and religious devout persons he in various ways tempteth and disquieteth.

THOS. A KEMPIS.

♦

WHY comes Temptation, but for man to meet
 And master, and make crouch beneath his
 feet,
 And so be pedestall'd in triumph!

BROWNING.

♦

IN the natural Desert of rocks and sands, or in the populous moral Desert of selfishness and baseness—to such Temptation are we all called. Unhappy if we are not! . . . Our wilderness is the wide world in an Atheistic Century.

CARLYLE.

♦

MY son, if thou come to serve the LORD, prepare thy soul for Temptation.

ECCLESIASTICUS II. 1.

♦

WHAT, if HE hath decreed that I shall first
 Be try'd in humble state and things adverse,
 By tribulations, injuries, insults,
 Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,—
 Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,
 Without distrust or doubt,—that HE may know
 What I can suffer, how obey?

MILTON.

♦

BECAUSE thou hast kept the word of my
 patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of
 Temptation.

REV. III. 10.

Temptation.

Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.—GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

AS a man, who had been matchless held
In cunning, over-reached where least he thought,
Still will be tempting him who foils him still,—
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,
Yet gives not o'er, though desperate of success,
And his vain importunity pursues.

MILTON.

SATAN desires us, great and small,
As wheat to sift us, and we all Are tempted ;
Not one, however rich or great,
Is by his station or estate Exempted.
No house so safely guarded is
But he, by some device of his, Can enter ;
No heart hath armour so complete
But he can pierce with arrows fleet Its centre.
But noble souls through dust and heat
Rise from disaster and defeat The stronger ;
And conscious still of the Divine
Within them, lie on earth supine No longer !

LONGFELLOW.

EVER when tempted, make me see
Beneath the olive's moon-pierced shade
My GOD,—alone,—outstretched and bruised
And bleeding, on the earth HE made !
And make me feel it was my sin
As though no other sins there were,
That was to HIM Who bears the world
A load that HE could scarcely bear !

FABER.

IN that HE Himself hath suffered being tempted,
HE is able to succour them that are tempted.

HEBREWS II. 18.

O SAVIOUR CHRIST, THOU too art Man ;
THOU hast been troubled, tempted, tried ;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

Temptation.

Count it all joy, my brethren, when ye fall into manifold temptations.—JAS. 1. 2. (R. V.)

—♦—

WHOM hear we tell of all the joy which loving
Faith can bring.

The ever-widening glories reached on her strong
seraph wing?

Is it not oftentimes they who long have wrestled with
Temptation.

Or passed through fiery baptisms of mighty tribulation?

F. R. HAVERGAL

✠

TEMPTATIONS are often very profitable to us,
though they be troublesome and grievous; for
in them a man is humbled, purified, and instructed.

THOS. A KEMPIS.

✠

SOME there are,
That in a sacred want and hunger rise,
And draw the misery home and live with it,
And excellent in honour wait, and will
That somewhat good should yet be found in it,—
Else wherefore were they born? J. INGELOW.

✠

WHEN the fight begins within himself
A man's worth something! BROWNING.

✠

THE HIGHEST hath you in remembrance and the
MIGHTY hath not forgotten you in Temptation.

2 ESDRAS XII. 47.

✠

ONLY Heaven is better than to walk
With CHRIST at midnight over moonlit seas.

B. M.

✠

EVERY evil to which we do not succumb is a
benefactor. . We gain the strength of the
Temptation we resist.

EMERSON.

✠

TRIAL ever consecrates the cup
Wherefrom we pour the sacrificial wine.

LOWELL.

Temptation.

Watch and pray that ye enter not into Temptation.

—♦♦— . . . MATT. XXVI. 41.

THE perils that we well might shun
 We saunter forth to meet ;
 The path into the road of sin
 We tread with careless feet.
 The air that comes instinct with Death—
 We bid it round us flow ;
 And when our hands should bar the gate
 We parley with the foe !
 The ill we deem we ne'er could do
 In thought we dramatize ;
 What we should loathe, we learn to scan
 With speculative eyes.
 Alas ! for ignorance profound
 Of our poor Nature's bent !
 The wakened sympathy with wrong
 Becomes the Will's consent. BRIGHT.



NO man is so perfect and holy, but he hath sometimes Temptations ; and altogether without them we cannot be.



THOS. A KEMPIS.

NET not a man trust his victory over his nature too far ; for nature will lie buried a great time, and yet revive upon the Temptation.

BACON.



GODS of the world ! Ye warrior host
 Of darkness and of air !
 In vain is all your impious boast,
 In vain each missile tempest-tost,
 In vain the Tempter's snare !
 Though fast and far your arrows fly,
 Though mortal nerve and bone
 Shrink in convulsive agony,
 The Christian can your rage defy ;
 Towers o'er his head Salvation's crest,
 Faith, like a buckler, guards his breast,
 Undaunted, though alone ! HEBER.

Temptation.

If a man be overtaken in a fault, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself—lest thou also be tempted.—Eph. v. 1.

YOU know not what Temptation is, nor how
'Tis like to ply men in the sickliest part.



BROWNING.

HARDHEARTEDNESS dwells not with souls
Round whom Thine arms are drawn,
And dark thoughts fade away in Grace
Like cloud-spots in the dawn.
I often see in my own thoughts,
When they lie nearest THEE,
That the worst men I ever knew
Were better men than me!

FABER.



ADD not more trouble to a heart that is vexed.



ECCLESIASTICUS IV. 3.

OFTEN take counsel in Temptations, and deal not
roughly with him that is tempted; but give him
comfort, as thou wouldest wish to be done to thyself.



THOS. A KEMPIS.

THERE are soft hands that cannot bless in vain,
By trial taught your pain;
Here loving hearts, that daily know
The heavenly consolations they on you bestow.



IF he sinn'd,
The sin that practice burns into the blood,
And not the one dark hour which brings remorse,
Will brand us, after, of whose fold we be.



TENNYSON.

I COULD not do without THEE,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But THOU, beloved SAVIOUR,
Art all in all to me!
And perfect strength in weakness
Is theirs who lean on THEE!

F. R. H.

THURSDAY.]

Temptation.

The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of
Temptations. — 2 PETER II. 9. . . .

—♦—
AND, still, O God, in sunny hours
When too much bliss might tempt to ill,
Thy cloud before us darkly low'rs,
And veiled, THOU art within it still!
And who has ever seen, around,
The Light of all he lov'd decay,
Nor then in THEE a sunbeam found
To guide his steps, and cheer his way?

BURTON.

—♦—
WHEN thou thinkest thyself farthest off from ME,
oftentimes I am nearest unto thee.

—♦—
THOS. A KEMPIS.

I NEED Thy Presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's
power?

Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, LORD, abide with me!

—♦—
LYTE.

THOU, Who dost dwell alone—
THOU, Who dost know Thine own—
THOU, to Whom all are known
From the cradle to the grave—
Save, oh save!
From the world's Temptations—
From tribulations—
From that fierce anguish
Wherein we languish;
From that torpor deep
Wherein we lie asleep.
Heavy as death, cold as the grave—
Save, oh, save!

—♦—
MATT. ARNOLD.

AND if I tempted am to sin
And outward things are strong,
Do THOU, O LORD, keep watch within
And shield my soul from wrong!

WILLIAMS.

Temptation.

There hath no Temptation taken you but such as is common to man; but God is faithful. Who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the Temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.—1 COR. X. 13.

—♦♦♦—

THESE are the trials meet for such as you,
Nor must you hope exemption; to be mortal,
Is to be plied with trials manifold. BROWNING.

—♦—

ALL is not lost, although thou do feel thyself
very often afflicted or grievously tempted.
Thou art a man, and not God; thou art flesh, and
not an Angel. THOS. A KEMPIS.

—♦—

TEMPTATIONS sore obstruct my way
And ills I cannot flee:
Oh, give me strength, LORD, as my day;
For good remember me! HAWKES.

—♦—

TO whom, O SAVIOUR, shall we go?
The Tempter's power is great:
E'en in our hearts is Evil bound
And lurking stealthily around,
Still for our souls doth wait.
Thou tempted ONE, Whose suffering heart
In all our sorrow bore a part,
Whose life-blood only could atone;
Too weak are we to stand alone,
And nothing but Thy shield of light
Can guard us in the dreaded fight.
F. R. HAVESGAL.

—♦—

O HOLY LORD, Who with the Children Three
Did'st walk the piercing flame,
Help! in these trial-hours, which, save to THEE,
I dare not name;
Nor let these quivering eyes and sickening heart
Crumble to dust beneath the Tempter's dart!
NEWMAN.

WEEK OF THE
SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT

"The Guerdon of Faith"

"Blessed are they that have not seen, but yet have believed."

A Prayer for the Week

Grant us so perfectly, and without all doubt, to believe in Thy Son JESUS CHRIST, that our Faith in Thy sight may never be reproved; and that in all our troubles we may put our whole trust and confidence in Thy mercy.

Faith.

One Faith. — EPH. IV. 5.

Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race which is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith. — HEB. XII. 1.

THRONGING through the cloud-rift, whose are
 They—the faces [of old ?
 Faint revealed, yet sure divined, the famous ones
 “What?” they smile, “our names, our deeds—so
 soon erases [rolled ?
 Time upon his tablet, where Life’s glory lies en-
 “Was it for mere fool’s-play, make-believe and
 mumming, [whined ?
 So we battled it like men—not boy-like sulked or
 Each of us heard clang God’s ‘Come!’ and Each
 was coming, [behind !
 Soldiers all, to forward-face, not sneaks to lag
 “How of the field’s fortune !—That concerned our
 Leader !
 Led, we struck our stroke, nor cared for doings
 left and right ;—
 Each, as on his sole head,—failer or succeder,—
 Lay the blame or lit the praise : No care for
 cowards ! Fight ! ”

Then the cloud-rift broadens, spanning earth that’s
 under ;
 Wide our world displays its worth, man’s strife,
 and strife’s success ;
 All the good and beauty, wonder crowning wonder,
 Till my heart and soul applaud Perfection—
 nothing less !



BROWNING.

WE see but half the causes of our deeds,
 Seeking them wholly in the outer life,
 And heedless of the encircling spirit-world,
 Which, though unseen, is felt,—and sows in us
 All germs of pure and world-wide purposes.

LOWELL.

Faith.

Great is thy Faith; be it unto thee, even as thou wilt. — GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

BE bounteous in thy Faith, for not mis-spent
Is confidence unto the FATHER lent;
Thy need is sown and rooted for His rain. . .
Work on! One day, beyond all thought of praise,
A sunny joy will crown thee with its rays;
Nor other than thy need, Thy recompense.



MAC DONALD.

HOW much thy Holy Name hath been misused,
Beginner of all good, all-mighty Faith!
Some men thy blessed symbols have abused,
Making them badge or secret shibboleth,
For greed accepted, or for spite refused,
Or just endured for fear of pain or death.



H. COLERIDGE.

LOVE us, God! love us, Man! we believe! we
Let us love—let us live! [achieve!
For the acts correspond. E. B. BROWNING.



REASON unstrings the harp to see
Wherein the music dwells;
Faith pours a Hallelujah song.
And heavenly rapture swells.
While Reason strives to count the drops
That lave our narrow strand,
Faith launches o'er the mighty deep
To seek a better land. F. R. HAVERGAL.



FAITH is enlightened Hope: She is Light, is the
eye of affection:
Dreams of the longings interprets, and carves
their visions in marble.
Faith is the sun of life, and her countenance shines
like the Hebrew's,
For she has looked upon God! the heaven on its
stable foundation
Draws she with chains down to earth. LONGFELLOW.

Faith.

Without Faith it is impossible to please Him, for
 he that cometh unto God must believe that He is
HEB. XI. 6.

FAITH alone is the master-key
 To the strait gate and narrow road ;
 The others but skeleton pick-locks be,
 And you never shall pick the locks of God.
WALTER SMITH.

WE, who believe Life's bases rest
 Beyond the probe of chemic test,
 Still, like our fathers, feel THEE near.
LOWELL.

SELF is earthly—Faith alone
 Makes an unseen world our own ;
 Faith relinquished,—how we roam,
 Feel our way, and leave our home !
 Spurious gems our hopes entice,
 While we scorn the pearl of price ;
 And preferring servants' pay,
 Cast the children's bread away. COWPER.

THROUGH all stations human life abounds
 With mysteries:—for if Faith were left un-
 tried.

How could the might that lurks within her, then
 Be shown ? her glorious excellence—that ranks
 Among the first of Powers and Virtues—proved ?
WORDSWORTH.

CAST all your care on God ! That anchor holds !
TENNYSON.

THE flesh I wear,
 The earth I tread, are not more clear to me
 Than my Belief,—explained to you or no.
BROWNING.

My knowledge of that life is small,
 The eye of faith is dim ;
 But 'tis enough that CHRIST knows all,
 And I shall be with HIM. BAXTER.

TUESDAY.]

Faith.

Through Faith we understand.—HEB. XI. 3.

—♦—
FAITH alone can interpret Life:—and the heart that
aches and bleeds with the stigma
Of Pain, alone bears the likeness of CHRIST, and
can comprehend its dark enigma.

LONGFELLOW.

✻
COURAGE of heart and hand, Faith first of all :
Such is the prayer of the perplexèd man,
Mistrusting the still Voice and its true call
To work ; opposed it may be by the ban
Of social ills. Prayer answered by desires
Within the soul for more than sense receives,
And by sky-pointing fingers of fair spires,
From whose kind creeds the refuged mortal weaves
Protecting garments for this pilgrim strife,
Passing from world to world. But let us here
With full breast bare to all the winds of life,
And ready hand and answering eye and ear,
Gain faith and courage through self-harmony ;
Cheerful in strong repose,—fearless to live or die !

BELL SCOTT.

✻
LOOK full into thy spirit's self,
The world of mystery scan !
What ! if thy way to Faith in God
Should lie through Faith in Man !

BRIGHT.

✻
HOW can they live, how will they die,
How bear the cross of grief,
Who have not got the light of faith,
The courage of belief !

FABER.

✻
O THOU that rearest with celestial aim
The future Seraph in my mortal frame,
Thrice-holy Faith ! Whatever thorns I meet,
As on I totter with unpractised feet,
Still let me stretch my arms and cling to Thee,
Meek nurse of souls through their long infancy !

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Faith.

Whatsoever is not of Faith is sin. — ROM. XIV. 23.

AH! to how many Faith has been
 No evidence of things unseen,
 But a dim shadow that recasts
 The Creed of the Phantasiasts :
 For whom no Man of Sorrows died,
 For whom the Tragedy Divine
 Was but a symbol and a sign,
 And CHRIST a Phantom crucified.
 For others a diviner creed
 Is living in the life they lead ; . .
 And all their looks and words repeat
 Old Fuller's saying wise and sweet—
 Not as a vulture but a dove
 The Holy Ghost came from above.



LONGFELLOW.

THOUGH they have not seen ME with bodily
 eyes, yet in spirit they believe the thing that
 I say.



2 ESDRAS I. 37.

BLESSED the natures shored on every side
 With landmarks of hereditary thought !
 Thrice happy they that wander not life-long
 Beyond near succour of the household Faith,—
 The guarded fold that shelters, not confines.



LOWELL.

THE just shall live by Faith. ROM. I. 17.



THINK not the Faith by which the Just shall
 Is a dead creed, a map correct of heaven, [live
 Far less a feeling fond and fugitive,
 A thoughtless gift, withdrawn as soon as given ;
 It is an affirmation and an act
 That bids Eternal Truth be Present Fact.

H. COLERIDGE.



FAITH is an attitude, — a mirror set at the right
 angle.

DRUMMOND.

Faith.

We walk by Faith, not by sight.—II COR. v. 7.

STRONG Son of God! Immortal Love!
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By Faith, and Faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove. . .
We have but Faith; we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see,
And yet we trust it comes from THEE,
A beam in darkness:—let it grow! TENNYSON.

BELIEF or unbelief
Bears upon life, determines its whole course,
Begins at its beginning. BROWNING.

THE cry of "*God wills it*" must be the eternal
watchword of every undertaking. MAZZINI.

THE senses folding thick and dark
About the stifled soul within,
We guess diviner things beyond,
And yearn to them with yearning fond;
We strike out blindly to a mark
Believed in, but not seen. E. B. BROWNING.

WHAT'S midnight doubt before the dayspring's
Faith? BROWNING.

THRO' silence and the trembling stars
Comes Faith from tracts no feet have trod! TENNYSON.

IF thou could'st trust, poor soul,
In HIM who rules the whole,
Thou would'st find peace and rest:
Wisdom and sight are well, but Trust is best.
A. PROCTER.

THE steps of Faith
Fall on the seeming Void—and find
The Rock beneath! WHITTIER.

Faith.

All things are possible to him that believeth.

MARK IX. 23.

HE who keeps his Faith, he only, cannot be dis-
crowned.

×

LOWELL.

BELIEF'S fire, once in us,
Makes of all else mere stuff to show itself!
We penetrate our life with such a glow
As fire lends wood and iron.—
Enthusiasm's the best thing, I repeat!

×

BROWNING.

OH bring us back once more
The vanished days of yore,
When the world with Faith was filled!
Bring back the fervid zeal,
The hearts of fire and steel,
The hands that believe and build!

×

LONGFELLOW.

ASSENT is power, belief the soul of fact.

×

WORDSWORTH.

YOU call for Faith!
I show you Doubt, to prove that Faith exists.
The more of Doubt, the stronger Faith, I say,
If Faith o'ercomes Doubt.

×

BROWNING.

IT is not Reason makes Faith hard, but Life.

×

J. INGELOW.

FAITH and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers;
Unfaith in aught is want of Faith in all.

×

TENNYSON.

WHO the line
Shall draw, the limits of the power define,
That even imperfect Faith to man affords?

×

WORDSWORTH.

FAITH needs no staff of flesh, but stoutly can
To heaven alone both go and lead.

×

HERBERT.

BELIEVE, and you will conquer!

MAZZINI.

WEEK OF THE
THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT

'The Guerdon of Light'

**'Ye are all the children of the Light, and the children
of the day.'**

A Prayer for the Week

THOU, O Spirit, that dost prefer, before all temples,
the upright heart and pure, instruct me ; for THOU
knowest. What in me is dark, illumine ; what is low,
raise and support !

Look down, O LORD, from Thy Heavenly Throne,
illuminate the darkness of our night with Thy celestial
brightness, and from the Sons of Light banish the deeds
of darkness !

[SATURDAY.

Light.

We wait for Light, but behold obscurity ; for brightness, but we walk in darkness — ISAIAH LXV. 2.

I LONGED for Light ; but all the light I found was
second-hand,
Reflected thought that had been tossed about, for
ages past,
From surface-minds that vainly claimed alone to
understand
The mystery of the Light that is like shadow on
us cast.

W. SMITH.

THE Light Everlasting
Unto the blind is not, but is born of the eye that
has Vision.

LONGFELLOW.

FROM darkness, here, and dreariness,
We ask not full repose,
Only be THOU at hand to bless
Our trial hour of woes !
Is not the pilgrim's toil o'erpaid
By the clear rill and palmy shade ?
And see we not, up Earth's dark glade,
The gate of Heaven unclosed ?

KEBLER.

THIS darkness doth transcend our fickle light.

WORDSWORTH.

LEAD, kindly LIGHT, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead THOU me on !
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead THOU me on !
Keep THOU my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me !
So long Thy Power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,—till
The night is gone ;
And with the morn those angel-faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile !

NEWMAN.

Light.

Ye were sometimes darkness. but now are ye
Light in the Lord : walk as children of Light. EPISTLE.

—♦—
LONG is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to Light.



MILTON.

EARTH prompts—Heaven urges ! Let us seek the
Studious of that pure intercourse, begun [Light,
When first our infant brows their lustre won !
So, like the Mountain, may we grow more bright
From unimpeded commerce with the Sun,
At the approach of all-involving night ! WORDSWORTH.



DEATH—darkness, nothingness !
Life—Light and blessedness !



MAC DONALD.

HERE, thro' the feeble twilight of this world
Groping, how many !—until we pass and reach
That other, where we see as we are seen !



TENNYSON.

WHEN God smote His hands together and struck
out thy soul as a spark [dark,
Into the organised glory of things from deeps of the
Say, didst thou shine, didst thou burn, didst thou
honour the power in the form,
As the star does at night, or the fire-fly, or even
the little ground-worm ?

“ I have sinned,” she said, “ For my seed-light shed
Has wandered away from its first decrees,
The cypress praiseth the fire-fly,
The ground-leat praiseth the worm,—
I am viler than these.” E. B. BROWNING.



O LORD, our LORD, and spoiler of our foes,
There is no light but Thine ! with THEE all
beauty glows !



KEBLE.

OUT of the shadows of night
The world rolls into Light ;
It is daybreak everywhere ! LONGFELLOW.

Light.

God is Light, and in Him is no darkness at all.

1 JOHN 1. 5.

I THOUGHT I could not breathe in that fine air,
That pure severity of perfect Light. TENNYSON.

LORD ! if our fathers turned to THEE
With such adoring gaze,
Wondering, frail man Thy Light should see
Without Thy scorching blaze ;—
Where is our love, and where our hearts,—
We who have seen Thy SON,—
Have tried Thy Spirit's winning arts,
And yet we are not won ?
The SON of GOD in radiance beamed
Too bright for us to scan,
But we may face the rays that streamed
From the mild SON of MAN. . .
God, by His Bow, vouchsafes to write
This truth in Heaven above ;
As every lovely hue is Light,
So every grace is Love.

KEBLE.

OH blessed LORD ! How much I need
Thy Light to guide me on my way !
So many hands, that, without heed,
Still touch Thy wounds and make them bleed,
So many feet that day by day
Still wander from Thy fold astray !
Feeble at best is my endeavour !
I see but cannot reach the height
That lies for ever in the Light ;
And yet for ever and for ever,
When seeming just within my grasp,
I feel my feeble hands unclasp,
And sink discouraged into night ;—
For Thine own purpose THOU hast sent
The strife and the discouragement. LONGFELLOW.

A LIGHT, though but as of day-break,
Strong as could then be borne. WORDSWORTH.

Light.

God said Let there be Light, and there was Light.
GEN. I. 3.

FIRST-BORN of the creating Voice !
 Minister of God's Spirit, who wast sent
 To wait upon HIM first, what time HE went
 Moving about 'mid the tumultuous noise
 Of each unpiloted Element
 Upon the face of the void formless Deep !
 Thou Garment of the Invisible ! whose skirt
 Falleth on all things from the lofty heaven !
 Thou Comforter ! be with me as Thou wert
 When first I longed for words, to be
 A radiant garment for my thought, like Thee.

MAC DONALD.

WHATSOEVER doth make manifest is Light.
EPH. V. 13.

I WILL place within them as a guide
 My umpire CONSCIENCE, whom if they will hear,
 Light after Light well us'd they shall attain,
 And, to the end persisting, safe arrive. MILTON.

THIS high endeavours are an inward Light
 That makes the path before him always bright.
WORDSWORTH.

THEIR fortitude and wisdom were a flame
 Celestial, though they knew not whence it
 came,
 Derived from the same source of Light and grace,
 That guides the Christian in his swifter race ;
 Their judge was Conscience, and her rule their law ;
 That rule, pursued with reverence and with awe,
 Led them, however faltering, faint and slow,
 From what they knew to what they wished to
 know. COWPER.

THE prescience of such souls has ever hailed,
 Long ere the dawn, the coming of the sun,
 And may be,—by such Faith the Light itself is won.
HOUGHTON.

Light.

That was the true Light which lighteth every man
that cometh into the world — J. INGELOW.

HE, WHO from the FATHER forth was sent,
Came the true Light, light to our hearts to bring;
The WORD of GOD,—the telling of His thought;
The LIGHT of GOD,—the making visible;
The far-transcending glory brought
In human form with man to dwell;—
The dazzling gone—the power not less
To show, irradiate, and bless;
The gathering of the primal rays divine.
Informing Chaos to a pure sunshine! MAC DONALD.

ON earth THOU hidest, not to scare
Thy children with Thy Light;
THOU showest us Thy face in heaven.
When we can bear the sight. FABER.

BOTH God exact day-labour, Light denied?
MILTON.

CHRIST shall give thee Light. EPH. V. 14.

WHILE ye sit idle, do ye think
The LORD's great work sits idle too?
That light dare not o'erleap the brink
Of morn, because 'tis dark with you?
Though yet your valleys skulk in night,
In GOD's ripe fields the day is cried,
And reapers with their sickles bright
Troop, singing, down the mountain-side.
LOWELL.

BE kind to our Darkness, O FASHIONER, dwelling
And feeding the lamps of the sky; [in Light,
Look down upon this one, and let it be sweet in Thy
I pray THEE, to-night; [sight,
Oh watch whom THOU madest to dwell on its soil,
THOU Most High! J. INGELOW.

Light.

This is the condemnation—that Light is come into the world and men loved darkness rather than Light because their deeds were evil.—JOHN III. 9

IF, when the LORD of Glory was in sight,
Thou turn thy back upon that fountain clear,
To bow before the “little drop of light”
Which dim-eyed men call praise and glory here ;
What dost thou but adore the sun, and scorn
HIM at whose only word both sun and stars were
born ?



KEBLE.

CAN the high noon be regnant in the sky,
Yet half the land in light, and half in darkness
lie ?



CLOUGH.

O DREADFUL thought ! if by God's grace
To souls like mine there should be given
That perfect presence of His face,
Which we, for want of words, call Heaven—
And unresponsive even there
This heart of mine could still remain,
And its intrinsic evil bear
To realms that know not other pain !
Better down nature's scale to roll,
Far as the base, unbreathing clod,
Than rest a conscious, reasoning soul
Impervious to the Light of God !—
Hateful the powers that but divine
What we have lost beyond recall,
The intellectual plummet-line
That sounds the depth to which we fall.



HOUGHTON.

THE partial Light men have
My creed persuades me, well employed, may save ;
While he that scorns the noon-day beam, perverse,
Shall find the blessing unimproved, a curse.



COWPER.

EARTH is but dust and heaven is Light,—I have
pledged you to heaven.

LONGFELLOW.

Light.

Let your Light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven — *Matt. v. 16.*

Truly the Light is sweet. — *Ecclus. x. 1.*

HOW shall a child of God fulfil
His vow to cleanse his soul from ill,
And raise on high his baptism-light,
Like Aaron's seed in vestment white
And holy-hearted Nazarite ?

First let him shun the haunts of vice,
Sin-feast, or heathen sacrifice ;
Fearing the board of wealthy pride
Or heretic, self-trusting guide,
Where the adulterer's smiles preside.

Next as he threads the maze of men,
Aye must he lift his witness, when
A sin is spoke in Heaven's dread face,
And none at hand of higher grace,
The Cross to carry in his place.

NEWMAN.

TAKE all in a word : the truth in God's breast
Lies trace for trace upon ours impressed ;
Though HE is so bright and we so dim,
We are made in His image to witness HIM ;
And were no eye in us to tell—
Instructed by no inner sense,—
The Light of heaven from the dark of hell,
That Light would want its evidence.

BROWNING.

MEN, whose delight is where their duty leads
Or fixes them ; whose least distinguished day
Shines with some portion of that heavenly lustre
Which makes the Sabbath lovely in the sight
Of blessed angels, pitying human cares.

WORDSWORTH.

BEFORE the eyes of men let duly shine thy
Light,
But ever let thy life's best part be out of sight.

TRENCH.

WEEK OF THE

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT

"The Guerdon of Freedom"

"I will walk at liberty, for I seek Thy precepts."

A Prayer for the Week

O GOD, the very knowledge of Whom is Life, Whose very service is Freedom, receive our humble petitions, and though we be tied and bound with the chain of our sins, yet let the pitifulness of Thy great mercy loose us.

Freedom.

The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me . . . to proclaim Liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound
Is

O GOD of mountains, stars, and boundless spaces !
O God of Freedom and of joyous hearts !
When Thy Face looketh forth from all men's faces,

There will be room enough in crowded marts :
Brood THOU around me, and the noise is o'er ;
Thy universe my closet with shut door.



MAC DONALD.

IF ye do not feel the chain
When it works a brother's pain
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed ?
Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for your own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt ?
No ! true Freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others Free !

LOWELL.



WHERE the Spirit of the LORD is, there is Liberty.



2 COR. III. 17.

THE thrall in person may be free in soul.



TENNYSON.

OUR voluntary service HE requires,
Not our necessitated ; such with HIM
Finds no acceptance, nor can find ;—for how
Can hearts not free be tried whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By destiny, and can no other choose ?



MILTON.

TRUE Liberty is not the right to choose evil.

MAZZINI.

Freedom.

Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all.—EPISTLE FOR THE DAY.

UNGRATEFUL country, if thou e'er forget
The sons who for thy civil rights have bled ! . .
But these had fallen for profitless regret,
Had not thy holy Church her champions bred,
And claims from other worlds inspirited
The star of Liberty to rise. Nor yet
(Grave this within thy heart !) if spiritual things
Be lost through apathy, or scorn, or fear,
Shalt thou thy humbler franchises support,
However hardly won or justly dear :
What came from heaven to heaven by nature clings,
And if dissevered thence, its course is short.



WORDSWORTH.

FREEDOM, dwell with Knowledge ! I abide
With men whom dust of faction cannot blind
To the slow tracings of the Eternal Mind ;
With men by culture trained and fortified,
Who bitter duty to sweet lusts prefer.



LOWELL.

YOUR Liberty will be sacred, so long as it shall
be governed by and evolved beneath an idea of
Duty, of Faith in the common perfectibility.



MAZZINI.

WHAT purpose has the King of Saints in view ?
Why falls the Gospel like a gracious dew ?
Is it that Adam's offspring may be saved
From servile fear, or be the more enslaved ?
To loose the links that galled mankind before,
Or bind them faster on and add still more ?
The freeborn Christian has no chains to prove,
Or, if a chain, the golden one of love ;
Thought, word, and deed his liberty evince,
His Freedom is the Freedom of a prince.



COWPER.

CIVILIZATION perfected
Is fully-developed Christianity.

E. BARRETT BROWNING.

Freedom.

If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.—*JOHN VIII.*

BEHOLD,

HE buildeth up the stars in companies :
HE made for them a law. To man HE said,
“ Freely I give thee Freedom.”

J. INGELOW.

†

JESUS came

And laid His own hand on the quivering heart
And made it very still, that HE might write
Invisible words of power—“ Free to serve.”
Let HIM write what HE will upon our hearts
With His unerring pen.

The tearful eye at first may read the line—
“ Bondage to grief ! ” but HE shall wipe away
The tears, and clear the vision, till it read
In ever-brightening letters—“ Free to serve ! ”
For whom the SON makes free, is free indeed !

Then let it be

The motto of our lives until we stand
In the great Freedom of Eternity, . . .
For ever and for ever—“ Free to serve.”

†

F. R. HAVERGAL.

FORM'D them free, and free they must remain
Till they enthral themselves.

MILTON.

THE liberty our hearts implore

Is not to live in sin ;

But still to wait at Wisdom's door,

Till Mercy calls us in.

COWPER.

†

BLESS Thy wise and wondrous love

Which binds us to be free ;

Which makes us leave our earthly snares,

That we may come to THEE !

MASON.

Freedom.

The creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious Liberty of the children of God.—ROMANS VIII. 21.

TRUE, the mind of man is free—
 Free to speak and write at will;
 But a power you cannot see
 Still can plague, and waste, and kill.
 HOUGHTON.

OF old sat Freedom on the heights,
 The thunders breaking at her feet:
 Above her shook the starry lights:
 She heard the torrents meet. . . .
 Then stept she down thro' town and field
 To mingle with the human race,
 And part by part to men reveal'd
 The fulness of her face.
 Her open eyes desire the truth,
 The wisdom of a thousand years
 Is in them. May perpetual youth
 Keep dry their light from tears!—
 That her fair form may stand and shine,
 Make bright our days and light our dreams,
 Turning to scorn with lips divine
 The falsehood of extremes! TENNYSON.

YOUR Liberty will flourish, protected by God
 and man, so long as you hold it—not as the right
 to use or abuse your faculties in the direction it may
 please you to select—but as the right of free choice
 . . . of the means of doing good. MAZZINI.

O GOD! make free
 This barren, shackled earth, so deadly cold;
 Breathe gently forth Thy Spring, till Winter flies
 In rude amazement! DAVID GRAY.

Freedom.

The perfect law of Liberty.—JAMES I. 25.

Why is my Liberty judged of another man's conscience?—1 COR. x. 28.

IT is the land that freemen till,
That sober-suited Freedom chose,
The land where, girt with friends or foes,
A man may speak the thing he will. . .
Where Freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent. TENNYSON.

SOME law there needs be, other than the law
Of our own wills; happy is he who finds
A Law wherein his spirit is left free.
Heretofore had I often need to bend
The manhood in me to a childish law,
And breaking my own will, broke GOD's will too. . .
But now no more :—I will not bend again
My spirit to a yoke that is not CHRIST'S—
A law . . . which sets
The smallest tyrant in the place of GOD,
Yea, oftentimes the weak above the strong.

H. HAMILTON KING.

WHO would force the Soul, tilts with a straw
Against a Champion cased in adamant.

WORDSWORTH.

WE are in GOD's hand,
How strange now looks the life HE makes us lead :
So free we seem, so fettered fast we are !
I feel HE laid the fetter : let it lie !

BROWNING.

I WOULD rather serve him than go free.

J. INGELOW.

LIBERTY is duty,
Not licence.

H. COLERIDGE.

Freedom.

Take heed lest by any means this Liberty of yours
become a stumbling-block to them that are weak.

1 COR. VIII 9.

SAY, what is Freedom? What the right of souls,
Which all who know are bound to keep or die,
And who knows not, is dead? . . . Rightly understood,
A universal licence to be good. H. COLERIDGE.

THEY are slaves, who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak!
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think!
They are slaves, who dare not be
In the right with two or three! LOWELL.



AH! fools to think that Freedom can consist
In selfish singleness of myriad wills!
But madder yet to think that million wills
Each crushing other can compose one will,
Constituent of everlasting truth!
We would be free as nature, but forget
That Nature wears an universal law,
Free only, for she cannot disobey.

H. COLERIDGE.



TRUE Freedom is where no restraint is known
That Scripture, Justice, and Good Sense dis-
Where only Vice and Injury are tied, [own;
And all from shore to shore is free beside.

COWPER.



TAKE heed that no man, being 'scaped from bonds,
Vexeth bound souls with boasts of liberty.
Free are ye rather that your Freedom spread
By patient winning and sweet wisdom's skill.

E. ARNOLD.

Freedom.

Stand fast therefore in the Liberty wherewith
Christ hath made you free.—GALATIANS V. 1

MY lines and life are free, free as the road,
Loose as the wind. HERBERT.

I DO not claim life's sweetness, but I claim
Life's Liberty, the birthright of a man. H. H. K.

ABATE

These legalized oppressions ! Man—whose name
And nature God disdained not ; Man—whose soul
CHRIST died for—cannot forfeit his high claim
To live and move exempt from all control,
Which fellow-feeling doth not mitigate !

WORDSWORTH.

FREE, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard Liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. MILTON.

FREEDOM has a thousand charms to show
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.
The mind attains beneath her happy reign
The growth that Nature meant she should attain—
Religion, richest favour of the skies,
Stands most revealed before the freeman's eyes ;
The soul, emancipated, unoppressed,
Free to prove all things and hold fast the best,
Learns much, and to a thousand listening minds
Communicates with joy the good she finds.

COWPER.

I WOULD not champ the hard cold bit
As thou—of what the world thinks fit,
But take God's Freedom, using it.

E. BARRETT BROWNING.

WHAT is Freedom, but the unfettered use
Of all the powers which God for use hath
given ? S. T. COLERIDGE.

WEEK OF THE
FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT

“The Ordeal of Doubt”

“Doubt ye not therefore, but earnestly believe.”

A Prayer for the Week

O merciful GOD, give us a right understanding of ourselves, and of Thy threats and promises, that we may neither cast away our confidence in THEE, nor place it anywhere but in THEE. Break not the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax. Deliver us from fear of the Enemy. Lift up the Light of Thy countenance upon us, and give us peace now and evermore.

Doubt.

Oh that I knew where I might find Him!—[JOB XXIII. 3.

THE Voice of God's Creation found me
Perplexed midst hope and fear,
For though His sunshine flash'd around me,
His storm at times drew near :

And I said—

Oh ! that I knew where HE abideth !
For doubts beset our lot,
And lo ! His glorious Face HE hideth
And men perceive it not !

The Voice of God's protection told me
HE loveth all HE made,
I seem'd to feel His arms enfold me,
And yet was half afraid ;

And I said—

Oh ! that I knew where I might find HIM !
His eye would guide me right ;
He leaveth countless tracks behind HIM,
Yet passeth out of sight !

The Voice of Conscience sounded nearer,
It stirr'd my inmost breast,
But though its tones were purer, clearer,
'Twas not the voice of rest :

And I said—

Oh ! that I knew if HE forgiveth !
My soul is faint within,
Because in grievous fear it liveth
Of wages due to sin !

H. TWELLER.

WE grope for the wall like the blind, and we
grobe as if we had no eyes : we stumble at
noon-day as in night.

ISAIAH LIX. 10.

GET him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light lay this precept well to heart, " Do the Duty which lies nearest to thee," which thou knowest to be a Duty ! Thy second Duty will already have become clearer.

CARLYLE.

SUNDAY.]

Doubt. . . .

Why do ye not believe Me ?—GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

IS there no corner safe from peeping Doubt ?



LOWELL.

FATHER of Lights, pure and unspeakable,
On WHOM no changing shadow ever fell !
Thy light we know not, are content to see ;
And shall we doubt, because we know not THEE !



MAC DONALD.

HE cannot breathe, but in the breath
Of certainty and knowledge clear ;
And where we have to walk by Faith
He will not go ; or will not fear
To search into the mysteries,
And bid the haunting shadows go ;
And yet with all he knows and sees
True wisdom somehow does not grow.



WALTER SMITH.

DOUBT—a blank twilight of the heart—which mars
All sweetest colours in its dimness same ;
A soul-mist through whose rifts familiar stars
Beholding, we misname.



J. INGELOW.

FROM Doubt where all is double,
Where wise men are not strong ;
Where comfort turns to trouble ;
Where just men suffer wrong ;
Where sorrow treads on joy ;
Where sweet things soonest cloy ;
Where faiths are built on dust ;
Where love is half mistrust,
Hungry and barren and sharp as the sea ;
Oh, set us free !



MATT. ARNOLD.

AH ! sure within him and without.
Could his dark wisdom find it out,
There must be answer to his Doubt.

TENNYSON.

Doubt.

Neither be ye of doubtful mind.—LUKE XII. 29.

IN happy toil
 Forget this whirl of Doubt! We are weak,—
 we are weak.
 Only when still! Put thou thine hand to the plough!
 The spirit drives thee on. C. KINGSLEY.

FAITH is my waking life :
 One sleeps indeed and dreams at intervals,
 We know ; but waking 's the main point with us,
 And my provision 's for Life's waking part.

BROWNING.

DOUBT of any sort cannot be removed except by
 Action. CARLYLE.

IF I wander far and oft
 From that which I believe and feel and know,
 Thou wilt forgive, not with a sorrowing heart,
 But with a strengthened hope of better things.

LOWELL

THERE is no unbelief!
 Whoever plants a seed beneath a sod
 And waits to see it push away the clod,—
 He trusts in God.
 Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky—
 “ Be patient, heart ; light breaketh by and by,”
 Trusts the Most High.
 Whoever sees, 'neath winter's field of snow,
 The silent harvest of the future grow,
 God's power must know.
 Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
 Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
 Knows God will keep.
 There is no unbelief!
 And day by day and night unconsciously,
 The heart lives by that faith the lips deny—
 God knoweth why.

TUESDAY.]

Doubt. . . .

How long dost Thou make us to doubt? If Thou be
the Christ, tell us plainly.—JOHN X. 24.

BE still! sad Soul! lift thou no passionate cry,
But spread the desert of thy being bare
To the full searching of the All-seeing eye:
Wait!—and through dark misgiving, blank despair,
God will come down in pity, and fill the dry
Dead place with light, and life, and vernal air.
J. C. SHAIRP.

THE sum of all is—Yes! my Doubt is great!
My faith's still greater! BROWNING.

HE wills, how should he doubt, then?
BROWNING.

I HAVE a life with CHRIST to live,
But, ere I live it, must I wait
Till Learning can clear answer give
Of this or that book's date?
I have a life in CHRIST to live,
I have a death in CHRIST to die—
And must I wait till Science give
All doubts a full reply?

Nay, rather while the sea of Doubt
Is raging wildly round about,
Questioning of Life and Death and Sin,
Let me but creep within
Thy fold, O CHRIST! and at Thy feet
Take but the lowest seat,
And hear Thine awful voice repeat,
In gentlest accent, heavenly sweet,
“Come unto ME and rest;
Believe ME and be blest!” J.

Doubt.

Jesus stretched forth His hand and caught him, and said unto him, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" MATTH. XVI. 8.

TWIXT gleams of joy and clouds of Doubt
Our feelings come and go,
Our best estate is toss'd about
In ceaseless ebb and flow.

J. C. SHAIRP.

WHERE is the promise of His coming?

2 PETER III. 4.

S, the significance of this your doubt
Lies in the reason of it:—Ye do grudge
That these your lands should have another Lord;
Ye are not loyal, therefore ye would fain
Your King should bide afar. But if ye looked
For maintenance and favour when HE came,
Knowing yourselves right worthy, would you care,
With cautious reasoning, deep and hard, to prove,
That HE would never come?

J. I.

I THINK it did not grow to be strong-hearted
faith in me:—

I only dared to doubt, and then made pictures of
my doubt; [see,
This way the better reason drew that I might clearly
That way old custom dragged, and bade me cast
the reason out.

W. SMITH.

GOD of our Fathers! THOU Who wast,
Art, and shalt be, when those eye-wise who flout
Thy secret presence, shall be lost
In the great light that dazzles them to doubt!

LOWELL.

O THOU of little faith, why didst thou doubt?
Spare not for HIM to walk the midnight wave,
On the dim shore at morn to seek HIM out,
Work 'neath His eye, and near HIM make thy grave!

KEBLE.

Doubt.

I obtained mercy because I did it ignorantly in unbelief.—1 TIM. 1. 13.

THY Doubt outspoken may perchance pass on
 To purer faith. The fault that saps the life
 Is Doubt half-crushed, half-veiled; the lip-assent
 Which finds no echo in the heart of hearts;
 The secret Lie which, conscious of its guilt,
 Atones for falsehood by intenser zeal.

PLUMPTRE.

BY night an atheist half believes a GOD.

YOUNG.

GOD'S possible is taught by His world's loving,
 And the children doubt of each.

E. B. BROWNING.

YOU say, but with no touch of scorn,

* * * *

You tell me, Doubt is Devil-born.

I know not;—One indeed I knew
 In many a subtle question versed,
 Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first
 But ever strove to make it true:—

Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
 At last he beat his music out—
 There lives more faith in honest Doubt,
 Believe me, than in half the creeds!

He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
 He would not make his judgment blind,
 He faced the spectres of the mind
 And laid them;—thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own,
 And Power was with him in the night,
 Which makes the darkness and the light,
 And dwells not in the light alone.

TENNYSON.

Doubt.

They could not enter in because of unbelief
HEB. III. 12.

AMIDST a jostling throng
 Of deeds, that each and all were wrong,
 The doubting soul, from day to day,
 Uneasy, paralytic lay. CLOUGH.



HE did not many mighty works there because of
 their unbelief. MATT. XIII. 58.



BLIND unbelief is sure to err
 And scan His work in vain :
 God is His own Interpreter,
 And HE will make it plain. COWPER.

“**U**O,” thou sayest,
 “My heart is all in ruins with pain, my feet
 Tread a dry desert where there is no way
 Nor water. I look back, and deep through Time
 The old worlds come but faintly up the track,
 Trod by the sons of men. The Man HE sent,
 The Prince of Life, methinks I could have loved.
 If I had looked once in His deep man’s eyes.
 But long ago HE died, and long ago
 Is gone.”

HE is not dead, HE cannot go !
 Men’s faith at first was like a mastering stream,
 Like Jordan “the descender” leaping down
 Pure from his snow ; and warmed of tropic heat
 Hiding himself in verdure ;—then at last
 In a Dead Sea absorbed,—as faith of Doubt.—
 But yet the snow lies thick on Hermon’s breast
 And daily at his source the stream is born !—
 Go up—go mark the whiteness of the snow !—
 Thy faith is not thy SAVIOUR, not thy GOD !
 Though faith waste fruitless down a desert old,
 The living God is new, and HE is near !

J. I

FESTIVALS COMMEMORATED IN
THE SEASON OF LENT

ST MATTHIAS' DAY

FEB. 24th

"Divine Guidance"

FEAST OF THE ANNUNCIATION

MARCH 25th

"Ideal Womanhood"

. The Feasts of the CONVERSION OF ST PAUL (Jan. 25th) p. 112, and of the PRESENTATION (Feb. 2nd), p. 113, occasionally fall within this Season. The Feast of the ANNUNCIATION occasionally falls in the following Season.

Divine Guidance.

Lord, which knowest the hearts of all men, shew whether of these two Thou hast chosen — Eccl. FOR THE DAY

GOD loves to work in wax—not marble. Let HIM find,
When he would mould thine heart, material to His mind. TRENCH.

FEETLE hands and helpless
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness. LONGFELLOW.

LEAD us, Heavenly Father ! Lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ! EDMESTON.

THOU shalt guide me with Thy counsel and after-
ward receive me to glory. Ps. LXXIII. 24.

THERE'S a Divinity that shapes our ends
Rough-hew them how we will ! SHAKESPEARE.

BE THOU my Guardian and my Guide,
And hear me when I call !
Let not my slippery footsteps slide,
And hold me lest I fall ! WILLIAMS.

I AM satisfied,—
I dare not ask ; I know not what is best,—
God hath already said what shall betide. LONGFELLOW.

GREAT Works, the Secret and Sublime, forsooth,
Let others prize ! . . . What are these, at best,—beside
God helping, God directing everywhere ? BROWNING.

THIS God is our God for ever and ever : HE will
be our guide even unto death. Ps. XLVIII. 14.

Ideal Womanhood.

Behold, the handmaid of the Lord! Be it unto me according to Thy word!—GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

NOT to the rich HE came and to the ruling
(Men full of meat, whom wholly HE abhors—
Not to the fools grown insolent in fooling,
Most, when the lost are dying at their doors;—
Nay, but to Her who with a sweet thanksgiving
Took in tranquillity what God might bring,
Blessed HIM and waited, and within her living
Felt the arousal of a Holy Thing. MYERS.

HASTEN the redemption of Woman . . by restoring her to her mission of Inspiration, Prayer, and Pity, so divinely symbolized by Christianity in MARY. MAZZINI.

EVERY woman is, or ought to be, a Cathedral,
Built on the ancient plan, a Cathedral pure and perfect,
Built by that only law, that Use be suggester of Beauty. CLOUGH.

WE'LL keep our aims sublime, our eyes erect,
Although our woman-hands should shake and fail. E. B. BROWNING.

FOR at the heart of Womanhood
The Child's great heart doth lie;
At Childhood's heart, the germ of good,
Lies God's Simplicity.
So, sister, be thy Womanhood
A baptism on thy brow,
For something dimly understood
And which thou art not now;
But which within thee, all the time,
Maketh thee what thou art;
Maketh thee long and strive and climb—
The God-life at thy heart! MAC DONALD.

HOLY WEEK, EASTER
ASCENSION, & WHITSUNTIDE

"FOLLOW ME!"

St. Mark's Day

APRIL 25th

St. Philip's and St. James' Day

MAY 1st

¹ The Feast of the ANNUNCIATION (March 25th, see p. 185)
occasionally falls within this Season.

HOLY WEEK

"The Supreme Sacrifice"



EVE OF PALM SUNDAY

"The Self-Surrender"

PALM SUNDAY

"The Self-Abasement"

MONDAY IN HOLY WEEK

"The Isolation"

TUESDAY IN HOLY WEEK

"The Shame"

WEDNESDAY IN HOLY WEEK

"The Suffering"

THURSDAY IN HOLY WEEK

"The Silence"

GOOD FRIDAY

"It is Finished"



"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow!"

A Prayer for the Week

By all the sufferings of Thine early years, Thy fasting and temptation, Thy nameless wanderings, Thy lonely vigils on the Mount; by the weariness and painfulness of Thy Ministry among men,—Good LORD, deliver us!

By Thine unknown sorrows, by the mysterious burthen of the Spiritual Cross, by Thine agony and bloody sweat, Good LORD, deliver us!

O LORD JESUS CHRIST, Who wast lifted up from the earth that THOU mightest draw all men unto THEE, draw us also unto THYSELF!

[EVE OF PALM SUNDAY.]

The Self-Surrender.

He emptied Himself.—PHIL. II. 7. (R.V.)

—♦—
HE might have built a palace at a word,
Who sometimes had not where to lay His
Head: [bread,
Time was, and HE who nourished crowds with
Would not one meal unto HIMSELF afford ;
Twelve legions girded with angelic sword
Were at His back,—the scorned and buffeted !
HE healed another's scratch, His own side bled,
Side, feet, and hands with cruel piercings gored !
Oh ! wonderful the wonders left undone !—
And scarce less wonderful than those HE wrought !
Oh, self-restraint, passing all human thought,
To have all power and be—as having none !
Oh, self-denying Love, which felt alone
For needs of others,—never for its own !

TRENCH.

—♦—
THERE is no grief that ever wasted man,
But finds its Hour here in Thine awful
Week :

—♦—
KEBLE.

—♦—
IF any man will come after ME, let him deny him-
self and take up his cross daily and follow ME.

—♦—
OUR pains are portioned to our powers—His Hand
may hurt, but cannot harm :—

But, if the Cross be on us laid, and our soul's Crown
of Thorns be made,

Then, sure, 'twere best to bear the Cross, nor
lightly fling the thorns behind,

Lest we grow happy,—by the loss of what was
noblest in the mind !

Here—in the ruins of my years—MASTER, I thank
THEE through my tears—

THOU suffered'st here, and didst not fail—Thy
bleeding feet these paths have trod—

But THOU wert strong, and I am frail ; and I am
man, and THOU art God !

How I have striven, THOU know'st ! Forgive how
I have failed, Who saw'st me strive !

LYTTON.

PALM SUNDAY.]

The Self-Abasement.

He humbled Himself and became obedient unto Death, even the death of the cross.—EP. FOR THE DAY.

AS a sacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, He attends the will
Of His great FATHER.

MILTON.



SO, as THOU wert the seed and not the flower,
Having no form or comeliness,—in chief
Sharing Thy thought with Thine acquaintance, Grief:
THOU wert despised, rejected in Thine hour
Of loneliness and God-triumphant power.
Oh, not Three Days alone, glad slumber brief,
That from Thy travail brought THEE sweet relief
Lay'st THOU outworn beneath Thy stony bower ;
But three and thirty years, a living seed,
Thy body lay as in a grave indeed.

MAC DONALD.



AH, my dear LORD ! what couldst THOU spy
In this impure, rebellious clay,
That made THEE thus resolve to die,
For those that kill THEE every day ?

VAUGHAN.



THE SON of Man hath not where to lay His head.



THROUGH the Shadow of an Agony
Cometh Redemption.

H. H. K.



MORTAL ! if life smile on thee, and thou find
All to thy mind,
Think, WHO did once from Heaven to Hell descend
Thee to befriend !
So shalt thou dare forego at His dear call
Thy Best,—thine All.

KEBLE.



CHRIST'S whole life was a Cross and a Martyrdom:
and dost thou seek rest and joy for thyself ?

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

[MONDAY.]

The Isolation.

I have trodden the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with Me.—EPISTLE FOR THE DAY.

THE wine of Love can be obtained of none,
Save HIM Who trod the wine-press all alone.

+

TRENCH.

MY God, my God, why hast THOU forsaken Me?

+

DESERTED! Who hath dreamt that when the
Cross in darkness rested, [fested?
Upon the Victim's hidden Face no love was mani-
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the atoning
drops averted—

What tears have washed them from the soul,—that
we should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate from His own
essence rather,

And Adam's sins have swept between the righteous
SON and FATHER.

Yea, once, IMMANUEL's orphaned cry His universe
hath shaken— [saken!"

It went up single, echoless—"My God, I am For-

It went up from the Holy's lips amid His lost creation,
That, of the Lost, no son should use those words of

desolation.

+

E. B. BROWNING.

TO the still wrestlings of the lonely heart,
He doth impart

The virtue of His midnight agony,

When none was nigh

Save God and one good angel!

KEBLE

+

HOW is it that ye do not understand?

+

MATT. XVI. 11.

L may we mourn our dull, cold heart and eye,
That up the mount of glorious Sacrifice

Sees such a little way! Yet kneel we nigh:

Turn not away: let prayer in gloom arise!

K

TUESDAY.]

The Shame.

I gave My back to the smiters and My cheeks to them that plucked off the hair: I hid not My face from shame and spitting. — EPISTLE FOR THE DAY.

WITH all His sufferings full in view
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the task His spirit flew;
'Twas love that urged Him on. COWPER.

ALL that CHRIST asked of mankind wherewith to
save them was a cross whereon to die. LAMMENAIS.

AND is there who the blessed Cross wipes off
As a foul blot from his dishonoured brow?
If Angels tremble,—'tis at such a sight! YOUNG.

HE is despised and rejected. ISA. LIII. 3.

THEY besought HIM that HE would depart out of
their coasts. MATT. VIII. 34.

THEN like a long-forgotten strain
Comes sweeping o'er the heart forlorn,
What sunshine hours had taught in vain—
Of JESUS suffering Shame and scorn,
As in all lowly hearts HE suffers still,
While we triumphant ride and have the world at will. KEBLE.

SHUN not suffering, shame, or loss,
Learn of Him to bear the Cross. MONTGOMERY.

POVEST thou praise? The Cross is Shame.
Or ease? The Cross is bitter grief:—
More pangs than tongue or heart can frame
Were suffered there without relief. KEBLE.

FROM pain to pain, from woe to woe,
With loving hearts and footsteps slow,
To Calvary with CHRIST we go . . .
Was ever grief like His? Was ever sin like ours? FABER.

The Suffering.

Being in an agony, He prayed more earnestly.
GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

—+—
NO pain of man can expiate a sin.

+

H. COLERIDGE.

LOVELY was the death
Of HIM Whose life was Love ! Holy with power
HE on the thought-benighted Sceptic beamed
Manifest Godhead, melting into day.

What floating mists of dark idolatry
Broke, and mis-shaped the omnipresent Sire,—
And first by Fear uncharmed the drowsèd Soul,
Till of its nobler nature it 'gan feel
Dim recollections ! and then soared to Hope,
Strong to believe whate'er of mystic good
The ETERNAL dooms for His immortal Sons !
From Hope and firmer Faith to perfect Love
Attracted and absorbed,—and centred there
God only to behold, and know, and feel,—
Till by exclusive consciousness of God
All self-annihilated it shall make
God its identity : God All in All,
We and our FATHER one !

S. T. COLERIDGE.

+

CHRIST was once offered to bear the sins of many.

+

No good
Or glory of this life but comes by pain !
How poor were earth if all its martyrdoms,
If all its struggling sighs of sacrifice,
Were swept away and all were satiate-smooth !

+

H. H. K.

TO the cross he nails thine enemies,
The Law that is against thee, and the sins
Of all mankind, with HIM there crucified—
Never to hurt them more, who rightly trust
In this His satisfaction.

MILTON.

+

FOR the sake of JESUS we have undertaken this
Cross ; for the sake of JESUS let us persevere in
this Cross !

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

THURSDAY.]

The Silence.

He answered him nothing. And the chief priests and scribes stood and vehemently accused Him.

GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

—♦—
WITH taunts and scoffs they mock what seems
Thy weakness,

With blows and outrage adding pain to pain :
Thou art unmoved and steadfast in Thy meekness ;
When I am wrong'd, how quickly I complain !

POLLOCK.

✠
CEASE to complain when thou considerest My
Passion. Keep Silence in an evil time, and
inwardly turn thyself to ME. THOS. A KEMPIS.

✠
SEVEN times HE spake, seven words of love,
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men :—
JESUS, our LORD, is crucified !

FABER.

✠
I KEPT silence, yea, even from good words ; but it
was pain and grief to me. PSALM XXXIX. 3.

✠
THE voice of sin arraigns the Sinless One
Before its own corrupted judgment seat ;
The Priests and Scribes with vehemence repeat
Their lying charge—the while HE stands alone,
Silent amidst the clamour—HE Whose voice
Of power but late suffic'd to ope the grave !
“Others HE saved—Himself HE cannot save !”
Oh mystic Silence ! How divine Thy choice !
Thou wilt not add one tittle to the guilt
Of these Thy murderers, uttering the words
Which cannot pass away. Thy love records
That e'en for men like these Thy blood is spilt !—
So to all Time ! If Priests of Self and Pride,
And Scribes—the worldly-wise—possess the shrine
Within thy soul—then Pilate's doom is thine !—
The awful Silence of the Crucified ! E. M. L. G.

It is Finished.

They crucified Him.—GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

O UNEXAMPLED love!

Love nowhere to be found less than Divine!



MILTON.

MY anguish that made pale the sun,
 I hear HIM charge His saints, that none
 Among His creatures anywhere
 Blaspheme against HIM with despair,—

However darkly days go on.

Take from my head the thorn-wreath brown—
 No mortal grief deserves that crown!

O Supreme Love! Chief Misery!

The sharp regalia are for THEE,

Whose days eternally go on! E. B. BROWNING.



LOVE is strong as death! CANT. VIII. 6.

WHEN HE bowed down His Head in the death-
 hour

Solemnized Love His triumph! The Sacrifice then
 was completed.

Lo! then was rent on a sudden the veil of the
 temple, dividing

Earth and heaven apart, and the dead from their
 sepulchres rising, each other

Whispered with pallid lips and low in the ears of
 Th' answer but dreamed of before to Creation's
 enigma—*Atonement!*

Depths of Love are Atonement's depths, for Love
 is Atonement!



LONGFELLOW.

O Heart I made, a Heart beats here!
 Face, MY hands fashioned, see it in MYSELF!
 Thou hast no power, nor mayst conceive of Mine,
 But love I gave thee, with MYSELF to love,
 And thou must love ME, Who have died for thee!

BROWNING.

EASTER WEEK

"The Supreme Victory"

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

A Prayer for the Week

O Merciful God, the Father of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, Who is the Resurrection and the Life, we meekly beseech THEE to raise us from the Death of Sin unto the Life of Righteousness, that we may be found acceptable in Thy sight.

[EASTER EVE.]

The Supreme Victory.

Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?—1 COR. XV. 8.

That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die.—1 COR. XV. 36.



THE world of Matter with its various forms,
All dies into new Life. Life born from death
Rolls the vast mass, and shall for ever roll!
No single Atom,—once in Being,—lost,
With change of counsel charges the Most High . . .
Can it be?

Matter immortal! and shall Spirit die?
Above the nobler, shall less noble rise?
Shall Man alone, for whom all things revive,
No resurrection know? Shall Man alone,—
Imperial Man!—be sown in barren ground,
Less privileged than grain on which he feeds? . . .
Still seems it strange that thou shouldst live for
ever?
Is it less strange that thou shouldst live at all?
This is a miracle, and that no more!
Who gave beginning, can exclude an end! YOUNG.



SO should we live, that every Hour
May die as dies the natural flower—
A self-reviving thing of power;
That every Thought and every Deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed:
Esteeming Sorrow, whose employ
Is to develop, not destroy,
Far better than a barren Joy. HOUGHTON.



WHAT is left for us, save, in growth
Of soul, to rise . . .
From the gift looking to the Giver,
And from the cistern to the river,
And from the finite to Infinity,
And from man's dust to God's Divinity?
BROWNING.

EASTER DAY.]

The Supreme Victory.

Christ is risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept.—CANTICLE FOR THE DAY.

RISE, heart! Thy LORD is risen! Sing His praise
Without delays,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
With HIM mayst rise;
That, as His Death calcinèd thee to dust,
His Life may make thee gold, and much more just!



HERBERT.

CHRIST is risen! We are risen!
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face!
So that we, with hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be;
And by angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever, LORD, with THEE!



C. WORDSWORTH.

COMMIT thyself to God, to Whom nothing doth
perish nor die.



THOS. A KEMPIS.

O DEATH, where is thy sting? O Grave, where
is thy victory?



BOAST not thy victory, Death!
It is but as the clouds o'er the sunbeam's power,
It is but as the winter's o'er leaf and flower
That slumber, the snow beneath!
It is but as a tyrant's reign,
O'er the voice and the lip which he bids be still,
But the fiery thought and the lofty will
Are not for him to chain!



F. HEMANS.

UP!—God has formed thee with a wiser view,
Not to be led in chains but to subdue!
Calls thee to cope with enemies,—and first
Points out a conflict with Thyself,—the worst!



COWPER.

I SAY unto thee, Arise!

[MONDAY.

The Supreme Victory.

As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be
made alive. 1 COR. XV. 22

—♦—

THOU know'st HE died not for HIMSELF, nor for
HIMSELF arose ;

Millions of souls were in His Heart, and thee for
one HE chose.

Upon the palms of His pierc'd Hands engraven was
thy name, [flame.

HE for thy cleansing had prepar'd His water and His
Sure thou with HIM art risen : and now with HIM
thou must go forth,

And HE will lend thy sick soul health, thy strivings
might and worth. KEBLE.

MAN falls by man, if finally he falls ;
And fall he must—who learns from death alone
The dreadful secret—that he lives for ever ! YOUNG.

♦

THIS Life, whereof our nerves are scant,
Oh ! Life, not Death, for which we pant ;
More Life, and fuller, that I want ! TENNYSON.

♦

WE would indeed be somewise as THOU art,
Not spring, and bud, and flower, and fade, and
Not fix our intellects on some scant part [fall—
Of Nature,—but enjoy or feel it all :
We would assert the privilege of a soul,
In that it knows, to understand the Whole.

If such things are within us—God is good—
And flight is destined for the callow wing,—

And the high appetite implies the food,—
And souls must reach the level whence they spring !
O LIFE of very Life ! set free our Powers,
Hasten the travail of the yearning hours.

HOUGHTON.

♦

NAUGHT we know, dies.—Shall that alone which
knows

Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
By sightless lightning ? SHELLEY.

TUESDAY.]

The Supreme Victory.

Like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of Life.—ROM. vi. 4.

—♦♦—
NOW once more, Eden's door, opened stands to mortal eyes,—

For CHRIST hath risen, and man shall rise. NEALE



MAN, as is most just,
Shall satisfy for man—be judged and die ;
And dying rise,—and rising, with HIM raise
His brethren ransomed with His own dear Life.



MILTON.

“ **I** FOLLOW Nature ! ”—Follow Nature still,
But look it be thine own.—Is Conscience, then,
No part of Nature ? Is she not supreme ?—
Thou regicide ! O raise her from the dead !
Then, follow Nature :—and resemble GOD ! YOUNG.



WHAT are the Laws of Nature ? To me perhaps the rising of One from the dead were no violation of these Laws, but a confirmation ; were some far deeper Law, now first penetrated into, and by Spiritual Force (even as the rest have all been) brought to bear on us with its Material Force.



CARLYLE.

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low !

LONGFELLOW.

[WEDNESDAY.

The Supreme Victory.

If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth. COL. III. 1, 2.

OUR little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires !
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

LONGFELLOW.

THERE lives
No faculty within us which the Soul
Can spare : and humblest earthly weal demands
For dignity not placed beyond her reach
Zealous co-operation of all means,
Given or acquired, to raise us from the mire,
And liberate our hearts from low pursuits.

By gross utilities enslaved, we need
More of ennobling impulse from the Past,
If to the Future aught of good must come,
Sounder—and therefore holier—than the ends
Which, in the giddiness of self-applause,
We covet as supreme.

WORDSWORTH.

PROVE to mankind that the earthly duties to be
fulfilled here below are an essential portion
of their Immortal Life, and all the calculations of
the Present will vanish before the grandeur of the
Future!

MAZZINI.

WHAT thing thou lovest most, thou mak'st its
nature thine—
Earthy, if that be earth,—if that be God, divine !

TRENCH.

FORSAKE all, and thou shalt find all ! Thou
hast yet many things to part with, which un-
less thou wholly resign unto ME, thou shalt not
attain to that which thou desirest. THOMAS À KEMPIS.

ALAS ! why will ye not from sin arise,
And be CHRIST'S Beautiful ! SUTTON.

THURSDAY.]

The Supreme Victory.

Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead,
and Christ shall give thee light.—EPHES. V. 14.

THIS the Spring of souls to-day ;
CHRIST hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen ! NEALE

THERE is a power upon me which withholds
And makes it my fatality to live ;
If it be Life to wear within myself
This barrenness of spirit, and to be
My own soul's sepulchre ! BYRON.

ARISE ! for the day is passing
And you lie dreaming on !
The others have buckled their armour
And forth to the fight are gone :
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play ;
The Past and the Future are nothing
In the face of the stern To-Day ! A. PROCTER.

IF the Soul is really immortal, what care should
be taken of her not only in respect of the portion
of time which is called Life, but of Eternity ! PLATO.

THE heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight :
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.
Standing on what too long we bore,
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.
Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain ! LONGFELLOW.

[FRIDAY.

The Supreme Victory.

Arise, shine : for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee!—ISAIAH LX. 1.

—♦—♦—
ARISE, sad heart : if thou dost not withstand,
CHRIST'S Resurrection thine may be :
Do not by hanging down break from the Hand
Which, as It riseth, raiseth thee :
Arise ! arise ! HERBERT.

THOU canst not
All die—there is what must survive. BYRON.

—♦—
HAVE we not all, amid earth's petty strife,
Some pure ideal of a noble life,
That once seemed possible ? Did we not hear
The flutter of its wings, and feel it near,
And just within our reach ? It was !—And yet
We lost it in this daily jar and fret,
And now live idle in a vague regret.

But still our place is kept, and it will wait
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late :
No star is ever lost we once have seen,—
We always may be what we might have been !
Since Good, though only thought, has life and breath,
God's life,—can always be redeemed from death ;
And Evil, in its nature, is decay,
And any hour can blot it all away ;
The hopes that lost in some far distance seem,
May be the truer Life—and this the dream.

A. PROCTER.

—♦—
LET this be thy whole endeavour, this thy prayer,
this thy desire : that thou mayest be stripped
of all selfishness, and with entire simplicity follow
JESUS only ; mayest die to thyself, and live eternally
to ME.

THOS. A

—♦—
WHY shouldst thou yet
Lie grovelling ? More is won than ere was lost :
Inherit !
J. INGELW.

WEEKS AFTER EASTER

“The Risen Life”

WEEK OF THE

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

“Life's Responsibility”

“I am come that they might have Life, and that they might have it more abundantly.”

A Prayer for the Week

O ALMIGHTY GOD, Whom truly to know is everlasting Life, grant us perfectly to know Thy SON JESUS CHRIST to be the Way, the Truth, and the Life, that, following in the steps of Thy holy Apostles, we may stedfastly walk in the Way that leadeth to Eternal Life.

[SATURDAY.

The Risen Life:

What is your life?—JAMES IV. 14.

MY Life is in my hand, and lo!
I grasp and bend it as a bow,
And shoot forth from its trembling string
An arrow, that shall be, perchance,
Like the arrow of the Israelite king
Shot from the window towards the east,
That of the LORD's deliverance!

LONGFELLOW.

TIME wasted is existence—us'd is Life.

YOUNG.

OPENING the map of God's extensive plan
We find a little isle—this Life of man:—
Eternity's unknown expanse appears
Circling around, and limiting his years.
The busy race examine and explore
Each creek and cavern of the dangerous shore,
With care collect what in their eyes excels,—
Some, shining pebbles, and some, weeds and shells . .
A few forsake the throng; with lifted eyes
Ask wealth of Heaven, and gain a real prize:—
Truth, Wisdom, Grace, and Peace like that above,
Sealed with His signet Whom they serve and love.
Scorned by the rest, with patient hope they wait
A kind release from their imperfect state,
And unregretted are soon snatched away
From scenes of sorrow into glorious day.

COWPER.

HAS he too missed Life's end and learnt the
cause!

BROWNING.

THE true worth of a man is to be measured by
the objects he pursues.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

HIGHER Life gives deeper death.

MAC DONALD.

MOHAMMED'S truth lay in a holy Book—
CHRIST'S in a sacred Life.

HOUGHTON.

SUNDAY.]

Life's Responsibility.

He that hath the Son hath Life.—EPISTLE FOR THE DAY.

I NEEDS must blend the quality of Man
To quality of God, and so assist
Mere human sight to understand my Life.

BROWNING.

✧
LIFE alone can impart Life. EMERSON.

✧
IS duty a mere sport, or an employ?
Life an entrusted talent, or a toy?
COWPER.

✧
WHAT shall a man be profited if he shall gain
the whole world and forfeit his Life? (R. V.)

✧
MUST Life be ever just escaped, which should
Have been enjoyed?—nay, might have been
and would,—
Each purpose ordered right! BROWNING.

✧
SEEK not death in the error of your Life.
WISDOM I. 12.

✧
LIFE is full of limits! Heed not
One more or less—the forward track
May often give you what you need not,
While wisdom waits on turning back.
HOUGHTON.

✧
EVERY man's Life lies all within the Present,
which is but a point of Time. MARCUS AURELIUS.

✧
..... **W**HAT is it you wish?
That I should lay aside my heart's pursuit,
Abandon the sole ends for which I live,
Reject God's great Commission, and so die?
BROWNING

[MONDAY.

The Risen Life:

A man's Life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.—LUKE XII. 15.

—♦♦—
OH Life! Life-breath!

Life-blood!—Ere sleep, come travail,—Life ere
Death!

BROWNING.

LIFE without a plan,
As useless as the moment it began,
Serves merely as a soil for discontent
To thrive in; an incumbrance ere half-spent.

COWPER.

LIFE is a business; not good cheer.

HERBERT.

ONE launched a ship, but she was wrecked at sea;
He built a bridge, but floods have borne it down;
He meant much good,—none came! Strange destiny!
His corn lies sunk, his bridge bears none to town,
Yet Good he had not meant, became his crown;
For once at work,—when, even as nature, free
From thought of good he was, or of renown,—
God took the work for good and let good be.

J. INGELOW.

LIFE is joy, and love is power,
Death all fetters doth unbind;
Strength and wisdom only flower
When we toil for all our kind.
Hope is truth;—the Future giveth
More than Present takes away;
And the soul forever liveth
Nearer God from day to day.

LOWELL

LIFE loves no lookers-on at his great game.

CLOUGH.

FOR each and all, of Life
In every phase of action, love, and joy,—
There is fulfilment only Otherwhere.

H. HAMILTON KING.

TUESDAY.]

Life's Responsibility.

Man doth not live by bread only.—DEUT. VIII 3.

AS Life wanes, all its cares and strife and toil
Seem strangely valueless !

BROWNING.

MEASURE thy Life by loss instead of gain,
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured
forth !

For Love's strength standeth in Love's sacrifice ;
And whoso suffers most, has most to give.

H. HAMILTON KING.

PLAY no tricks upon thy soul, O man !
Let fact be fact, and Life the thing it can !

CLOUGH.

WHOSOEVER will save his Life shall lose it,
and whosoever will lose his Life for My
sake, shall find it.

THEY live too far above, that I should look
So far below to find them ; let me think
That rather they are visiting my grave,
Called Life here—undeveloped yet to Life.

E. B. BROWNING.

THOU dost well in rejecting mere comforts that
spring
From the mere mortal life held in common by
man and by brute,—

In our flesh grows the branch of this life, in our
soul it bears fruit . . .

Leave the flesh to the fate it was fit for ! the spirit
be thine !

By the spirit when age shall o'ercome thee, thou
still shalt enjoy

More indeed than at first, when, unconscious, the
life of a boy.

Crush that life, and behold its wine running !

Each deed thou hast done
Dies, revives, goes to work in the world !

BROWNING.

The Risen Life:

Hear, and your soul shall live.—ISA. LV. 3.

—♦—

NOR love Thy life, nor hate! but what thou
liv'st

Live well!—how long or short permit to Heav'n.

MILTON.

EACH hour has its lesson, and each Life:

And if we miss one life we shall not find
Its lesson in another—rather, go

So much the less complete for evermore,

Still missing something that we cannot name,

Still with our senses so far unattuned

To what the Present brings to harmonise

With our soul's Past.

H. H. KING.

THIS Life is of less value than clay, forasmuch as
he knew not his MAKER, and HIM that in-
spired into him an active soul, and breathed in a
living spirit.

WISDOM XV. 10, 11.

ALIKE are Life and death,

When Life in death survives,

And the uninterrupted breath

Inspires a thousand lives.

Were a star quenched on high

For ages would its light,

Still travelling downward from the sky,

Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,

For years beyond our ken

The light he leaves behind him lies

Upon the paths of men.

LONGFELLOW.

I KNOW no beauty, bliss, or worth,

In that which we call Life on earth,

That we should mourn its loss or dearth:

That we should sorrow for its sake,—

If God will the imperfect take

Unto Himself, and perfect make. HOUGHTON.

THURSDAY.]

Life's Responsibility.

All are yours, whether the world, or life, or death,
or things present, or things to come; all are yours.

1 Cor. iii. 21, 22.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream,"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the Soul!

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way:—
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day!

LONGFELLOW.

LIFE'S best is bound, not by the utterance
Of any word, nor may in sound be spent
To win back echoes out of hollow chance.—
What thou hast *felt* is thine: if much, rejoice!

LYTTON.

PROGRESS is
The law of Life:—man is not Man as yet.

BROWNING.

TO measure Life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way:
For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, (though wise in show)
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

MILTON.

BLASPHEME not thou thy sacred Life, nor turn,
O'er joys that God hath for a season lent,—
(Perchance to try thy spirit and its bent,
Effeminate soul and base!)—weakly to mourn!
There lies no desert in the land of Life;
For e'en that tract that barrenest doth seem,
Labour'd of thee in faith and hope, shall teem
With heavenly harvests and rich gatherings rife.

FRANCES KEMBLE.

Life's Responsibility.

He being dead, yet speaketh. — HEB. XI. 4.

—♦—

LIVES of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time.
 Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er Life's solemn main,—
 A forlorn and ship-wreck'd brother,—
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

LONGFELLOW.

❖

LIFE is Act, and not to Do is Death.

LEWIS MORRIS.

❖

ART builds on sand; the works of pride
 And human passion change and fall;
 But that which shares the Life of God
 With Him surviveth all.

WHITTIER.

❖

BEAUTIFUL it is to understand and know that
 a Thought did never yet die; that as thou,
 the originator thereof, hast gathered it and created
 it from the whole Past, so thou wilt transmit it to
 the whole Future.

CARLYLE.

❖

THE Living do not rule this world: ah no!
 It is the Dead, the Dead! J. INGELOW.

❖

THE soul of a High Intent, be it known,
 Can die no more than any soul
 Which God keeps by Him under the Throne!

E. B. BROWNING.

❖

HE—dying—leaveth as the sum of him
 A life-count closed, whose ills are dead and quit,
 Whose good is quick and mighty, far and near,
 So that fruits follow it. E. ARNOLD.

❖

A GOOD life hath but a few days; but a good
 name endureth for ever. ECCLESIASTICUS XLI. 13.

WEEKS AFTER EASTER

“The Risen Life”

WEEK OF THE

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

“The Discipline of Suffering”

“They rejoiced that they were counted worthy to
suffer.”

A Prayer for the Week

O LORD, let that become possible to me by Thy grace, which by nature seems impossible to me. THOU knowest that I am able to suffer but little, and that I am quickly cast down, when a slight adversity ariseth. For Thy Name's sake let every ordeal of Trouble and Adversity become grateful and acceptable unto me; for to be troubled for Thy sake is very wholesome for my soul.

[SATURDAY.

The Risen Life :

Have ye suffered so many things in vain ?—GAL. III. 4.

IS it indeed a loss, or is it gain?
His Life is Pain, and he has nought besides ;
Most miserable must he be indeed
If this be wholly evil as it seems.

But if this be the hardest ill of all
For mortal flesh and heart to bear in peace,
It is the one comes straightest from God's hand . . .
We cannot well forget the hand that holds
And pierces us, and will not let us go,
However much we strive from under it. H H. K.

I KNOW THEE, Who hast kept my path, and
made
Light for me in the darkness, tempering sorrow
So that it reached me like a solemn joy. BROWNING.

SWEET are the uses of Adversity ! SHAKESPEARE.

THE path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.
COWPER.

SUFFERING for truth's sake
Is fortitude to highest victory. MILTON.

WE did amiss when we did wish it gone
And over ; Sorrows humanize our race ;
Tears are the showers that fertilize this world ;
And memory of things precious keepeth warm
The heart that once did hold them. J. INGELOW.

GRIEF may be joy misunderstood.
E. B. BROWNING.

TIS not the calm and peaceful breast
That sees or reads the problem true ;
They only know on whom't has prest
Too hard to hope to solve it too.

SUNDAY.]

Suffering.

This is thankworthy, if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully.

—••— EPISTLE FOR THE DAY.

SHALL we wear our palms
And pay no price for them?

H. HAMILTON KING.

IN the cruel fire of Sorrow
Cast thy heart, do not faint or wail !
Let thy hand be firm and steady,
Do not let thy spirit quail !
But wait till the trial is over
And take thy heart again ;
For as gold is tried by fire
So a heart must be tried by pain.
I shall know by the gleam and glitter
Of the golden chain you wear,
By your heart's calm strength in loving,
Of the fire they have had to bear.
Beat on true heart, for ever !
Shine bright, strong golden chain ;
And bless the cleansing fire
And the furnace of living pain !

A. PROCTER.

I WILL do or suffer what I ought.

HERBERT.

ONLY those are crowned and sainted,
Who with grief have been acquainted,
Making Nations nobler, freer !

LONGFELLOW.

THANK God, bless God,—all ye who suffer not
More grief than ye can weep for !

E. B. BROWNING.

SELF-LOVE no grace in sorrow sees,
Consults her own peculiar ease ;
'Tis all the bliss she knows :
But nobler aims true Love employ ;
In self-denial is her joy,
In suffering her repose !

COWPER.

[MONDAY.]

The Risen Life :

Although affliction cometh not forth of the dust,
neither doth trouble spring out of the ground; yet
man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward.

JOH. V. 6, 7.

—♦—
WHO can give, or bless,
Or take a blessing, but there comes withal
Some pain ! J. INGELW.

—♦—
SORROW is of every race,
And Suffering due from every age !
HOUGHTON.

—♦—
WHY Thy command where'er I stray,
Sorrow attends me all the way,
A never-failing friend :
And if my sufferings may augment
Thy praise, behold me well content—
Let sorrow still attend ! COWPER.

—♦—
HE that is afraid of pain, is afraid of something
that will always be in the world : but this is a
failure in reverence and respect. MARCUS AURELIUS.

—♦—
“ **I**S God less God, that thou art left undone ?
Rise, worship, bless HIM, in this sackcloth spun,
As in that purple ! ”—But I answered, Nay !
What child his filial heart in words can loose,
If he behold his tender father raise
The hand that chastens sorely ?—can he choose
But sob in silence with an upward gaze ?—
And my Great FATHER, thinking fit to bruise,
Discerns in speechless tears both prayer and praise.
E. B. BROWNING.

—♦—
WHEN God afflicts thee, think He hews a rugged
stone,
Which must be shaped, or else aside as useless
thrown ! TRENCH.

TUESDAY.]

Suffering.

Unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe in Him, but also to suffer for His sake.

1 PET. 1. 29.

—♦—

ARISE! this day shall shine for evermore,
To thee a star divine on Time's dark shore !
Till now thy Soul has been all glad and gay ;
Bid it awake and look at Grief to-day ! . . .
But now the stream has reached a dark, deep sea ;
And Sorrow, dim and crowned, is waiting thee.
Each of God's soldiers bears a sword divine :
Stretch out thy trembling hands to day for thine ! . . .
Then with slow, reverent step, and beating heart,
From out thy joyous day thou must depart,—
And leaving all behind come forth alone,
To join the chosen band around the throne :—
Raise up thine eyes !—be strong !—nor cast away
The crown that God has given thy Soul to-day !

A. PROCTER.

—♦—

WITH a soul that ever felt the sting
Of sorrow, sorrow is a sacred thing.

COWPER.

—♦—

THOUGHT,—true labour of any kind,—highest
virtue itself,—is it not the daughter of Pain ?

CARLYLE.

—♦—

IF there had been any better thing, and more profitable to man's salvation than Suffering, surely CHRIST would have shewed it by word and example.

THOS. A KEMPIS.

—♦—

GRIEF should be the instructor of the wise :
Sorrow is knowledge ; they who know the most
Must mourn the deepest.

BYRON.

[WEDNESDAY.

The Risen Life:

A Man of Sorrows and acquainted with Grief.
ISAIAH LIII. 3.

—♦—
THY sorrows were in earnest : no faint proffer
Or superficial offer
Of what we might not take. HERBERT.



THAT most closely we may follow HIM
By Suffering, have all hearts of men allowed.
Is Suffering then more near and dear to GOD
For its own sake than Joy is? GOD forbid!
We know not its beginning nor its end;
Is it a sacrifice? a test? a school? . . .
We suffer. Why we suffer—that is hid
With GOD's foreknowledge in the clouds of Heaven.
H. HAMILTON KING.



IF any man will come after ME, let him deny him-
self and take up his cross daily and follow ME.



BUT if, impatient, thou let slip thy Cross,
Thou wilt not find it in this world again,
Nor in another; here, and here alone,
Is given thee to suffer for GOD's sake.—
In other worlds we shall more perfectly
Serve HIM and love HIM, praise HIM, work for HIM,
Grow near and nearer HIM with all delight;
But then we shall not any more be called
To suffer,—which is our appointment here.
Couldst thou not suffer then, one hour—or two?
If HE should call thee from thy Cross to-day,
Saying, *It is finished!*—that hard Cross of thine
From which thou prayest for deliverance,—
Thinkest thou not some passion of regret
Would overcome thee? Thou wouldst say "So soon!
Let me go back, and suffer yet awhile
More patiently!—I have not yet praised GOD."
And HE might answer to thee,—“Never more—
All pain is done with!” H. HAMILTON KING.

THURSDAY.]

Suffering.

Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I
kept Thy word. Ps. cxix. 67.

SHOW me the path! I had forgotten THEE
When I was happy and free,
Walking down here in the gladsome light of the sun;
But now I come and mourn; oh set my feet
In the road to Thy blest seat!
And for the rest, O God, Thy Will be done!
J. INGELOW.

WITH God it is impossible that anything, how
small soever, if only it be suffered for God's
sake, should pass without its reward.

THOS. A KEMPIS.

PAIN, that to us mortal clings
Is but the pushing of our wings
That we have no use for yet,
And the uprooting of our feet
From the soil where they are set,
And the land we reckon sweet.
J. INGELOW.

WHO is the Angel that cometh?
Pain!
Let us arise and go forth to greet him;
Not in vain
Is the summons come for us to meet him;
He will stay
And darken our sun,
He will stay
A desolate night, a weary day,
Since in that shadow our work is done,
And in that shadow our crowns are won!
Let us say still while his bitter chalice
Slowly into our hearts is poured—
“Blessed is he that cometh
In the name of the Lord!” A. PROCTER.

[FRIDAY.]

Suffering.

Perfect through Suffering.—HFB. II. 10.

—
MEN as men
Can reach no higher than the SON of GOD,
The Perfect Head and Pattern of mankind.
The time is short and this sufficeth us
To live and die by; and in HIM again
We see the same first starry attribute,
“*Perfect through Suffering*,” our salvation’s seal,
Set in the front of His Humanity . . .

While we suffer, let us set our souls
To suffer perfectly; since this alone—
The Suffering—which is this world’s special grace
May here be perfected and left behind.

H. HAMILTON KING.

—
WHAT else could knit
You theirs but Sorrow? BROWNING.

—
THERE is purpose in pain,
Otherwise it were devilish! I trust in my soul,
That the great Master-Hand which sweeps over the
whole
Of this deep harp of Life,—if at moments it stretch
To shrill tension some one wailing nerve,—means
to fetch
Its response, the truest, most stringent and smart,
Its pathos the purest, from out the wrung heart,
Whose faculties,—flaccid it may be, if less
Sharply strung, sharply smitten,—had fail’d to express
Just the one note the great final Harmony needs.

And what best proves there’s Life in a heart!—that
it bleeds!
Grant a cause to remove, grant an end to attain,
Grant both to be just,—and what mercy in pain!
Cease the sin with the sorrow! See morning begin!
Pain must burn itself out if not fuell’d by sin.

LYTTON.

WEEKS AFTER EASTER

"The Risen Life"

WEEK OF THE

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

"The Discipline of Loneliness"

"I was left alone and saw this great Vision"

A Prayer for the Week

Be THOU, O GOD, we beseech THEE, with the Lonely and the Desolate: sanctify their solitude with a closer sense of Thy Presence and Protection, and lead them by Thy Holy Spirit to satisfy the longings of their hearts by abiding in the Communion of Thy Saints.

[SATURDAY.

The Risen Life:

It is expedient for you that I go away.—JOHN XVI. 17.

THRICE bless'd are they, who feel their Loneliness;

To whom nor voice of friends nor pleasant scene
Brings aught on which the sadden'd heart can lean.
Yea, the rich earth, garb'd in her daintiest dress
Of light and joy, doth but the more oppress,
Claiming responsive smiles and rapture high,—
Till, sick at heart, beyond the veil they fly,
Seeking His Presence Who alone can bless.

NEWMAN.

FAR from the world, O LORD, I flee
From strife and tumult, far
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem, by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow THEE.

COWPER.

WHERE your treasure is, there shall your heart
be also.

MATT. VI. 21.

BY all means use sometimes to be alone!—
Salute thyself! See what thy soul doth wear!

HERBERT.

HE is gone—and we remain
In this world of sin and pain:
In the void which HE has left,
On this earth of HIM bereft.
We have still His work to do;
We can still His path pursue;
Seek HIM both in friend and foe,
In ourselves His image show.

STANLEY.

SUNDAY.]

Loneliness.

A little while and ye shall not see Me.—GOSPEL FOR THE
Ye now therefore have sorrow.—JOHN XVI. 22. [DAY.

—♦—
MY SAVIOUR, can it ever be
That I should gain by losing THEE? . . .
*"'Tis good for you that I should go,
You lingering yet awhile below!"*—
'Tis Thine own gracious promise, LORD!
Thy saints have proved Thy faithful word.
When Heaven's bright boundless avenue
Far open'd on their eager view,
And homeward to Thy FATHER's throne.
Still lessening, brightening on their sight,
Thy shadowy car went soaring on,
They track'd THEE up th' abyss of Light.

†

KEBLE.

THE friends who leave us do not feel the sorrow
Of parting, as we feel it who must stay
Lamenting day by day.
And knowing, when we wake upon the morrow,
We shall not find in its accustomed place
The one beloved face.

LONGFELLOW.

†

IF we mourn—not because Time is fleeting,
Not because Life is short, and some die young,—
But because Parting ever follows Meeting,
And while our hearts with constant loss are wrung,
Our minds are tossed in doubt from sea to sea,—
Then may we claim community with THEE.

†

HOUGHTON.

BE with us all for evermore,
Far parted though on earth we be!
For oh! to yonder sunlit shore
We have no other Guide but THEE.
Be with us all in strength and grace
For daily need, for holy vow!
Let suffering hearts Thy dealings trace,
Touch tenderly the severed brow!

A. BOND.

[MONDAY.

The Risen Life:

My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me ?

PS. XXII. 1.

FOR the glory and the passion of this midnight
I praise Thy name, I give THEE thanks, O
CHRIST !

THOU that hast neither failed me nor forsaken
Through these hard hours with victory overpriced ;
Now that I too of Thy passion have partaken,
For the world's sake—called,—elected,—sacrificed !

THOU wast alone through Thy redemption vigil,
Thy friends had fled ;
The Angel at the Garden from THEE parted,
And Solitude instead
More than the scourge, or cross, O Tender-hearted !
Under the Crown of Thorns bowed down Thy Head.
But I, amid the torture, and the taunting
I have had THEE !

Thy hand was holding my hand fast and faster,
Thy voice was close to me :
And glorious eyes said "*Follow Me, thy Master,
Smile as I smile thy faithfulness to see !*"

H. HAMILTON KING.

FEAR thou not ; for I am with thee.

O H, say not thou art left of God,
Because His tokens in the sky
Thou canst not read ! This earth HE trod
To teach thee HE was ever nigh.
And when thou liest by slumber bound,
Outwearied in the Christian fight,
In glory, girt with Saints around,
HE stands above thee through the night !

NEWMAN.

WATCH with me, JESUS, in my loneliness,
Though others say me Nay, yet say THOU, Yes ;
Though others pass me by, stop THOU to bless.

C. ROSSETTI.

TUESDAY.]

Loneliness.

Have mercy upon me, for I am desolate and afflicted.

Ps. xxv. 16.

WHY should we faint and fear to live alone,
Since all alone,—so Heaven has willed,—we
die!

Not e'en the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh!
Each in his hidden sphere of joy or woe,
Our hermit spirits dwell, and range apart,—
Our eyes see all around in gloom or glow
Hues of their own, fresh borrow'd from the heart.

KEBLE.

OH! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul,
Who think it solitude to be alone!
Communion sweet! Communion large and high,—
Our Reason,—Guardian Angel.—and our God—
Then nearest these, when others most remote.

YOUNG.

MAY it not be hoped, that placed . . .
In like removal, tranquil though severe,
We are not so removed for utter loss;
But for some favour, suited to our need?
What more than that the severing should confer
Fresh power to commune with the Invisible World,
And hear the mighty Stream of Tendency
Uttering, for elevation of our thought,
A clear sonorous Voice, inaudible
To the vast multitude; whose doom it is
To run the giddy round of vain delight,
Or fret and labour on the Plain below.

WORDSWORTH.

MAN dwells apart, though not alone,
He walks among his peers unread;
The best of thoughts which he hath known
For lack of listeners are not said.

J. INGELow.

[WEDNESDAY.

The Risen Life:

Ye shall leave Me alone; and yet I am not alone
because the Father is with Me.—JOHN XVI. 32

SOLITUDE sometimes is best society.

MILTON.

IN twilight and in fearfulness,
We feel our path along
From heart to heart,—yet none the less
Our way is often wrong;—
And then new dangers must be faced,
New doubts must be dispelled—
For not one step can be retraced
That once the Past has held.
We live together years and years,
And leave unsounded still
Each other's springs of hopes and fears,
Each other's depths of will;—
We live together day by day,
And some chance look or tone
Lights up with instantaneous ray
An inner world unknown!
Nor marvel that the Wise and Good
Should oft apart remain:
Nor dare, when once misunderstood,
To sympathise again . . .
Come, Death! and match thy quiet gloom
With Being's darkling strife,
Come, set beside the lonely Tomb,
The Solitude of Life!

HOUGHTON.

THE quiet and exalted thoughts
Of Loneliness!

WORDSWORTH.

IF chosen souls could never be alone
In deep mid-silence, open-doored to God,
No Greatness ever had been dreamed or done!

LOWELL.

THURSDAY.]

Loneliness.

The desolate hath many more children than she
which hath an husband.—GAL IV 27.

THE nurse of full-grown souls is Solitude.



LOWELL.

BETTER a child of care and toil
To glorify some needy spot,
Than in a glad redundant soil
To pine neglected and forgot! HOUGHTON.



SOLITUDE permits the mind to feel.



WORDSWORTH.

ALONE I walk the peopled city
Where each seems happy with his own!
Ah! friends, I ask not for your pity—
I walk alone! . . .

The gold is rifled from the coffer,
The blade is stolen from the sheath;
Life has but one more boon to offer,
And that is—Death! . . .

I live, O lost one! for the living
Who drew their earliest life from thee;
And wait, until with glad thanksgiving,
I shall be free!

LONGFELLOW.



SELDOM can the heart be lonely,
If it seek a lonelier still,—
Self-forgetting, seeking only
Emptier cups with love to fill.

F. R. H.



WHEN from our better selves we have too long
Been parted by the hurrying world, and droop,
Sick of its business, of its pleasures tired,—
How gracious, how benign, is Solitude! WORDSWORTH.



YET not in Solitude!—if CHRIST anear me
Waketh HIM workers for the great employ!
Oh, not in Solitude!—if souls that hear me
Catch from my joyance the surprise of joy! MYERS.

Loneliness.

When He was come down from the mountain great
multitudes followed Him — MATTHEW, viii. 1.

—♦—
HOLY in voice and heart,
To high ends, set apart!
All unmated! all unmated!
Just because so consecrated!

Vaunting to come before
Our own age evermore!
In a loneliness, in a loneliness,
And the nobler for that oneness!

But if alone we be,—
Where is our empery?
And if none can reach our stature,—
Who can mete our lofty nature?

E. B. BROWNING.

—♦—
THOUGH all is fair, and I am LORD of all,
Without My Children I am desolate. BUCHANAN.

—♦—
DOOM is none more pitiable than his,
Who has created an heart-solitude,
Raised a partition-wall to separate
Between himself and any of his kind! TRENCH.

—♦—
I WAS taught to feel perhaps too much
The self-sufficing power of Solitude . . .
He, who by wilful disesteem of life
And proud insensibility to hope,
Affronts the eye of Solitude, shall learn
That her mild nature can be terrible—
That neither she nor Silence lack the power
To avenge their own insulted majesty!

WORDSWORTH.

—♦—
AND as material life is planned
That even the loneliest one must stand
Dependent on his brother's hand;—
So links more subtle and more fine
Bind every other soul to thine
In one great brotherhood divine. A. PROCTER.

WEEKS AFTER EASTER

"The Risen Life"

WEEK OF THE
FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

"Truth"

**"Strive for the truth unto death, and the Lord shall
fight for thee."**

A Prayer for the Week

ALMIGHTY GOD, Who shewest to them that be in error the light of Thy Truth, to the intent that they may return into the way of righteousness; grant that in all our sufferings here upon earth for the testimony of Thy Truth, we may stedfastly look up to heaven, and by faith behold the glory that shall be revealed.

Truth.

The Word of Truth. — JAMES I. 18.

Just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of Saints !
REV. XV. 3.

—♦—
TIS like at no one time
Of the world's story has not Truth,—the prime
Of Truth, the very Truth—which, loosed, had hurled
The world's course right,—been really in the world.

BROWNING.

✱
WHEN royal Truth, released from mortal throes,
Burst His brief slumber, and triumphant rose,
Ill had the Holiest sued
A patron multitude,
Or courted Tetrarch's eye or claim'd to rule
By the world's winning grace, or proofs from learned
school.

But robing HIM in viewless air, HE told
His secret to a few of meanest mould :
They in their turn imparted
The gift to men pure-hearted,
While the brute Many heard His mysteries high,
As some strange fearful tongue, and crouch'd,—they
knew not why.

Still is the might of Truth,—as it hath been,—
Lodg'd in the few,—obey'd. and yet unseen :
Rear'd on lone heights, and rare,
His saints their watch-flame bear,
And the mad World sees the wide-circling blaze,
Vain searching whence it streams, and how to
quench its rays.

NEWMAN.

✱
TRUTH—whose eye guilt only can make dim.
WORDSWORTH.

✱
TRUTH remains true, the fault's in the Prover.
BROWNING.

✱
GREAT Truths are portions of the Soul of Man,
Great Souls are portions of Eternity. LOWELL.

SUNDAY.]

Truth.

When He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He shall guide
you into all truth.—GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

I WANT,—am made for,—and must have a God,
Ere I can be aught, do aught ;—no mere Name
Want, but the True Thing, with what proves Its
truth,—

To wit, a relation from that Thing to me
Touching from head to foot :—which Touch I feel,
And with it take the rest, this Life of ours !

BROWNING.

KNOWLEDGE and Truth, and holy mystery,
Wherein Truth mainly lies for those who see
Beyond the earthly and the fugitive.—
Who in the grandeur of the soul believe,
And only in the Infinite are free.

LOWELL

HEAD is clear and hand is strong.
But our heart no haven knows :—
Sun of Truth ! the night is long—
Let Thy radiance interpose !

HOUGHTON.

COUNT it crime to let a Truth slip !

BROWNING.

TWO aspects bears Truth needful for salvation :
Who knows not *that* ?—Yet would this delicate
age

Look only at the Gospel's brighter page.—

Let light and dark duly our thoughts employ,
So shall the fearful words of Commination
Yield timely fruit of peace and love and joy.

WORDSWORTH.

SINCERITY, a deep, great, genuine Sincerity, is
the first characteristic of all men in any way
heroic.

CARLYLE.

TRUTH'S supreme revelations
Come in sorrow to Men, and in war come to
Nations.

LYTTON.

[MONDAY.

Truth.

Ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make
you free. — JOHN VIII. 32.

HE was a bitter Mocker, that old Man
Who bade us "Know ourselves"—yet not
unwise!

For though the Science of our Life and Being
Be unattained and unattainable
By these weak organs . . . though we all must
patient stand

Like statues on appointed pedestals,
Yet we may choose (since choice is given) to shun
Servile contentment or ignoble fear,
In the expression of our attitude;
And with far-straining eyes, and hands upcast,
And feet half-raised, declare our painful state,
Yearning for wings to reach the fields of Truth,
Mourning for wisdom, panting to be free!



HOUGHTON.

AS for the Truth, it endureth and is always
strong; it liveth and conquereth for evermore.



1 ESDRAS IV. 38.

I HAVE been proud of knowledge, when the flame
Of Truth, high Truth, but flickered in my soul.
Only at times in lonely midnight hours . . .
Have I beheld clear Truth apart from Form,
And known myself a living lonely Thought
Isled in the hyaline of Truth alway . . .

Make me content to be a primrose-flower
Among Thy nations, that the fair Truth hid
In the sweet primrose, enter into me
And I rejoice,—an individual soul
Reflecting THEE,—as truly then divine,
As if I towered the Angel of the Sun!



MAC DONALD.

TO halls of heavenly Truth, admission wouldst
thou win?

Oft Knowledge stands without, while Love may
enter in.

TRENCH.

TUESDAY.]

Truth.

Love the Truth.—ZECHARIAH VIII. 19.

I WILL find
Where Truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the Centre !
SHAKESPEARE.

LET us then be what we are, and speak what we
think, and in all things
Keep ourselves loyal to Truth !
LONGFELLOW.

BUY the Truth and sell it not. PROV. XXIII. 23.

WE cannot halve the Gospel of God's grace ;
Men of presumptuous heart ! I know you well !
Ye are of those who plan that we should dwell
Each in his tranquil home and holy place ;—
Seeing the Word refines all natures rude
And tames the stirrings of the multitude.

And ye have caught some echoes of its lore,
As heralded amid the joyous choirs :
Ye mark'd it spoke of peace, chastised desires,
Good-will and mercy,—and ye heard no more ;
But as for zeal and quick-eyed Sanctity,
And the dread depths of Grace, ye passed them by !

And so ye halve the Truth ! for ye in heart,
At best, are doubters whether it be true,
The theme discarding as unmeet for you—

Statesmen or Sages !—O new-compass'd art
Of the ancient Foe !—but what if it extends
O'er our own camps, and rules amid our friends ?

NEWMAN.

NOT a truth has to Art or to Science been given
But brows have ached for it, and souls toiled
and striven ;

And many have striven and many have failed.
And many died,—slain by the Truth they assail'd.

LYTTON.

ALL truth is precious, if not all divine. COWPER.

Truth.

Whatsoever things are true think on these things
 Speaking the Truth in love. — EPH. IV. 15 [PHIL. I. 3]

DARE to be true ! Nothing can need a lie !
 A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby !
 HERBERT.

THE words
 That make a man feel strong in speaking Truth.
 TENNYSON.

NOR number, nor example with him wrought
 To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
 Though single.
 MILTON.

TRUTH is large ! our aspiration
 Scarce embraces half we be :—
 Shame, to stand in His creation
 And doubt Truth's sufficiency !—
 To think God's song unexcelling
 The poor tales of our own telling !
 O brave poets ! keep back nothing !
 Nor mix falsehood with the whole :—
 Look up Godward ; speak the truth in
 Worthy song from earnest soul :
 Hold in high poetic duty
 Truest Truth the fairest Beauty !
 E. B. BROWNING.

TRUTH is certain, soon or late, to appear
 In front of us, whatever we may do
 To avoid the meeting. Better when we hear
 Her steps approaching for the interview,
 Prepare at once, and meet her face to face !
 LYTTON.

THE way to speak and write what shall not go
 out of fashion is, to speak and write sincerely.
 EMERSON.

GOD'S gift was that man should conceive of Truth
 And yearn to gain it.
 BROWNING.

THURSDAY.]

Truth.

We can do nothing against the Truth, but for the
Truth.—2 COR. XIII. 8.

—♦♦—
YES! this life is the war of the False and the
True! [view
Yet this life is a Truth;—though so complex to
That its latent veracity few of us find. **LYTTON.**

✕
TRUTH will come to light.
✕ **SHAKESPEARE.**

WHEN I would search the truths that in me
burn,
And mould them into rule and argument,
A hundred reasoners cried,—“Hast thou to learn
Those dreams are scatter'd now, those fires are
spent?” . . .
Perplex'd, I hoped my heart was pure of guile,
But judged me weak in wit, to disagree;
But now I see that men are mad awhile,
And joy the Age to come will think of me:—
'Tis the old history—Truth without a home
Despised and slain, then rising from the tomb!
NEWMAN.

✕
THEY must upward still and onward,
Who would keep abreast of Truth. **LOWELL.**

✕
TRUTH is truth,
And justifies itself by undreamed ways.
✕ **BROWNING.**

SERVANT of God, well done, well hast thou
fought
The better fight, who single hast maintained
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of Truth,—in word mightier than they in arms—
And for the testimony of Truth hast borne
Universal reproach,—far worse to bear
Than violence! **MILTON.**

[FRIDAY.

Truth.

Lo, Thou requirest Truth in the inward parts.

PSALM LI. 6.

TRUTH is within ourselves! It takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
BROWNING.

SOUL severed from the Truth is sin;
The dark and dizzy gulf is Doubt;
Truth never moves—unmoved therein,
Our road is straight and firm throughout.
ALLINGHAM.

IF you will be true to the best of yourself, living
up to your nature, standing boldly by the Truth
of your word and satisfied therewith, then you will
be a happy man.
MARCUS AURELIUS.

W HOSO in one thing hath been true
Can be as true in all.
LOWELL.

A BOVE all things Truth beareth away the victory.
1 ESDRAS III. 12.

TO thine own self be true!
And it must follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
SHAKESPEARE.

FLATTERY, even to kings, he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same.
POPE.

A LIE which is half a Truth is ever the blackest
of lies! [outright,
A lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with
But a lie which is part a Truth is a harder matter to
fight!
TENNYSON.

TRUTH is our only armour in all passages of life
and death.
EMERSON.

WEEKS AFTER EASTER

“The Risen Life”

WEEK OF THE

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

“Work”

“Surely my Work is with my God.”

A Prayer for the Week

Let me be diligent in Thy service, O LORD, day by day. Let all labour be my delight which is for THEE, and all rest weary me which is not in THEE; and may every undertaking be begun, continued, and ended in THEE, to the Glory of Thy Holy Name!

Work.

Son, go work to-day in my vineyard. — MATTH. XXV. 23.

MAN hath his daily Work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways ;—
While other animals inactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.

MILTON.

THIS chance of noble deeds will come and go
Unchallenged, while ye follow wandering fires
Lost in the quagmire !

TENNYSON.

DO not drudge like a galley-slave, nor do business
in such a laborious manner as if you had a
mind to be pitied or wondered at.

M. AURELIUS.

WORK—the healing of divinest balm
To whomso hath the courage to begin,
Not yielding to the bitterness of grief.

H. H. K.

STATELY is Service accepted, but lovelier Service
rendered.

CLOUGH.

IN the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.

GET leave to work
In this world !—'tis the best you get at all !
For God in cursing, gives us better gifts
Than men in benediction. God says *Sweat* [crowned
For foreheads,—men say *Crowns*—and so we are
Ay, gashed—by some tormenting circle of steel
Which snaps with a secret spring.—Get Work ! get
Work !

Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get !

E. B. BROWNING.

WORK is Heaven's best ! J. INGELow.

SUNDAY.]

Work.

Be ye doers of the Word and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.—EPISTLE FOR THE DAY.

—♦♦—
HARK, hark ! a voice amid the quiet intense !
It is thy Duty waiting thee without—
Rise from thy knees in hope, the half of doubt—
A hand doth pull thee—It is Providence !
Open thy door straightway and get thee hence ;
Go forth into the tumult and the shout !
Work ! love ! with workers, lovers all about !
Of noise alone is born the inward sense
Of silence ; and from Action springs alone
The inward knowledge of true love and faith.

MAC DONALD.

♀
CONTAMINATION taints the idler first.
♂
CLOUGH.

THIS labour kept him true to life and fact,
Casting out worldly judgments, false desires,
And vain distinctions.

♀
MAC DONALD.

♂
THE honest, earnest Man must stand and work—
The Woman also. ♀
E. B. BROWNING.

ALL service ranks the same with God :
If now, as formerly HE trod
Paradise, His presence fills
Our earth, each only as God wills
Can work—God's puppets, best and worst,
Are we ;—there is no last nor first.
Say not “ a small event ! ” Why “ small ” ?
Costs it more pain that this ye call
A “ great event ” should come to pass
Than that ? Untwine me from the mass
Of deeds which make up life, one deed
Power shall fall short in or exceed !

♂
BROWNING.

OUR duty down here is to do, not to know ;—
Live as though life were earnest, and life will
be so !
LYTTON

[MONDAY.

Work.

I must work the works of Him that hath sent me while it is day ; the night cometh when no man can work.—JOHN IX. 4

WHSOEVER fears God, fears to sit at ease.

E. B. BROWNING.

ONLY Work that is for God alone
Hath an unceasing guerdon of delight,
A guerdon unaffected by the sight
Of great success, nor by its loss o'erthrown.—
All else is vanity beneath the sun,
There may be joy in Doing, but it palls when done.

F. R. HAVERGAL

EVERY man's task is his life-preserver. The conviction that his Work is dear to God and cannot be spared, defends him.

EMERSON.

KNOWING ourselves, our world, our task so great,
Our time so brief,—'tis clear if we refuse
The means so limited, the tools so rude,
To execute our purpose, life will fleet,
And we shall fade, and leave our task undone.—
We will be wise in time ! What though our Work
Be fashioned in despite of their ill-service,
Be crippled every way ? 'Twere little praise
Did full resources wait on our good will
At every turn !

BROWNING.

WHAT is begun
At daybreak, must at dark be done !
To-morrow will be another day,—
To-morrow the hot furnace flame
Will search the heart, and try the frame,
And stamp with honour or with shame
These vessels made of clay. LONGFELLOW.

DEATH closes all ; but something ere the end,
Some Work of noble note may yet be done !

TUESDAY.]

Work.

The men did the Work faithfully.—2 CHRON. XXXIV. 12.

FAITH'S meanest deed more favour bears,
Where hearts and wills are weigh'd,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour and fade. NEWMAN.

WHO care
Only to quit a calling, will not make
The calling what it might be ;—Who despise
Their work, Fate laughs at, and doth let the work
Dull and degrade them. J. INGELOW.

MAN must toil for good or he shall toil for ill.
HOUGHTON.

WE may do
Our FATHER'S business in these temples murk,
Thus swift and stedfast, thus intent and strong ;
While thus, apart from toil, our souls pursue
Some high, calm, spheric tune, and prove our Work
The better for the sweetness of our song.
E. B. BROWNING.

SIMPLE lives, complete and without flaw . . .
Who said not to their LORD as if afraid,
" Here is Thy talent in a napkin laid,"
But laboured in their sphere, as those who live
In the delight that Work alone can give.
LONGFELLOW.

OUR acts and words are but the pregnant seeds
Of future Being, when the flowers and weeds,
Local and temporal, in the vast whole
Shall live eternal. H. COLERIDGE.

NOT stirring words, nor gallant deeds alone,
Plain patient Work fulfilled that length of life ;
Duty, not glory—Service, not a throne,
Inspired his effort, set for him the strife.
CLOUGH.

[WEDNESDAY.

Work.

Every man's Work shall be made manifest . . . and
the fire shall try every man's Work of what sort it is.

1 COR. III. 13.

WE shall marvel why we grudged
Our labour here, and idly judged
Of heaven !

BROWNING.

SE sure, no earnest Work
Of any honest creature,—howbeit weak,
Imperfect, ill-adapted,—fails so much,
It is not gathered as a grain of sand
To enlarge the sum of human action used
For carrying out GOD's end !

E. B. BROWNING.

GOD asks not what, but whence thy Work is—
from the fruit

He turns His eye away, to prove the inmost root.

TRENCH.

NO works shall find acceptance in that day
When all disguises shall be rent away,
That square not truly with the scripture plan,
Nor spring from love to God, or love to Man.

COWPER.

EFFECT ! Influence ? Utility ? Let a man *do* his
Work ; the fruit of it is the care of Another
than he.

CARLYLE

NOT on the vulgar mass
Called "work," must sentence pass—
Things done that took the eye and had the price ;
O'er which, from level stand, the low world laid its
hand,—
Found straightway to its mind,—could value in a trice.
But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,—
So passed in making up the main account :—
All instincts immature, all purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the
man's amount.

BROWNING.

ASCENSION-TIDE

“Lift up your Hearts”

“Work Consummated.”

A Prayer for the Season

Grant that we may also in heart and mind thither
ascend and with HIM continually dwell !

“Lift up your Hearts.”

I ascend unto my Father and your Father, to my God and your God — JOHN XX. 17.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart.—PS. XXIV. 3, 4.

—♦—

BLEST are they

Who in this fleshly world—the Elect of Heaven—
Their strong eye darting through the deeds of men—
Adore with steadfast unpresuming gaze
HIM, Nature's Essence, Mind and Energy!
And gazing, trembling, patiently ascend,
Treading beneath their feet all visible things
As steps, that upward to their FATHER's throne
Lead gradual!

S. T. COLERIDGE.

NOT to man on earth is given
The ripe fulfilment of desire;—
Desire of Heaven itself is Heaven,
Unless the passion faint and tire!
So upward still, from hope to hope,
From faith to faith, the soul ascends:
And who has scaled the ethereal cope
Where that sublime succession ends?

HOUGHTON.

♦

IN contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to God.

MILTON.

♦

THE thing we long for,—That we are
For one transcendent moment!
Before the Present, poor and bare,
Can make its sneering comment!
Longing is God's fresh heavenward Will
With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living;
But would we learn that heart's full scope
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope
And realize our longing!

LOWELL.

THURSDAY.]

Work Consummated.

I have finished the Work which Thou gavest me to do.—JOHN XVII. 4.

—♦—♦—♦—
WHEN we come to die we shall not find
The day has been too long for any of us
To have fulfilled the perfect law of CHRIST.
Who is there that can say “My part is done
In this; now I am ready for a law
More wide, more perfect for the rest of life?”
Is any living that has not come short?
Has any died that was not short at last?

Whensoc'er it comes—
That summons that we look for—it will seem
Soon, yea, too soon!—Let us take heed in time
That God may now be glorified in us!

H. HAMILTON KING.

♦
SO works the All-Wise! our services dividing
Not as we ask:
For the world's profit, by our gifts deciding
Our duty-task.
See in kings' courts loth Jeremias plead,
And slow-tongued Moses rule by eloquence of deed.

NEWMAN.

♦
LET every action tend to some point and be perfect
in its kind.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

♦
WE die: which means to say, the whole's removed,
Dismounted wheel by wheel, this complex
gin—

To be set up anew elsewhere,—begin
A task indeed, but with a clearer clime
Than the murk lodgment of our building-time.

BROWNING.

♦
OH work thy works in GOD!—HE can rejoice in
nought
Save only in HIMSELF and what His SELF has
wrought.

TRENCH.

Work Consummated.

Why stand ye gazing up into heaven? — ACTS I. 11.

Shew me thy faith without thy works, I will shew
thee my faith by my works — JA' I. 15.



TO feel is but to dream ; until we Do,
There's nought that is, and all we see but
seems.



CLOUGH.

LOVE and believe ! for Works will follow spon-
taneous

Even as day does the sun ; the Right from the Good
is an offspring,

Love in a bodily shape ; and Christian Works are no
more than

Animate Love and Faith, as flowers are the animate
spring-tide.

Works do follow us all unto God ;— there stand and
bear witness

Not what they seemed—but what they were only.



LONGFELLOW.

ALL common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

We have not wings, we cannot soar,
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.



LONGFELLOW.

BLENDING their souls' sublimest needs
With tasks of every day,
They went about their gravest deeds
As noble boys at play.

HOUGHTON.



NOR doubt that golden cords
Of good Works, mingling with the Visions, raise
The Soul to purer worlds.

WORDSWORTH.

WEEKS AFTER EASTER

"The Risen Life"

WEEK OF THE

SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION DAY

"Prayer"

"I will pray with the spirit and I will pray
with the understanding also."

A Prayer for the Week

LORD, teach us to pray !

Hearken unto the voice of my calling, my KING and my GOD, for unto THEE will I make my prayer ! My voice shalt THOU hear betimes, O LORD ! early in the morning will I direct my prayer unto THEE and will look up !

O LORD, I beseech THEE, let now Thine ear be attentive to the prayer of Thy servants who desire to fear Thy Name !

[SATURDAY.

Prayer.

Be not rash with thy mouth and let not thine heart be hasty to utter anything before God; for God is in heaven and thou upon earth; therefore let thy words be few —ECCLES. V. 2

—♦—
THERE may be Worship without Words.

LONGFELLOW.

—♦—
THE Prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray:
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

—♦—
PRAYER against His absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind,
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:
Therefore to His great bidding I submit. MILTON.

—♦—
IN reverence will we speak of those that woo
The ear Divine with clear and ready Prayer;
And while their voices cleave the Sabbath air,
Know their bright thoughts are winging heaven-
ward too.

Yet many a one—the latchet of whose shoe
These might not loose,—will often only dare
Lay some poor words between him and despair—
“Father, forgive! we know not what we do!”
For, as CHRIST pray’d, so echoes our weak heart,
Yearning the ways of God to vindicate,
But worn and wilder’d by the shows of fate,
Of Good oppressed and Beautiful defiled,—
Dim alien force, that draws or holds apart
From its dear home that wandering spirit-child.

HOUGHTON.

—♦—
SUBLIMITY always is simple.

LONGFELLOW.

SUNDAY.]

Prayer.

Watch unto Prayer.—EPISTLE FOR THE DAY.

—♦—
WHY loiterest within Simon's walls,
Hard by the barren sea,
Thou Saint! when many a sinner calls
To preach and set him free?
Can this be he, who erst confess'd
For CHRIST affection keen,
Now truant in untimely rest—
The mood of an Essene?
Yet he who at the sixth hour sought
The lone house-top to pray,
There gained a sight beyond his thought—
The dawn of Gentile day.
Then reckon not, when perils lour,
The time of Prayer mis-spent;
Nor meanest chance, nor place, nor hour
Without its heavenward bent. NEWMAN.

—♦—
WHO goes to bed and doth not pray,
Maketh two nights of every day. HERBERT.

—♦—
MEN ought always to pray and not to faint. LUKE XVIII. 1.

—♦—
OF this thing be careful—here give heed,
Since this and not thy pleasure is the end
Of all thy Prayer—this question often ask—
Does it more holy self-denial breed?
And leaves it thee more fearful to offend,
With loins succinct, readier for every task? TRENCH.

—♦—
THEN fainting soul, arise and sing!
Mount! but be sober on the wing;
Mount up, for Heaven is won by Prayer,
Be sober, for thou art not there! KEBLE.

[MONDAY.]

Prayer.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you: for every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

MATT. VII 78.

OF what an easy, quick access,
My blessèd LORD, art THOU? How suddenly
May our requests Thine ear invade!
To show that state dislikes not easiness
If I but lift mine eyes, my suit is made;
THOU canst no more not hear than THOU canst die.

HERBERT.

WHAT'S in Prayer, but this two-fold force—
To be forestallèd ere we come to fall,
Or pardoned, being down?

SHAKESPEARE.

SPEAK to HIM thou, for HE hears, and Spirit with
Spirit can meet:
Closer is HE than breathing, and nearer than hands
and feet.

TENNYSON.

THIS is that which most of all hindereth Heavenly
consolation, that thou art too slow in turning
thyself to Prayer.

THOS. A KEMPIS.

THOU art coming to a King!
Large petitions with thee bring!
For His grace and power are such
None can ever ask too much.

NEWTON.

EASILY may faith admit, that all
The good which we enjoy from heaven descends;
But that from us aught should ascend to heaven
So prevalent as to concern the mind
Of God high-bless'd, or to incline His Will,—
Hard to belief may seem: yet this will Prayer,
Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne
Ev'n to the seat of God!

MILTON.

TUESDAY.]

Prayer.

Thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.—MATT. VI. 6.

—♦—
EVEN as Elias mounting to the sky
Did cast his mantle to the earth behind,
So, when the heart presents the Prayer on high,
Exclude the World from traffic with the Mind.
SOUTHWELL.

—♦—
PRAYER is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear—
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but GOD is near. MONTGOMERY.

—♦—
A PRAYER in an hour of pain,
Begun in an undertone,
Then lowered, as it would fain
Be heard by the heart alone!—
A throb, when the soul is entered
By a light that is lit above,
Where the God of Nature has centered
The Beauty of Love!—
The world is wide,—these things are small,
They may be nothing, but they are All.
HOUGHTON.

—♦—
GO thou into thy closet: shut thy door—
And pray to HIM in secret: HE will hear.
But think not thou, by one wild bound, to clear
The numberless ascensions, more and more,
Of starry stairs that must be climbed, before
Thou comest to the FATHER's likeness near;
And bendest down to kiss the feet so dear
That, step by step, their mounting flights passed o'er.
Be thou content if on thy weary need
There falls a sense of showers and of the Spring;
A hope that makes it possible to fling
Sickness aside, and go and do the deed:
For highest aspiration will not lead
Unto the calm beyond all questioning. MAC DONALD.

Prayer.

Pray without ceasing.—2 THESS. v. 7.

IF we with earnest effort could succeed
 To make our life one long connected Prayer,
 As lives of some perhaps have been and are ;—
 If,—never leaving THEE,—we had no need
 Our wandering spirits back again to lead
 Into Thy presence, but continued there,
 Like angels standing on the highest stair
 Of the sapphire throne,—this were to pray indeed !
 But if distractions manifold prevail,
 And if in this we must confess we fail,
 Grant us to keep at least a prompt desire,
 Continual readiness for Prayer and Praise—
 An altar heaped and waiting to take fire
 With the least spark, and leap into a blaze !

TRENCH.

TRUE devotion does not depend upon Feeling.

THRICE blest, whose *lives* are faithful Prayers,
 Whose lives in higher love endure !
 What souls possess themselves so pure ?—
 Or is there blessedness like theirs ?

TENNYSON.

BEING in an agony He prayed more earnestly.

LUKE XXII. 44.

“THEY who have steeped their souls in Prayer
 Can every anguish calmly bear—
 They who have learnt to pray aright
 From pain's dark well draw up delight.”
 Your words are fair,
 But oh ! the truth lies deeper still !—
 I know not—when absorbed in Prayer—
 Pleasure or pain, or good or ill ;
 They who GOD's face can understand
 Feel not the motions of His hand.

HOUGHTON.

THURSDAY.]

Prayer.

Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.—PAUL. *1. 5.*

BE not afraid to pray!—to pray is right—
Pray (if thou canst) with hope; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay!
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light!
Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall cease;
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite!
Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see:
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be:
But if for any wish thou dar'st not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

H. COLERIDGE.

A MAN'S reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what 's heaven for?

BROWNING.

AS we hold of CHRIST, even so we have HIM.

LUTHER.

SO, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at the minster-gate,
Kneeling in Prayer, and not ashamed to pray,—
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the Eternal Ages watch and wait.

LONGFELLOW.

PRAYER was not meant for luxury
Or selfish pastime sweet;
It is the prostrate Creature's place
At his Creator's feet!

FABER.

[FRIDAY.]

Prayer.

All things whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing,
ye shall receive.—MATT. XXI. 22.

PRAYERS, which God in pity
Refused to grant or hear!

A. PROCTER.

FAR better we should cross His lightning's path,
Than be according to our idols heard,
And God should take us at our own vain word!

THOU Who hast deign'd the Christian's heart to call
Thy Church and Shrine; whene'er our rebel will
Would in that chosen home of Thine instal
Belial or Mammon, grant us not the ill
We blindly ask! in very love refuse
Whate'er THOU know'st our weakness would abuse!

Or rather, help us, LORD, to choose the good,
To pray for nought, to seek to none, but THEE,
Nor by "our daily bread" mean common food,
Nor say, "From this world's evil, set us free":
Teach us to love, with CHRIST, our sole true bliss,
Else, though in CHRIST's own words, we surely
pray amiss!

KEBLE.

PRAY! though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,—
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears!
An answer,—not that you long for,
But diviner,—will come some day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive and wait and pray!

A. PROCTER.

FEAR not, for thy Prayer is heard!

LUKE I. 13.

WEEK OF
WHITSUNTIDE

"The Spirit of Peace"

**"Giving diligence to keep the unity of the Spirit in
the bond of Peace."**

A Prayer for the Week

CREATOR SPIRIT, by Whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind !
Come pour Thy joys on human kind !
From sin and sorrow set us free
And make Thy temples worthy Thee—
Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And Peace, the fruit of Love, bestow !

The Spirit of Peace.

I labour for Peace; but when I speak unto them thereof, they make them ready to battle.

1st. LXX. 6. (1-14.)

—♦—
AS for thee,

That life thou hast is hidden from thine eyes,
And when it yearns, thou—knowing not for what—
Wouldst fain appease it with one grand, deep joy,
One draught of passionate Peace:—But wilt thou
The other name of joy, the better name [know
Of Peace? It is thy FATHER's name!—Thy Life
Yearns to its Source! The spirit thirsts for God,
Even the living God!

J. INGELOW.

♦

AH! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land?

TENNYSON.

♦

PAIN entered through a ghastly breach—
Nor while sin lasts must effort cease;
Heaven upon earth's an empty boast;
But, for the bowers of Eden lost,
Mercy has placed within our reach
A portion of God's Peace.

WORDSWORTH.

♦

O LORD of Peace, Who art LORD of Righteousness,
Constrain the anguished worlds from sin and
grief, [redress,
Pierce them with conscience, purge them with
And give us Peace which is no counterfeit.

E. B. BROWNING.

♦

THOU shalt hide them privily by Thine own
Presence from the provoking of all men; thou
shalt keep them secretly in Thy tabernacle from the
strife of tongues.

Ps. xxxi. 23 (P.B.).

♦

HIS face wore
The utter Peace of one whose life is hid
In God's own hand.

H. HAMILTON KING.

WHIT SUNDAY.]

The Spirit of Peace.

Peace I leave with you, my Peace I give unto you.
G. 3011 FOR THE DAY.
The fruit of the Spirit is . . . Peace.—GAL. V. 22.

PEACE, Peace!

Wrought by the Spirit of might,
In thy deepest sorrow and sorest strife,
In the changes and chances of mortal life,—
It is thine belovèd!—CHRIST'S own bequest,
Which vainly the Tempter shall strive to wrest;
It is now thy right!

F. R. HAVERGAL.

WHAT peaceful hours I once enjoyed!

How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
Return, O Holy Dove, return
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made THEE mourn
And drove THEE from my breast.

COWPER.

PEACE is what all desire; but all do not care for
the things that pertain unto true Peace.

THOS. À KEMPIS.

IN controversial foul impureness
The Peace that is thy light to thee
Quench not! In faith and inner sureness
Possess thy soul and let it be!

CLOUGH.

PEACE, perfect Peace! by thronging duties
press'd?—

To do the will of JESUS,—this is rest!

BICKERSTETH.

GOD for His service needeth not proud work of
human skill;

They please HIM best who labour most to do in
Peace His Will.

So let us strive to live! and to our spirits will be
Such wings as, when our Saviour calls, shall bear us
up to heaven.

WORDSWORTH.

[WHIT MONDAY.]

The Spirit of Peace.

Preaching Peace by JESUS CHRIST.—EPISTLE FOR THE DAY.
He is our Peace.—EPIH. II. 14.

PEACE is God's direct assurance
To the souls that win release
From this world of hard endurance—
Peace—HE tells us—only Peace!

HUGHTON.

O DEAR and blessèd Peace!
Why dost thou shroud thy vestal Purity
In penury and dungeons? Wherefore lurkest
With danger, death and solitude?—yet shunn'st
The palace I have built thee? Sacred Peace!
Oh visit me but once, but pitying shed
One drop of balm upon my withered soul!—
Vain man! that palace is the virtuous heart,
And Peace defileth not her snowy robes
In such a shed as thine!

SHELLEY.

PEACE in believing, through the power of the
Holy Ghost.

ROM. XV. 13.

THEY may assault, they may distress;
But cannot quench Thy love to me,
Nor rob me of the LORD my Peace!

COWPER.

BENT before Thy gracious throne,
And asked for Peace on suppliant knee;
And Peace was given,—nor Peace alone,
But Faith sublimed to Ecstasy!

WORDSWORTH.

GRANT Peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy Heaven!

P. PUSEY.

THE Blessed shall hear no vain words, but only
the word—Peace.

KORAN.

It is enough! earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And JESUS call us to Heaven's perfect Peace.

BICKERSTETH.

W^{HIT} T^UESDAY.]

The Spirit of Peace.

When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh
even his enemies to be at Peace with him.

PROV. XVI. 7.

HEART, heart, awake ! The love that loveth all
Maketh a deeper calm than Horeb's cave :—
God in thee,—*can* His children's folly gall ?

Love may be hurt, but shall not love be brave ?
Thy holy silence sinks in dews of balm ;
Thou art my solitude, my mountain-calm !

MAC DONALD.

SHAME to man ! Devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds.—men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace : and—God proclaiming peace,—
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy :
As if,—which might induce us to accord,—
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait !

MILTON.

BLESSED are the Peacemakers !

MATT. v. 9.

HENCE jarring sectaries may learn
Their real interest to discern ;
That brother should not war with brother
And worry and devour each other ;
But sing and shine, by sweet consent,
Till life's poor transient night is spent,
Respecting in each other's case
The gifts of Nature and of Grace.

Those Christians best deserve the name
Who studiously make Peace their aim !

COWPER.

STILL in thy right hand carry gentle Peace
To silence envious tongues. SHAKESPEARE.

PEACE hath her victories

No less renowned than war !

MILTON.

[WEDNESDAY.

The Spirit of Peace.

Follow Peace with all men. *HEB. xii. 14.*

WERE half the power that fills the world with
terror, [courts,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and
Given to redeem the human soul from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts.
The warrior's name would be a name abhorred !
And every Nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain !
Down the dark Future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease ;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the Voice of CHRIST say "*Peace.*"
Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies !
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise ! *LONGFELLOW.*

WELL if we pray, till THOU awake !
One word, one breath of THEE
Soft silence in the heart will make,
Calm Peace upon the sea. *KEBLE.*

HOW strange that all
The terrors, pains and early miseries,
Regrets, vexations, lassitudes interfused
Within my mind,—should e'er have borne a part,
(And that a needful part,) in making up
The calm Existence which is mine,—when I
Am worthy of myself ! *WORDSWORTH.*

ONLY the waters which in perfect stillness lie
Give back an undistorted image of the sky !
TRENCH.

SO, when our life is clouded o'er
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"*Peace, be still !*" *G. THRING.*

THURSDAY.]

The Spirit of Peace.

The Peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.—*PAUL.*

PEACE let us seek,—to steadfast things attune
Calm expectations! WORDSWORTH.

YIELD to the LORD, with simple heart,
All that thou hast and all thou art!
Renounce all strength but strength divine,
And Peace shall be for ever thine!

M^DME GUION.

PEACE!—a brutal lethargy is peaceable! the
noisome grave is peaceable! We hope for a
living Peace, not a dead one. CARLYLE.

I DO not ask, O LORD, that THOU should'st shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of Peace that I may tread
Without a fear!
Joy is like restless day! but Peace divine,
Like quiet night;
Lead me, O LORD—till perfect Day shall shine
Through Peace to Light! A. PROCTER.

BLESSED are the single-hearted: for they shall
enjoy much Peace. THOS. A KEMPIS.

O H dream no more of quiet life;
Care finds the careless out.—More wise to vow
Thine heart entire to Faith's pure strife;
So Peace will come, thou know'st not when or how.

KEBLE.

HIS Will is our Peace. DANTE.

GRANT us Thy Peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife!
Then, when Thy Voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O LORD! to Thine eternal Peace!

ELLERTON.

[FRIDAY.]

The Spirit of Peace.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect Peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.—Is. xxvi. 3.

○ GREAT good God! my pray'r is to neglect
The shows of fantasy, and turn myself
To Thy unfenced, unmeasured warmth and light!
Then were all shows of things a part of truth:
Then were my Soul, if busy or at rest,
Residing in the house of perfect Peace.

ALLINGHAM.

PEACE—

The central feeling of all happiness.

WORDSWORTH.

WE ask for Peace, O LORD!
Thy children ask Thy Peace!
Not what the World calls rest,—
That toil and care should cease,
That through bright sunny hours
Calm Life should fleet away
And tranquil night should fade in smiling day;—
It is not for such Peace that we would pray!
We ask Thy Peace, O LORD!
Through storm, and fear, and strife,
To light and guide us on,
Through a long, struggling life:
While no success or gain
Shall cheer the desperate fight,
Or nerve what the world calls our wasted might,—
Yet pressing through the darkness to the light!
It is Thine own, O LORD!
Who toil while others sleep,
Who sow with loving care
What other hands shall reap,—
They lean on THEE entranced
In calm and perfect rest:—
Give us that Peace, O LORD, Divine and blest,
Thou keepest for those hearts who love THEE best!

A. PROCTER.

*HOLY WEEK, EASTER, ASCENSION, AND
WHITSUNTIDE*

SAINTS COMMEMORATED IN THE SEASON

ST. MARK

APRIL 25th

"Spiritual Manhood"

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES

MAY 1st

"Spiritual Dulness"

* * The Feast of ST. BARNABAS (p. 479) occasionally falls
in this Season.

Spiritual Manhood.

Till we all come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect Man, unto the measure of the stature of the Fulness of Christ.—EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS.

—♦—

OPEN thy bosom, set thy wishes wide,
And let in Manhood,—let in happiness!
Amid the boundless theatre of thought—
From nothing up to God,—which makes a Man!
YOUNG.

~

THERE'S no one to whom's not given
Some little lineament of Heaven,
Some partial symbol, at the least, in sign,
Of what should be, if it is not, within,
Reminding of the death of sin
And life of the Divine . . .
Glory to God! that I am born
Into a world whose palace-gates
So many royal ones adorn—
Heaven's possible novitiates! . . .
Princely ye are, each one, to me,
Each of secret, kingly blood,
Though not inheritors as yet
Of all your own right royal things . . .
Yet are ye Angels in disguise;
Angels who have not found your wings.

SUTTON.

~

THE men we see in each other do not give us the
image and likeness of Man . . . We have never yet
seen a Man! We do not know the majestic manners
that belong to him. There are no Divine Persons with
us, and the multitude do not hasten to be Divine.

EMERSON.

~

WOE to the man that wastes his wealth of mind,
And leaves no legacy to human-kind.

H. COLERIDGE.

~

SET free the soul alike in all!

BROWNING.

~

WE never are, but are for ever only becoming,
that which it is possible to be.

CAIRD.

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES.]

Spiritual Dulness.

Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known Me, Philip?—GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

MY search is for the living gold—
HIM I desire who dwells recluse,
And not His image worn and old,
Day-servant of our sordid use.
Happier to chase a flying goal
Than to sit counting laurelled gains,
To guess the Soul within the Soul
Than to be lord of what remains!
Hide still, best Good in subtle wise
Beyond my nature's utmost scope!
Be ever absent from mine eyes
To be twice present in my hope!

LOWELL.

THEN shall we know, if we follow on to know, the
LORD.

HOS. VI. 3.

GOD often would enrich, but finds not where to
place
His treasure,—nor in hand nor heart a vacant space.

TRENCH.

IF your parts were somewhat slow, and your
understanding heavy, your way had been to
have taken the more pains with yourself, and not to
have lain fallow and remained content with your
own dulness

MARCUS AURELIUS.

WHAT is hell—but an eternal thirst,
And burning for the bounty once rejected!
And what is heaven—but God on earth rehearsed,
In the calm centre of the LORD perfected!

H. COLERIDGE.

SO little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him,—but perverts best things
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.

MILTON.

PART II.
THE PILGRIMAGE OF THE DISCIPLE

THE SEASON OF TRINITY

"BE YE THEREFORE PERFECT"

Saints' Days in Trinity

SAINTS' DAYS IN TRINITY

St. Barnabas' Day

JUNE 11th

St. John the Baptist's Day

JUNE 24th

St. Peter's Day

JUNE 29th

St. James's Day

JULY 25th

St. Bartholomew's Day

AUGUST 24th

St. Matthew's Day

SEPT. 21st

St. Michael and All Angels

SEPT. 29th

St. Luke's Day

OCT. 18th

St. Simon and St. Jude

OCT. 28th

All Saints' Day

Nov. 1st

* * ST. ANDREW'S DAY (Nov. 30th, p. 36) occasionally falls within this Season, and ST. BARNABAS' DAY (JUNE 11th, p. 479) in the preceding Season.

WEEK OF
TRINITY SUNDAY

“The Ideal of Holiness”

“We may be partakers of His holiness.”

A Prayer for the Week

ALMIGHTY GOD, the fountain of Holiness, **WHO** by Thy Word and Thy Spirit dost conduct all Thy servants in the ways of peace and sanctity ; grant unto me so truly to repent of my sins, so carefully to reform my errors, so diligently to watch over all my actions, that I may never willingly transgress Thy holy laws ; but that it may be the work of my life to obey **THEE** ; the joy of my soul to please **THEE** ; the satisfaction of all my hopes, and the perfection of my desires, to be with **THEE** in Thy Kingdom of Grace and Glory.

[SATURDAY.

Holiness.

What fellowship hath Righteousness with Unrighteousness?—1 Cor. v. 14.

JUDGE not what is best
By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet,—
Created as thou art, to nobler end,
Holy and pure,—Conformity divine! MILTON.

A SOUL in commerce with her God, is Heaven,
Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life ;
The whirls of passions, and the strokes of heart :
A DEITY believ'd is joy begun ;
A DEITY ador'd is joy advanced ;
A DEITY belov'd is joy matur'd. YOUNG.

IT is of no avail to assert your own purity, even
were true purity possible in isolation. When-
soever you see corruption by your side, and do not
strive against it, you betray your duty. MAZZINI.

LOVE interceding kneels in fear,
Lest to the Pure th' unholy draw too near. KEBLE.

No Impure thing is allowed to approach the Pure. PLATO.

No man can serve two masters.

WHY ever make man's Good distinct from God's ?
Or, finding they are one, why dare mistrust ? BROWNING.

O THOU of purer eyes than to behold
Uncleanness ! Lift my soul, removing all
Strange thoughts, imaginings fantastical,
Iniquitous allurements manifold !
Make it a spiritual ark, abode
Severely sacred, perfumed, sanctified,
Wherein the Prince of Purities may abide—
The Holy and Eternal Spirit of God ! D. GRAY.

SUNDAY.]

Holiness.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty! Which was,
and is, and is to come!— EPISTLE FOR THE DAY.

—♦—
HOLY! Holy! Holy! though the darkness hide
THEE, [see;
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not
Only THOU art holy, there is none beside THEE,
Perfect in Power, in Love, and Purity. HEBER.

—♦—
GOD is one supreme goodness, one pure essence,
one substance, and one sense, all sight, all hands. PLINY.

—♦—
HOW wonderful! how beautiful!
The sight of THEE must be—
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful Purity! FABER.

—♦—
ALL things participate in the Divine Nature. . The
capacity of perfectibility is indefinite in Man. DANTE.

—♦—
DRAW, if thou canst, the mystic line,
Severing rightly His from thine,—
Which is human, which Divine. EMERSON.

—♦—
HOLINESS becometh Thine House, O LORD, for
ever! PS. XCIII. 5.

—♦—
CHOOSE your Fate yourselves! Virtue is the
peculiar prize of none. Each, as he honours
or dishonours her, will enjoy her favour. Blame
rests with the chooser; God is blameless. PLATO.

—♦—
THE gross adhesive loathsomeness of sin
Give me to see!—Yet oh! far more, far more—
That beautiful Purity which the saints adore
In a consummate Paradise within
The veil!—O LORD, upon my soul bestow
An earnest of that Purity here below! D. GRAY.

[MONDAY.

Holiness.

As He which hath called you is Holy, so be ye Holy in all manner of conversation. Because it is written, Be ye Holy, for I am Holy.—1 PETER I. 15, 16

IT IS only noble to be good. TENNYSON.

MEN may pursue the Beautiful, while they
Love not the Good, the life of all the Fair ;
Keen-eyed for beauty, they will find it where
The darkness of their eyes hath power to slay
The vision of the good in Beauty's ray. . .
So THOU didst mould Thy thoughts in Life, not Art,
Teaching with human voice, and eye, and hand,
That none the beauty from the truth might part :
Their oneness in Thy flesh we joyous hail—
The Holy of Holies' cloud-illumined veil.

MAC DONALD.

THERE is but one Temple in the world, and that
Temple is the Body of Man. Bending before
men is a reverence done to this Revelation in the
Flesh. We touch Heaven when we lay our hands
on a human body.

NOVALIS.

WE cannot reach our SAVIOUR's purity,
Yet are we bid "*Be holy e'en as He!*"
In both let's do our best ! HERBERT.

WE believe that every man ought to be a Temple
of the Living God. The life of a Soul is
sacred in every stage of its existence. MAZZINI.

ARE we not holy ? Do not start !
It is God's sacred will
To call us Temples set apart
His Holy Ghost may fill. A. PROCTER.

HOW wonderful is man !
Though sullied, and dishonour'd, still divine,
Dim miniature of greatness absolute ! YOUNG.

TUESDAY.]

Holiness.

Holiness, without which no man can see the Lord.

HEB. XII. 14.

ONLY the Good discerns the good.

E. B. BROWNING.

TO see the Face of GOD, this makes the joy of Heaven!

The purer then the eye, the more joy will be given.

TRENCH.

A PURE heart penetrateth Heaven and Hell.

THOS. A KEMPIS.

YOUR Learning, like the lunar beam, affords
Light, but not heat; it leaves you undevout;
Frozen at heart.

YOUNG.

MY strength is as the strength of ten

Because my heart is pure. TENNYSON.

ILLUMINATE our minds, that we may see
In all around us holy signs of THEE.

BOURNE.

MAKE THOU my spirit pure and clear

As are the frosty skies,

Or this first snowdrop of the year,

That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd and dark

To yonder shining ground;

As this pale taper's earthly spark

To yonder argent round,—

So shows my Soul before the LAMB,

My spirit before THEE,

So in mine earthly house I am,

To that I hope to be!

Break up the heavens, O LORD! and far

Thro' all yon starlight keen,

Draw me, thy bride,—a glittering star

In raiment white and clean!

TENNYSON.

Holiness.

To the pure all things are pure.—TRIST. 1. 15.

GOODNESS thinks no ill
Where no ill seems. MILTON.

BEAR a lily in thine hand,
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand. LONGFELLOW.

SOME natures catch no plagues.
E. B. BROWNING.

INNOCENCE is strong,
And an entire simplicity of mind
A thing most sacred in the eye of Heaven.
WORDSWORTH.

FROM a pure heart proceedeth the fruit of a good
life. THOMAS A KEMPIS.

PUREST souls sometimes have direst fears.
MAC DONALD.

THE earth is our workshop. We may not curse
it, we are bound to sanctify it. MAZZINI.

I WOULD rather take my part
With God's Dead, who afford to walk in white,
Yet spread His glory,—than keep quiet here,
And gather up my feet from even a step
For fear to soil my gown in so much dust.
E. B. BROWNING.

THE way to mend the bad world is to create the
right world. EMERSON.

DO that which is good, and no evil shall touch
you. TORIT XII. 7.

THURSDAY.]

Holiness.

Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

PSALM LI. 7.

TO be good
Is more than holy words or definite acts.

MAC DONALD.

OH, white young souls, strain upward, upward
Even to the heavenly source of Purity! [still,

L. MORRIS.

WHO are These in dazzling brightness
Clothed in God's own righteousness?
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess;
Still untouch'd by Time's rude hand—
Whence came all this glorious band?
These are they who have contended
For their SAVIOUR's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustain'd,
Triumph by the LAMB have gained!

FRANCES COX.

VIRTUE has her relapses, conflicts, foes;
Foes that ne'er fail to make her feel their hate:
Virtue has her peculiar set of pains.

YOUNG.

JUST as I am!—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To THEE, Whose blood can cleanse each spot—
O LAMB of God, I come!

C. ELLIOTT.

HOW indestructibly the Good grows and propa-
gates itself even among the weedy entangle-
ments of Evil! . . . mysteriously does a Holy of Holies
build itself into visibility in the mysterious deeps!

CARLYLE.

I HAVE lived my life! and that which I have done,
May HE within Himself make pure!

TENNYSON.

Hofiness.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled. *Matt. v. 6.*

NO smiles of fortune ever blest the bad,
Nor can her frowns rob innocence of joys.
YOUNG.

GUILT was a thing impossible in her !
For she had lived
In this bad world as in a place of tombs,
And touched not the pollutions of the dead.
S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE soul, in its highest sense, is a vast capacity
for GOD.
DRUMMOND.

HOW paint to the sensual eye what passes in
the Holy of Holies of man's soul? In what
words, known to these profane times, speak even
afar-off of the unspeakable?
CARLYLE.

VIRTUE alone is Happiness below.
POPE.

AS the hart panteth for the water-brooks, so
longeth my soul after THEE, O GOD !

EVERY man's soul is a portion of the Deity and
derived from thence. Take care that the
Divinity within you has a creditable charge to pre-
side over !
MARCUS AURELIUS.

A KING sang once
Long years ago—" My soul is athirst for God,
Yea, for the living God ;"—thy thirst and his
Are one . . . —Life is not enough,
Nor love, nor learning.—Death is not enough
Even to them, happy, who forecast new life ;
But give us now, and satisfy us now,—
Give us now, now !—to live in the life of God ;
Give us now, now !—to be at one with HIM !
J. INGELOW

WEEK OF THE
FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

"The Ideal of Love"

"By love serve one another."

A Prayer for the Week

O GOD, forasmuch as earthly Love is but the image of Thine own eternal Charity, be gracious unto those who have blessed me with their Love! Do THOU reward them with the abundant riches of Thy grace, that the Love which is begun on earth may be perfected in the glory of Thine own Revelation, from WHOM all true Love comes, and in WHOM it shall be consummated.

Love.

A New Commandment I give unto you, that ye Love one another as I have loved you . . . By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have Love one to another.—*John xiii. 34, 35.*

“**T**HANK God!” the Theologian said,
 “The reign of violence is dead,
 Or dying surely from the world;
 While Love triumphant reigns instead,
 And in a brighter sky o’erhead
 His blessed banners are unfurled.
 And most of all thank God for this!
 The war and waste of clashing creeds
 Now end in words, and not in deeds;
 And no one suffers loss or bleeds
 For thoughts that men call heresies.”

LONGFELLOW.

WY Love subsists
 All lasting grandeur—by pervading Love!

WORDSWORTH.

WHEN a man becomes dear to me I have touched
 the goal of fortune.

EMERSON.

ALL through life there are way-side inns, where
 man may refresh his soul with Love;
 Even the lowest may quench his thirst at rivulets
 fed by springs from above.

LONGFELLOW.

SEE how these Christians love one another!

TOO much love there can never be.

BROWNING.

GOD gives us Love. Something to love
 He lends us; but when Love is grown
 To ripeness, that on which it throve
 Falls off, and Love is left alone.

TENNYSON.

LO! there is no more mortal and immortal!
 Nought is on earth or in the heavens but Love!

MYERS.

SUNDAY.]

Love.

Beloved, let us love one another: for Love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God.—FISILE FOR THE DAY.

LOVE is the root of creation,—God's essence!
Worlds without number
Lie in his bosom like children! HE made them for
this purpose only:
Only to love and be loved again! HE breathed
forth His spirit
Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing, it
laid its
Hand on its heart and felt it was warm with a flame
out of heaven.
Quench, oh quench not that flame! It is the breath
of your being!
Love is Life, but hatred is Death! LONGFELLOW.

WHAT wonder man should fail to stay
A nursling wafted from above,
The growth celestial come astray—
That tender growth whose name is Love!
J. INGELow.

SCORN no man's Love, though of a mean degree;
Love is a present for a mighty king.

FAMILIAR acts are beautiful through Love.
SHELLEY.

ONE shriek of hate would jar all the hymns of
heaven. LONGFELLOW.

WE Love less or more
In the heart of a man, he keeps it shut
Or opes it wide as he pleases:—but
Love's sum remains what it was before.

BROWNING.

BLESSEDNESS all bliss above
When thy pure fires prevail!
Love only teaches what is Love;
All other lessons fail.
We learn its name, but not its powers—
Experience only makes it ours. COWPER.

[MONDAY.

Love.

He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is Love.—1 JOHN IV. 8.

MY GOD, THOU art all Love !
Not one poor minute 'scapes Thy breast
But brings a favour from above—
And in this Love—I rest.

HERBERT.

SO let us say, not—“ *Since we know, we love ;* ”
But rather, “ *Since we love, we know enough.* ”
For why ! The creature and Creator stand
Rightly related so. Consider well !
Were Knowledge all thy faculty, then God
Must be ignored ; Love gains Him at first leap.

BROWNING.

LOVE makes all things equal ; I have heard
By mine own heart this joyous truth averred :
The spirit of the worm beneath the sod
In love and worship blends itself with God.

SHELLEY.

HE that shuts Love out, in turn shall be
Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie
Howling in outer darkness.

TENNYSON.

IT is foolish to be afraid of making our ties too
spiritual, as if so we could lose any genuine
Love.

EMERSON.

LOVE is to us in these late days
What faith in those old times might be ;
He that hath Love lacks not of faith,
And hath besides Love's liberty.

FABER.

LEARN that to love is the one way to know
Or God or Man !

J. INGELW.

GOD loves from whole to parts : but human Soul
Must rise from individual to the whole. POPE.

TUESDAY.]

Love.

Love taketh not account of evil; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth.

1 Cor. xiii. 5, 6. R.V.)

—♦—
MANY a one hath virtues manifold,
Who had been naught if Love had never been.

WORDSWORTH.

LOVE the King's image there would stamp again,
Effaced in part, and soiled with rust and stain :
How far above all price Love's costly wine,
Which can the meanest goblet make divine !

TRENCH.

WE form not our affections. It is they
That do form us ; and form us in despite
Of our poor protests.

LYTTON.

TRUE Love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away.
Love is like Understanding, that grows bright
Gazing on many truths.

SHELLEY.

LOVE covereth all sins.

PROV. X. 12.

TIME'S waters will not ebb, nor stay,
Power cannot change them, but Love may—
What cannot be, Love counts it done.
Deep in the heart, her searching view
Can read where Faith is fix'd and true,
Through shades of setting life can see Heaven's
work begun.

KEBLE.

LIFE, I repeat, is energy of Love
Divine or human !

WORDSWORTH.

THOU art the victor, Love !
Thou art the fearless, the crown'd, the free ;
The strength of the battle is given to thee
The spirit from above !

F. HEMANS.

Love.

Love never faileth. When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away — 1 COR. XIII. 8, 12, 13.

THE MASTER stood upon the mount and taught ;
 He saw a fire in His Disciples' eyes :
 "The Old Law," they cried, "is wholly come
 to nought,
 Behold the New World rise !"
 "Was it," the LORD then said, "with scorn ye saw
 The Old Law observed by Scribes and Pharisees ?
 I say unto you, see ye keep that Law
 More faithfully than these !
 "Too hasty heads for ordering worlds, alas !
 Think not that I to annul the Law have willed ;
 No jot, no tittle from the Law shall pass
 Till all have been fulfilled."
 So CHRIST said eighteen hundred years ago :
 And what then shall be said to those to-day,
 Who cry aloud to lay the old world low,
 To clear the new world's way ?
 "Religious fervours ! ardour misapplied !—
 Hence, hence," they cry, "ye do but keep man
 blind !
 But keep him self-immersed, pre-occupied,
 And lame the active mind !"
 Ah, from the old world let some one answer give :
 "Scorn ye this world, their tears, their inward
 cares !
 I say unto you, see that *your* Souls live
 A deeper Life than theirs !" . . .
 "Children of men ! not that your Age excel
 In pride of life the ages of your sires,—
 But that ye think clear, feel deep, bear fruit well,
 The Friend of man desires." MATT. ARNOLD.



LOVE is not love,
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove. SHAKESPEARE.

THURSDAY.]

Love.

Love beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.—1 COR. XIII. 7. (R.V.)

☉ O we indeed desire the dead
Should still be near us at our side!
Is there no baseness we would hide?
No inner vileness that we dread?
Shall he for whose applause I strove,—
I had such reverence for his blame,—
See with clear eye some hidden shame,
And I be lessened in his love?
I wrong the grave with fears untrue—
Shall Love be blamed for want of faith?
There must be wisdom with great Death—
The dead shall look me through and through.
Be near us when we climb or fall!
Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
With larger, other eyes than ours,
To make allowance for us all. TENNYSON.

✧
CAN Love,—if Love,—be occupant in part,
Hold, as it were, some chambers in the heart?—
Tenant at will of so much of the Soul,
Not lord and mighty master of the whole?

✧ CLOUGH.
FATE, Time, Occasion, Chance, and Change. To
these
All things are subject, but eternal Love. SHELLEY.

✧
LOVE is a virtue for heroes : as white as the snow
on high hills,
And immortal,—as every great soul is that struggles,
endures, and fulfils. E. B. BROWNING.

✧
HE is not wholly lost, who yet keeps Love for
aught ;
Large fire from smallest spark has oftentimes been
brought. TRENCH.

✧
J END with—Love is all, and Death is naught!
BROWNING.

Love.

The greatest of these is Love.—1 COR. XIII 13.

STRONGER than steel
Is the sword of the Spirit !
Swifter than arrows
The light of the truth is !
Greater than anger
Is Love, and subdueth !
The dawn is not distant
Nor is the night starless—
Love is eternal !
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us !
CHRIST is eternal !

LONGFELLOW.

FOR all love greatens and glorifies,
Till God's aglow to the loving eyes,
In what was mere earth before !

BROWNING

LOVE is the star by which our course we steer,
Love for our Kind, its image glassed below ;
And when the breeze of Hope begins to blow
The radiance spreads of that dilated sphere
O'er Life's dark waters, nearer and more near.
A silver path that star appears to throw
Toward us, and with light that plain to sow
Which shakes beneath the shock of our career.
Thus is the brightness of our heavenly home
Itself a beacon unto those that stray :
The beacon thus becomes the glittering way
To all whom Hope impels her seas to roam !
What then is Hope ?—a Faith that dares to move !
And what is Faith ?—the happy rest of Love !

AUBREY DE VERE.

TWO of these triple lights shall once grow pale—
They burn without, but Love, within the veil.

TRENCH.

WEEK OF THE
SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

“The Snare of Worldliness”

“Flee the shadow of this World.”

A Prayer for the Week

I pray not that THOU shouldest take me out of the
World, but that THOU shouldest keep me from the evil.

Worldliness.

They are choked with cares and riches and pleasures of this life — LUKE 11 : 34

—♦—
HONEST wills at first—

After the faint resistance of an hour,
Yield themselves up half-willing prisoners,
Soon to be won by golden-guileful tongues,
To do blithe service in the cause of Sin.

HOUGHTON.

×

TIS the gradual furnace of the World,—
In whose hot air our spirits are upcurl'd,
Until they crumble, or else grow like steel,—
Which kills in us the bloom, the youth, the spring,—
Which leaves the fierce necessity to feel,
But takes away the power.

M. ARNOLD.

×

HEART-BURIED in the rubbish of the World—
The World!—that gulf of Souls, immortal Souls!

YOUNG.

×

EMBROIDERED lies,—NOTHING between two
dishes!

These are the pleasures here!

HERBERT.

×

GIVE us—amid earth's weary toil
And wealth, for which men cark and care,
'Mid fortune's pride and need's wild toil,
And broken hearts in purple rare,—

Give us Thy Grace to rise above
The glare of this World's smelting fires!
Let God's great love put out the love
Of gold and gain and low desires!

Still sweetly rings the Gospel strain
Of golden store that knows not rust:
The love of CHRIST is more than gain,
And heavenly crowns than yellow dust.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

SUNDAY.]

Worldliness.

And they all with one consent began to make
excuse. GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

THEY made their own traditions God.

TENNYSON.

THE World goes riding it fair and grand,
While the Truth is bought and sold !
World-voices east ! world-voices west !
They call thee, Heart, from thine early rest,
“ Come hither, come hither, and be our guest ! ”
Heart, wilt thou go ?
— “ No, no ! ”

Good hearts are calmer so. E. B. BROWNING.

THE rest too busy or too gay to wait
On the sad theme—their Everlasting State,
Sport for a day, and perish in a night !—
The foam upon the waters not so light ! COWPER.

THIS finite life thou hast preferred,
In disbelief of God's own Word,
To Heaven and to Infinity :—
Here the probation was for thee
To show thy soul the Earthly mixed
With Heavenly, it must choose betwixt.—

The Earthly Joys lay palpable,—
A taint in each,—distinct as well ;
The Heavenly flitted, faint and rare,
Above them,—but as truly were
Taintless, so in their nature best.

Thy choice was Earth ! Thou didst attest
’Twas fitter spirit should subserve
The flesh, than flesh refine to nerve
Beneath the spirit's play !

Thou art shut
Out of the heaven of spirit ! Glut
Thy sense upon the World ! ’tis thine
For ever !—take it !

BROWNING.

[MONDAY.

Worldliness.

The god of this World hath blinded the minds of them that believe not.—2 COR. IV. 4

A WORLD

That keeps not faith, nor yet can point a hope
To good, whereof itself is destitute !

WORDSWORTH

WHAT is man's faith in fame,
But respect for the World's good opinion ?
Whence is Faith weak in act,
But from fear of the World's false opinion ?

LYTTON.

MARK-BROW'D sophist ! come not anear !
All the place is holy ground !
Hollow smile and frozen sneer,
Come not here ! . . .
In your eye there is death
There is frost in your breath ! . .
In the middle leaps a fountain . . .
And it sings a song of undying Love ;
And yet though its voice be so clear and full,
You never would hear it ; your ears are so dull ;
So keep where you are ; you are foul with sin ;
It would shrink to the earth if you came in !

TENNYSON.

THIS people's heart is waxed gross and their ears
are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have
closed.

MATT. XIII. 15.

OURS the shame to understand
That the World prefers the lie !—
That, with medicine in her hand,
She *will* sink and choose to die !
Ours the agonizing sense
Of the Heaven this Earth might be,
If, from their blank indifference,
Men woke one hour and felt as we !

HOUGHTON.

TUESDAY.]

Worldliness.

Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years;
take thine ease! eat, drink, and be merry! But God
said, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required
of thee.—*L. KE XII. 19, 20.*

TO thy worst Self, sacrifice thyself!
For with thy worst self hast thou crowned thy god..
Thy god is far diffused in noble groves,
And princely halls, and farms, and flowing lawns,
And heaps of living gold that daily grow,
And title-scrolls and gorgeous heraldries—
In such a shape dost thou behold thy god!

TENNYSON.

THOU mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much. SHAKESPEARE.

OH ye who deem one moment unamused, a misery!
How will ye weather an eternal night
Where such expedients fail? YOUNG.

FALL down and worship the golden image!
DAN. III. 5.

THE World's esteem is but a bribe;—
To buy their peace you sell your own:—
The slave of a vain-glorious tribe,
Who hate you while they make you known!
The joy that vain amusements give—
Oh! sad conclusion that it brings!—
The honey of a crowded hive
Defended by a thousand stings!
'Tis thus the World rewards the fools
That live upon her treacherous smiles;
She leads them blindfold by her rules,
And ruins all whom she beguiles! COWPER.

THEY bade me worship—aye—but in their way!
A God, whom I might patronize, or more or less!
Their God demanded homage night and day—
His name—Success! E. M. L. G.

[WEDNESDAY.

Worldliness.

We speak not the wisdom of this World, nor of the princes of this World, that come to nought: but the wisdom of God . . . which none of the princes of this World knew: for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory . . . 1 COR. II. 6.

RIGHT ends and means make wisdom ;—
Worldly-wise
Is but half-witted, at its highest praise. YOUNG.

THE World is thronging round to gaze
On the dread vision of the latter days,
Constrained to own THEE, but in heart
Prepar'd to take Barabbas' part :
" *Hosanna* " now !—to-morrow "*Crucify* !"
The changeful burden still of their rude, lawless cry.
KEBLE.

GREATLY pitying whom the World calls happy.
COWPER.

THEN fear ye not, though Gallio's scorn ye see,
And soft-clad nobles count you mad, true hearts !
These are the fig-tree's signs—rough deeds must be,
Trials, and crimes !—So learn ye well your parts !
Once more to plough the earth it is decreed,
And scatter wide the seed. NEWMAN.

THIS chief fault was an unconscious awe
Of the little World, falsely call'd great, and the law
Of its lawless dictators ;—an awe not indeed [deed
Of that great World which justly on each human
Sitsumpire, adjudging man's worth o'er man's grave—
That grand court of Public Opinion whence springs
Man's loyal allegiance to lofty control, [soul . . .
Which confines not his life but concentrates his
" Ah ! what will the world say ? " . . . THE WORLD !
therein lies

The question that, as it is utter'd, implies
All that's fine or that's feeble in thought and intent :
The distinction depends on the World that is meant.
LYTTON.

THURSDAY.]

Worldliness.

Love not the World, neither the things that are in the World. 1 JOHN II. 15.

—♦—
HE that doth love, and love amiss,
This World's delights before true Christian joy,
Hath made a Jewish choice :
The World an ancient murderer is !
Thousands of souls it hath, and doth destroy
With her enchanting voice.
He that hath made a sorry wedding
Between his soul and gold, and hath preferred
False gain before the true,
Hath done what he condemns in reading :
For he hath sold for money his dear LORD.

HERBERT.

—♦—
GOD, Who feeds our hearts
For His own service,—knoweth, loveth us,
When we are unregarded by the World.

WORDSWORTH.

—♦—
FOR let a man once show the World that he feels
Afraid of its bark, and 'twill fly at his heels :
Let him fearlessly face it,—'twill leave him alone :
But 'twill fawn at his feet,—if he flings it a bone !

LYTTON.

—♦—
A WORLD whose soil is rank with all unkindness.

WORDSWORTH.

—♦—
YOU have too much respect upon the World ;
They lose it that do buy it with much care.

SHAKESPEARE.

—♦—
O THOU who choosest for thy share
The World, and what the World calls fair,
Take all that it can give or lend !—
But know that death is at the end !

LONGFELLOW.

—♦—
TO know the World, not love her, is thy point :
She gives but little, nor that little long.
Who venerate themselves the World despise.

Worldliness.

Know ye not that the friendship of the World is enmity with God? Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the World is the enemy of God.—JAMES IV. 4.

—♦—

THINK not rashly, that because
 Modern life is smooth and fine,
 'Tis not subject to the laws
 Of the MASTER's high design!—
 That we less require endurance
 Than in days of coarser plan,—
 That we less demand assurance
 Of the GODHEAD hid in Man!

Trust me! Truth is still at war,
 Just as in the hard old time,
 With a thousand things that are—
 Births of woe and food for crime;
 Still to vindicate the right
 Is a rough and thankless game;—
 Still the leader in the fight
 Is the hindmost in the fame. HOUGHTON.

♦

IS there no stoning save with flint and rock?
TENNYSON.

♦

MY heart is full of inarticulate pain
 And beats laborious. Cold ungenial looks
 Invade my sanctuary. Men of gain,—
 Wise in success, well-read in feeble books,—
 No nigher come, I pray! Your air is drear;
 'Tis winter and low skies when ye appear!
MAC DONALD.

♦

THE World is too much with us:—late and soon
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:—
 We have given our hearts away,—a sordid boon!
WORDSWORTH.

♦

FOR the Many, clinging to their lot
 Of worldly ease and sloth, 'tis written "Touch Me
 not."
NEWMAN.

WEEK OF THE

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

"Growth in Humility"

"Before Honour is Humility."

A Prayer for the Week

Shall I speak unto my LORD, who am but dust and ashes? If I esteem myself to be anything more, behold, THOU standest against me, and my iniquities bear true witness and I cannot contradict it. But if I abase myself, Thy Grace will be favourable to me, and Thy light near unto my heart; and all self-esteem . . . shall be swallowed up in the valley of my nothingness, and perish for ever! Turn THOU us unto THEE, that we may be thankful, humble and devout; for THOU art our Salvation, our Courage, and our Strength.

[SATURDAY.

Humility.

Take my yoke upon you and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart.—MAT. XI. 29.

THIS life while here, as well as birth,
Was but a check to pomp and mirth;
And all man's greatness you may see
Condemn'd by His Humility. VAUGHAN.

WILT see thyself to God-like stature grown!
Feed full thy soul on strong Humility!
Then shalt thou on thy sordid lot look down—
Make thou thy life!—not let thy life make thee!
CLARA GREENE.

GREAT souls are always loyally submissive,—
reverent to what is over them; only small, mean
souls are otherwise. CARLYLE.

WE are high at first
In our demand, nor will abate a jot
Of toil's strict value; but time passes o'er,
And humbler spirits accept what we refuse.
BROWNING.

BOAST not of what thou would'st have done;
but do
What then thou would'st; thou see'st it in thy hand.
MILTON.

YE who would build the Churches of the LORD,
See that ye make the western portals low!
Let no one enter who disdains to bow!
High truths, profanely gazed at, unadored,
Will be abused at first,—at last abhorred;
And many a learned, many a lofty brow,
Hath rested, pillowed on a humbler vow
Than keen logicians notice or record:—
O stainless peace of blest Humility!

AUBREY DE VERE.

I BECAME of all men the most humble and
most abject, that thou mightest overcome thy
pride with my Humility. THOS. A KEMPIS.

SUNDAY.]

Humility.

All of you be subject one to another, and be clothed
with humility. — EPISTLE FOR THE DAY.

I HAVE been honoured and obey'd,
I have met scorn and slight;
And my heart loves earth's sober shade,
More than her laughing light.
For what is rule, but a sad weight
Of duty, and a snare?
What meanness,—but with happier fate
The SAVIOUR'S Cross to share! NEWMAN.

IF humble, next of thy Humility beware!
And, lest thou should'st grow proud of such a
grace, have care! TRENCH.

NOTHING is more scandalous than a man that
is proud of his Humility. MARCUS AURELIUS.

I WAS not born
Informed and fearless from the first, but shrank
From aught which marked me out apart from men:
I would have lived their life and died their death,
Lost in their ranks, eluding destiny. BROWNING.

WELL-DOING bringeth pride;—this constant
thought
Humility,—that thy best done is nought. BRIDGES.

HE that esteemeth himself viler than all men, and
judgeth himself most unworthy, is fittest to
receive the greater blessings. THOS. À KEMPIS.

LET the Will kneel within thy haughty heart,
For benefits and meek submission tame
The fiercest and the mightiest. SHELLEY.

[MONDAY.

Humility.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble and meek.—LUKE I. 52. (P.B.)

IT would be hard with thee if heaven were shut
To such as have not learning! Nay, nay, nay,
HE condescends to them of low estate :
To such as are despised HE cometh down,
Stands at the door, and knocks. J. INGLOW.

FROM lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed.

SHAKESPEARE.

IN obedience and humility,
Waiting on God's hand, not forestalling it,—
Seek not to snatch presumptuously the palm
By self-election ; poison not thy wine
With bitter herbs if HE has made it sweet ;
Nor rob God's treasures because the key
Is easy to be turned by mortal hands.
The gifts of Birth, Death, Genius, Suffering,
Are all for His hand only to bestow,—
Receive thy portion and be satisfied !
Who crowns himself a king is not the more
Royal ; nor he who mars himself with stripes,
The more partaker of the Cross of CHRIST.

H. HAMILTON KING.

HOW know I, if THOU should'st me raise,
That I should then raise THEE ?
Perhaps great places and Thy praise
Do not so well agree. HERBERT.

HUMBLE love,
And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven.
YOUNG.

SEE, I am low ; yea, very low ; but THOU
Art high, and THOU canst lift me up to THEE.
MAC DONALD.

TUESDAY.]

Humility.

He humbled Himself.—PHIL. II. 8.

I am among you as He that serveth.—LUKE XXII. 27.

—♦—
THOU camest forth, to bring the Poor,
(Whose hearts were nearer faith and verity),
Spiritual childhood, Thy philosophy ;—
So taught'st the A B C of heavenly lore ;
Because THOU sat'st not, lonely evermore,
With mighty thoughts informing language high :
But walking in Thy poem continually,
Didst utter Acts,—of all true Forms the core ;
Instead of parchment, writing on the Soul
High thoughts and aspirations, being so
Thine Own Ideal ; . . . THOU didst reach Thy goal
Triumphant, but with little of acclaim,
Even from Thine own, escaping not their blame.

MAC DONALD.

—♦—
TO cure thee of thy pride, that deepest-seated ill,
God humbled His own self—wilt thou thy
pride keep still ?

TRENCH.

—♦—
FOR things far off we toil, while many a good
Not sought, because too near, is never gained.

WORDSWORTH.

—♦—
WOULD'ST thou possess this peace ! be still, be
Peace with the pure abides ; [low !
Yea, all the humble, all the gentle, know
The shelter where she hides :
Rooted in patience, her fair buds to flowers shall
grow.

—♦—
HIDE me, O FATHER, till the hour of death,
In lowly, silent, hamlet ministry :
The rough and hard and homely task for me.
Not angel-flights 'mid flattery's poison-breath ! .
He deigned forget His own Eternal Being. . .
He loved and served and toiled, the end foreseeing—
Say, were such lot too low for such as I ? MORGAN.

[WEDNESDAY.]

Humility.

If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye ought also to wash one another's feet

JOHN 13. 14.

✠
JESUS! Who deemdst it not unmeet
To wash Thine own disciples' feet,
Though THOU wert Lord of All;
Teach me thereby this wisdom meek,
That they who self-abasement seek
Alone shall fear no fall.

FABER.

✠
OFT in lowliest tasks on earth
Faith doth show her genuine birth.

I. WILLIAMS.

✠
IF rightly trained and bred,
Humanity is humble, finds no spot
Which her heaven-guided feet refuse to tread. . .
Love, as Nature loves, the lonely Poor! [proof,
Search for their worth,—some gentle heart wrong-
Meek, patient, kind, and were its trials fewer,
Belike less happy. Stand no more aloof!

WORDSWORTH.

✠
TIS better for us to remain where we are
In the lowly valley of duty and care,
Than lonely to stray to the heights above,
Where there's nothing to do, and nothing to love.

H. COLERIDGE.

✠
MY soul! rest happy in thy low estate,
Nor hope, nor wish, to be esteemed or great;
To take the impression of a Will divine,—
Be that thy glory, and those riches thine!

M^{ME} GUION.

✠
IF that in sight of God is great
Which counts itself for small,
We by that law Humility
The chiefest Grace must call;
Which being such, not knows itself
To be a Grace at all.

TRENCH.

THURSDAY.]

Humility.

Go and sit down in the lowest room.—LUKE XIV. 10.

MAN'S lawful pride includes Humility;
Stoops to the lowest—is too great to find
Inferiors; all immortal! Brothers all!
Proprietors eternal of Thy love! YOUNG.

✠

WHEN a philanthropist said pompously,
“With your great gifts you ought
To work for the great world, not spend yourself.
On common labours like a common man”—
He answered him, “The world is in God's hands!
This part HE gives to me; for which my past,
Built up on loves inherited, hath made
Me fittest. Neither will HE let me think
Primeval, godlike work too low to need,
For its perfection, manhood's noblest powers
And deepest knowledge, far beyond my gifts . . .
And if I leave the thing that lieth next,
To go and do the thing that is afar,
I take the very strength out of my deed,
Seeking the needy not for pure need's sake.”

MAC DONALD.

✠

IN me there dwells
No greatness, save it be some far-off touch
Of greatness to know well I am not great.

TENNYSON.

✠

THE greater thou art, the more humble thyself,—
and thou shalt find favour before the LORD.
Many are in high place and of renown, but mysteries
are revealed unto the meek. ECCLES. III. 18, 19.

✠

THOU hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heaven, majestic, free!
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay. WORDSWORTH.

Humility.

I dwell in the high and holy place with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.—ISAIAH LVII. 1.

✦

FOR THOU, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring THEE where they come,
And going, take THEE to their home. COWPER.

✦

NEITHER shalt thou be troubled overmuch
Because thy offering—littleness itself,—
Is lessened by admixture sad and strange
Of mere man's motives—Praise with Fear, and Love
With looking after that same love's reward.

✦

Dust thou art !
Dust shalt be to the end ! Thy father took
The Dust and kindly called the handful—gold,
Nor cared to count what sparkled here and there,
Sagely unanalytic. BROWNING.

✦

A FEEBLE voice may give an earnest sound,
And grateful hearts are measured not by power. HOUGHTON.

✦

HIS overthrow heaped happiness upon him ;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little !

SHAKESPEARE.

✦

DISDAIN thee ?—not the worm beneath my feet !
The Fathomless has care for meaner things
Than thou canst dream, and has made pride for those
Who would be what they may not, or would seem
That which they are not. SHELLEY.

✦

GOD many a spiritual house has reared, but never
one
Where Lowliness was not laid first, the corner-stone.
TRENCH.

WEEK OF THE

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

"Latent Compensations"

"Out of weakness were made strong."

A Prayer for the Week

O GOD, Who hast prepared for them that love THEE such good things as pass man's understanding, increase and multiply upon us Thy mercy; that, THOU being our Ruler and Guide, we may so pass through things temporal, that we finally lose not the things eternal.

Compensations.

Son, remember that thou in thy life time receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented.

LULL. XVI. 25.

—♦♦—

WE wish that men by men despised,
And such as lift their foreheads overprized,
Should sometimes think . . .
What recompense is kept in store, or left
For all that seems neglected or bereft :—
With what nice care equivalents are given,
How just, how bountiful, the Hand of Heaven !

❖

WORDSWORTH.

THE Lazar pined while Dives' feast was kept,
Yet he to Heaven,—to Hell did Dives go ;
We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May,
Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away.

❖

SOUTHWELL.

THE limitation of the natural Life is the necessary
condition of the full enjoyment of the Spiritual
Life.

❖

DRUMMOND.

THE ruby long outlasts the scented rose —
But then the ruby no such fragrance knows.

❖

TRENCH.

EVERY sweet with soure is tempered still,
That maketh it be coveted the more ;
For easie things that may be got at will,
Most sorts of men doe set but little store :
Why then should I account of little Paine
That endlesse Pleasure shall unto me gaine.

❖

SPENSER.

HOWBEIT all is not lost :
The warm noon ends in frost, . . .
Yet through the silence shall
Pierce the Death-Angel's call,
And "Come up hither," recover all.
Heart, wilt thou go ?—"I go !"
Broken hearts triumph so !"

E. B. BROWNING.

Compensations.

I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.—*EPISTLE FOR THE DAY.*

THOU hast done well to kneel and say
 "Since HE who gave can take away,
 And bid me suffer, I obey!"
 And also well to tell thy heart
 That good lies in the bitterest part,
 And thou wilt profit by her smart . . .

Nor with thy share of work be vexed;
 Though incomplete and ev'n perplex,
 It fits exactly to the next.
 What seems so dark to thy dim sight
 May be a shadow, seen aright,
 Making some brightness doubly bright.
 The flash that struck thy tree—no more
 To shelter thee—lets Heaven's blue floor
 Shine where it never shone before!

A. PROCTER.

YET the Power appears to-morrow
 That to-day seems wholly lost,
 And the reproductive sorrow
 Is a treasure worth the cost.

HOUGHTON.

BACK they came like a wind . . .
 Or like a restrained word of God,
 Fulfilling itself by what seems to hinder.

E. B. BROWNING.

WHO would dare the choice, neither or both to
 know,
 The finest quiver of joy or the agony-thrill of woe?
 Never the exquisite pain, then never the exquisite
 bliss;
 For the heart that is dull to that, can never be
 strung to this!

F. R. HAVERGAL

MEASURE your mind's height by the shade it
 casts!

BROWNING.

[MONDAY.

Compensations.

With the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again.—LUKE VI. 38.

—♦—♦—♦—
NOBLE souls transfer their nobleness
To that whereon they gaze, and through the veils
Of custom or of weakness reach the heart
That beats, as theirs, with lofty thoughts and true.

PLUMPTRE.

—♦—♦—♦—
THE fixed Arithmic of the universe,—
Which meteth good for good and ill for ill,
Measure for measure unto deeds, words, thoughts ;—
Watchful, aware, implacable, unmoved ;
Making all Futures fruits of all the Past.

E. ARNOLD.

—♦—♦—♦—
I HEARD a man proclaim,—all men were wholly
base ;
One such a one I knew there stood before my face !

TRENCH.

—♦—♦—♦—
WE cannot render benefits to those from whom
we receive them, or only seldom. But the
benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for
line, deed for deed, to somebody. Beware of too
much good staying in your hand !

EMERSON.

—♦—♦—♦—
ALL manners take a tincture from our own,
Or come discolour'd through our passions
shown.

POPE.

—♦—♦—♦—
AS one lamp lights another, nor grows less,—
So Nobleness enkindleth Nobleness.

LOWELL.

—♦—♦—♦—
THOUGH the mills of God grind slowly, yet they
grind exceeding small ;
Though with patience H^e stands waiting, with
exactness grinds H^e all.

VON LOGAU.

TUESDAY.]

Compensations.

Esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt, for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward.—HEB. XI. 25.

IT is not the wall of stone without
That makes the building small or great,
But the soul's light shining round about,
And the Faith that overcometh Doubt,
And the Love that stronger is than Hate.

LONGFELLOW.

THE easy path in the lowland hath little of grand
or new, [view !
But a toilsome ascent leads on to a wide and glorious
Peopled and warm is the valley, lonely and chill the
height,
But the peak that is nearer the storm cloud is nearer
the stars of light.

F. R. HAVERGAL

POOR is our sacrifice, whose eyes
Are lighted from above,
We offer what we cannot keep—
What we have ceased to love!

NEWMAN.

IN the nature of the Soul is the Compensation for
the inequalities of condition.

EMERSON.

PASSING soon and little worth
Are the things that tempt on earth—
Heavenward lift thy soul's regard ;
God Himself is thy reward !

CLARK.

DEEP within my heart of hearts there hid
Ever the confidence—amends for all,—
That Heaven repairs what wrong earth's journey did,
When love from life-long exile comes to call . . .
I chose the darkling half, and wait the rest
In that new world where light and darkness fuse.

BROWNING.

[WEDNESDAY.

Compensations.

The Lord is able to give thee much more than all
this.—2 CHRON. XXV. 9.

—♦♦—
THERE are who sigh that no fond heart is theirs,
None loves them best!—O vain and selfish sigh!
Out of the bosom of His love, HE spares—

The FATHER spares the SON,—for thee to die :
For thee HE died, for thee HE lives again ;
O'er thee HE watches in His boundless reign.

Thou art as much His care, as if beside

Nor man nor angel lived in Heav'n or earth :

Thus sunbeams pour alike their glorious tide,

To light up worlds or wake an insect's mirth ;

They shine and shine with unexhausted store—

Thou art Thy SAVIOUR'S darling—seek no more !

KEBLE.

✧
NO man is called to a life of self-denial for its own
sake. It is in order to a Compensation which
is always real and always proportionate.

✧
DRUMMOND.

NEVER ought was excellent assayed
Which was not hard toatchive and bring to end.

✧
SPENSER.

MERE decay produces richer life. BROWNING.

✧

WHAT then ? Shall we sit idly down and say
“ The night hath come ; it is no longer day ” ?
The night hath not yet come ; we are not quite
Cut off from labour by the failing light ;
Something remains for us to do or dare . . .
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

✧
LONGFELLOW.

AH, who am I, that God hath saved
Me from the doom I did desire,
And crossed the lot myself had craved
To set me higher ?

J. INGELOW.

THURSDAY.]

Compensations.

Verily, I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My sake and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundred-fold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the World to come eternal life.

MARK X. 29-30

LET us own, the sharpest smart
Which human patience may endure,
Pays light for that which leaves the heart
More generous, dignified, and pure!
COVENTRY PATMORE.

WE cannot part with our friends; we cannot let
our Angels go.—We do not see that they
only go out, that Archangels may come in!
EMERSON.

WHATEVER 'S lost, it first was won;
We will not struggle nor impugn—
Perhaps the cup was broken here
That Heaven's new wine might show more clear—
I praise THEE while my days go on!
E. B. BROWNING.

THE world shall burn and from her ashes spring
New heaven and earth, wherein the just shall
And after all their tribulations long [dwell,
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth!
MILTON.

A GREATER light puts out the lesser light —
So be it ever!—such is God's high law.—
The self-same Sun that calls the flowers from earth
Withers them soon, to give the fruit free birth;—
The nobler Spirit to whom much is given
Must take still more, though in that more there lie
The risk of losing All :—To gaze at Heaven,
We blind our earthly eyes :—To live we die!
HOUGHTON.

[FRIDAY.

Compensations.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of Life.—REV. II. 10

IS there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think or bravely die ?
POPE.

THE good I have ne'er repaid thee
In heaven I pray be recorded,
And all thy love rewarded
By God, thy Master that made thee !
BRIDGES.

NOTHING will injure me . . for a bad man is
not permitted to injure a better than himself.
SOCRATES.

GREAT is the peril or toil, if the glory or gain be
great !
Never an earthly gift without responsible weight !
Never a treasure without a following shade of care !
Never a power without the lurk of a subtle snare !
F. R. HAVERGAL.

THERE is in man a Higher than Love of Happi-
ness ; he can do without Happiness, and instead
thereof find Blessedness.
CARLYLE.

HAST thou beneath another's stern control
Bent thy sad soul,
And wasted sacred hopes and precious tears ?
Yet calm thy fears !
For thou canst gain, even from the bitterest part,
A stronger heart.
Hast thou found life a cheat, and worn in vain
Its iron chain ?
Has thy soul bent beneath its heavy bond ?—
Look thou beyond !
If life is bitter, *there* forever shine
Hopes more divine !
A. PROCTER.

WEEK OF THE
FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

"Success in Failure"

"He faileth not."

A Prayer for the Week

O Righteous FATHER, and ever to be praised, the hour is come that thy servant is to be proved, that he should be for a little while held cheap and humbled, and in the sight of men should fail, that he may rise again with THEE in the morning dawn of the new Light, and be glorified in Heaven. THOU knowest what is expedient for my spiritual pilgrimage.—Do with me according to Thy desired good pleasure !

[SATURDAY.]

Success in Failure.

Yet have I left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him.—1 KINGS XIX. 18.

—♦—♦—
JT chanced upon the merry, merry Christmas eve,
I went sighing past the church across the moor-
land dreary, [leave,
“Oh! never Sin and Want and Woe this earth will
And the bells but mock the wailing round, they
sing so cheery!
How long, O LORD! how long before THOU come
again? [dreary
Still in cellar, and in garret, and on moorland
The orphans moan and widows weep, and poor men
toil in vain,
Till earth is sick of hope deferred, though Christ-
mas bells be cheery.”
Then rose a joyous clamour from the wild-fowl on
the mere, [ringing;
Beneath the stars, across the snow, like clear bells
And a voice within cried—“Listen! Christmas
Carols even here!
Though thou be dumb, yet o’er their work the
stars and snows are singing.
Blind! I live! I love! I reign!—and all the nations
through [ringing;
With the thunder of My judgments even now are
Do thou fulfil thy work, but as yon wild-fowl do,—
Thou wilt heed no less the wailing,—yet hear
through it angels singing!” C. KINGSLEY.



GREATLY begin! though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime—
Not Failure, but low aim, is crime! . . .
We are not poorer that we wept and yearned;
Though earth swing wide from God’s intent,
And though no man nor nation
Will move with full consent
In heavenly gravitation,—
Yet by one Sun is every orbit bent! LOWELL.

SUNDAY.]

Success in Failure.

Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing; nevertheless at Thy word I will let down the net. And when they had this done, they enclosed a great multitude of fishes.

— ♦ — GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

A MAN may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper.

TENNYSON.

“THE live-long night we’ve toiled in vain,
But at Thy gracious word
I will let down the net again :
Do THOU Thy will, O LORD.”—

So spake the weary fisher, spent
With bootless darkling toil,
Yet on his MASTER’S bidding bent—
For love, and not for spoil. . . .
For wildest storms our ocean sweep :—
No anchor but the Cross
Might hold :—and oft the thankless deep
Turns all our toil to loss.

Full many a dreary, anxious hour
We watch our nets alone,
In drenching spray and driving shower,
And hear the night-bird’s moan :
At morn we look, and nought is there :
Sad dawn of cheerless day !
Who then from pining and despair
The sickening heart may stay !

There is a stay, and we are strong !
Our MASTER is at hand
To cheer our solitary song
And guide us to the strand ! . . .
Or, if for our unworthiness,
Toil, prayer and watching fail,
In disappointment THOU canst bless,
So love at heart prevail !

KEBLE.

✻
I WILL never fear or avoid a possible Good, rather
than a certain Evil.

PLATO.

[MONDAY.

Success in Failure.

We trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel.—LUKE XXIV. 21.

IT may be hard to gain, and still
To keep a lowly, stedfast heart :
Yet he who loses has to fill
A harder and a truer part.
Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success ;
He who knows how to fail, has won
A crown whose lustre is not less.

A. PROCTER.

FROM Death comes Light, from Pain Beatitude ;
Chide not at loss,—for out of loss comes gain ;
Chide not at Grief, for 'tis the soul's best food.

BUCHANAN.

THE whole Cross is more easily carried than the
half. It is the man who tries to make the best
of both worlds who makes nothing of either.

DRUMMOND.

IN man there's failure, only since he left
The lower and unconscious forms of life.

BROWNING.

SAY not—the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,—
And as things have been they remain !
If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;—
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.
For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent,—flooding in,—the Main.
And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the Light ;
In front, the sun climbs slow,—how slowly !
But westward,—look ! the land is bright. CLOUGH.

TUESDAY.]

Success in Failure.

Did they stumble that they might fall? God forbid!
Their fall is the riches of the world, and their loss
the riches of the Gentiles.—ROM. XI. 11, 12.

NOT from arrogant pride,
Nor over-boldness, fail they who have striven
To tell what they have heard,—yet find no voice
For such high message . . . God-like 'tis
To fail upon the icy ledge, and fall—
Where other footsteps dare not! L. MORRIS.

ON distant shores
Their labours end: or They return to lie,
The vow performed, in cross-legged effigy,
Devoutly stretched upon their chancel-floors!
Am I deceived? Or is their requiem chanted
By voices never mute, when Heaven unties
Her inmost, softest, tenderest harmonies?—
Requiem which Earth takes up with voice un-
daunted, [Wise
When she would tell how Brave and Good and
For their high guerdon, not in vain, have panted!

WORDSWORTH.

DEATH, numbing his lower nature, releases him
for the scarce disturbed communion of a Higher
Life. DRUMMOND.

THY life that has been dropped aside
Into Time's stream, may stir the tide
In rippled circles spreading wide.
The cry wrung from thy Spirit's pain
May echo on some far off plain,
And guide a wanderer home again.
Fail—yet rejoice! because no less
The failure that makes thy distress
May teach another full success. A. PROCTER.

HE loseth nothing that loseth not God.

Success in Failure.

[WEDNESDAY.]

The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.—ECCLES. IX. 11.

MORE

The battle's loss may profit those who lose,
Than Victory advantage those who win.

CALDERON.

I KNOW

How far high failure overleaps the bounds
Of low successes.

L. MORRIS.

THE swift is not the safe, and the sweet is not the strong ;
The smooth is not the short, and the keen is not the long ;
The much is not the most, and the wide is not the deep,
And the flow is never a spring, when the ebb is only neap.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

WE cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides !
The Spirit bloweth and is still,—
In mystery our soul abides !
But tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone ;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done !
Not till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern.

MATT. ARNOLD.

MY own hope is, a Sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched :
That, after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched ;
That what begins best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.

BROWNING.

THURSDAY.]

Success in Failure.

He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it.

MAT. X. 39.

IT may be that in some great need
Thy Life's poor fragments are decreed
To help build up a lofty Deed:
Thy heart should throb in vast content,
Thus knowing that it was but meant
As chord in one great Instrument:
That even the discord in thy Soul
May make completer music roll
From out the great harmonious whole.

A. PROCTER.

IF you serve an ungrateful master, serve him the more! Put GOD in your debt: every stroke shall be repaid. The longer the payment is withholden, the better for you; for compound interest on compound interest is the rate and usage of this exchequer!

EMERSON.

I HELD it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

TENNYSON.

NOW,—the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife!
Afterward,—the triumph given,
And the Victor's crown of Life!
Now,—the Training strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now!
Afterward,—the Service holy,
And the MASTER'S "Enter thou."

F. R. HAVERGAL.

THOU hast not failed! where holy love and truth
Contend with Evil, failure cannot be!
Their sorest scars claim reverence, not ruth,—
Their worst repulse is still a victory!
Thou well-belovèd who didst bend the knee
In pure self-sacrifice to meet God's frown,
Kneeling, wert circled with the Martyr's Crown.

J. THOMPSON.

[FRIDAY.

Success in Failure.

Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find
it after many days. — ECCLES. XI. 1.

WE scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more ;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears
In weeds that mar the land, or healthful store.

KEBLE.

ALL we have willed or hoped or dreamed of Good,
shall exist, —
Not its semblance, but itself! — No Beauty, nor
Good, nor Power,
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for
the melodist,
When Eternity affirms the conception of an hour!
The High that proved too high, — the Heroic for
earth too hard. —
The Passion that left the ground to lose itself in
the sky, —
Are Music sent up to God by the lover and the
bard ;
Enough that he heard it once ; — we shall hear it
by and by.
And what is our failure here but a triumph's evi-
dence
For the fulness of the days ! Have we withered
or agonized ?
Why else was the pause prolonged, but that singing
might issue thence ?
Why rushed the discords in, but that Harmony
should be prized ?
Sorrow is hard to bear, and Doubt is slow to clear !
Each sufferer says his say, his end of the weal
and woe ;
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the
ear ;
The rest may reason and welcome ; 'tis we Musi-
cians know !

BROWNING.

WEEK OF THE
SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

“Individual Responsibility”

“Give an account of thy stewardship!”

A Prayer for the Week

O LORD GOD Almighty, leave me not, I beseech
THEE, destitute of Thy manifold gifts, nor yet of grace
to use them alway to Thy honour and glory !

Individual Responsibility.

[SATURDAY.

Every man shall bear his own burden.—GAL. VI. 5.

LEARN that each duty makes its claim
Upon one Soul,—not each on all ;—
How, if God speak thy brother's name,
Dare thou make answer to the call ?
The greater peril in the strife,
The less this evil should be done ;
For, as in battle, so in life,
Danger and honour still are one.
Arouse him, then !—This is thy part !
Show him the claim ! point out the need !
And nerve his arm, and cheer his heart ;
Then stand aside, and say " God speed !"
Smooth thou his path ere it is trod ;
Burnish the arms that he must wield ;
And pray with all thy strength, that God
May crown him Victor in the field !
And then, I think, thy soul shall feel
A nobler thrill of true content,
Than if presumptuous eager zeal
Had seized a crown for others meant.

A. PROCTER.

HAS not the Soul an end which nothing else can
fulfil !

PLATO.

SHALL the soul live on other men's report,
Herself a pleasing fable of herself ?

LOWELL.

EACH of us brings with him an element, more or less
important, of the life of Humanity to come.

MAZZINI.

THE great mortal combat between human life
And each human soul must be single ! The strife
None can share,—though by all, its results may be
known :

When the soul arms for battle, she goes forth alone.

LYTTON.

SUNDAY.]

Individual Responsibility.

If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.—*MATTHEW, V. 23, 24.*

I KNOW that some would here rebuke me,
“It is enough to live and move in God [saying:
With all Humanity, not seeking self
In any such exclusive special bond,
Which is not common to the whole of Life.”

And others would take from us even that,—
Who deny God at all outside of us,—
Saying, “There is no Evil and no Good,
Nor anything at all, except ourselves
And self-created modes of our own brain,—
For all the living universe of God.”

The old false teachers, who at first seemed hard
To Nature,—bidding, “Crucify the flesh
To save the Soul,”—were merciful to these!
For these would crucify the Soul itself,
And stifle back upon itself the cry,
And deepest craving of the human heart.

H. H. KING.

AND they say. “How doth God know, and is
there Knowledge in the Most High?”

PS. LXXIII. 11.

SOMETHING I must do individual,

To vindicate my nature, to give proof

I also am a Man.

CLOUGH.

SAY not thou, I will hide myself from the LORD;
shall any remember me from above? I shall
not be remembered among so many people! for
what is my Soul among such an infinite number of
creatures?

ECCLUS. XVI. 17.

FOR each one of us is provided that objective
assurance of our right of approach to God
which is the solid basis of Religion. WESTCOTT.

Individual Responsibility.

[MONDAY.

To one he gave five talents, and to another two, and to another, one: to every man according to his several abilities.

—♦—

GOD bends from out the deep and says—

“I gave thee the great gift of Life;

Wast thou not called in many ways?

Are not My earth and heaven at strife?

I gave thee of My seed to sow—

Bringest thou ME My hundred-fold?”

Can I look up with face aglow,

And answer, “FATHER, here is gold?”

LOWELL



HIGHER life

Gives deeper death! Fair gifts make fouler faults!



MAC DONALD.

OUR Responsibility as Christians corresponds with the grandeur of the Truth which is placed within our reach.



WESTCOTT.

No stream from its source

Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But what some land is gladden'd! No star ever rose
And set, without influence somewhere! Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature?

No life

Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all Life not be purer and stronger thereby!
The spirits of just men made perfect on high—
The army of martyrs who stand by the Throne
And gaze into the Face that makes glorious their
own—

[sorrow,

Know this, surely, at last! Honest love, honest
Honest work for the day, honest hope for the
morrow,

Are these worth nothing more than the hand they
make weary,—

The heart they have sadden'd,—the life they leave
dreary?

[Spirit

Hush! the sevenfold Heavens to the voice of the
Echo: “He that o'ercumeth shall all things inherit!”

LYTTON.

TUESDAY.]

Individual Responsibility.

Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.—PHIL. II. 12.



ALL society

Howe'er unequal, monstrous, crazed and cursed,
Is but the expression of men's single lives,—
The loud sum of the Silent Units! E. B. BROWNING.



I KNOW that God is good, though Evil dwells
Among us, and doth all things holiest share,—
That there is joy in Heaven, while yet our knells
Sound for the souls which HE has summoned there,
That painful love unsatisfied hath spells,
Earned by its smart, to soothe its fellow's care:
But yet,—this Atom cannot in the whole
Forget Itself—It aches a separate Soul!



J. INGELOW.

NOTHING can alter the Responsibility which is
laid upon each Soul.

WESTCOTT.



SOME sounds sighed ever for a harmony
With other deeper, fainter tones, that still
Drew nearer from the unknown depths, wherein
The Individual goeth out to GOD.

MAC DONALD.



EACH age must worship its own thought of GOD,
More or less earthy,—clarifying still,
With subsidence continuous of the dregs.

LOWELL.



THIS in the advance of individual minds
That the slow crowd should ground their expectation,
eventually to follow.

BROWNING.



ARE not great men the models of Nations?



LYTTON.

INDIVIDUALS die!—but the amount of Truth they
have taught, and the sum of Good they have
done, dies not with them.

MAZZINI.

[WEDNESDAY.

Individual Responsibility.

Thou therefore which teachest another, teachest
thou not thyself? — ROM. II. 21.

LET me enjoy my own conviction,
Nor watch my neighbour's faith with fretfulness,
Still spying there some dereliction
Of truth, perversity, forgetfulness! BROWNING.

IT is great folly not to part with your own faults,
which is possible, but to try instead to escape
from other people's faults, which is impossible.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

THIS that I am!—
How leave my inch-allotment, pass at will
Into my fellow's liberty of range? BROWNING.

LET every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.
ROM. XIV. 5.

DARE I trust my heart's voice against the Voice
of the Whole?
Yet should the roar of the Crowd ever drown the
true voice of the Soul? W. SMITH.

THE character of a Generation is moulded by Per-
sonal Character. WESTCOTT.

IF thou turn
Thy thoughts upon thyself, for the great sake
Of purity and conscious whiteness' self,—
Thou wilt but half succeed. The other half
Is to forget the first, and all thyself,
Quenching thy moonlight in the blaze of day;—
Turning thy Being full unto thy GOD;—
Doing the Right with sweet unconsciousness;—
Having GOD in thee,—a completer Soul,
Be sure than thou alone!—thou not the less
Complete in choice and individual life,
Since that which sayeth *I*, doth call *HIM*, *Sire*.
MAC DONALD.

THURSDAY.]

Individual Responsibility.

No man may deliver his brother, nor make agreement unto God for him.—PS. XLIX. 7. P.B.)

CAN I bless thee, my belovèd—can I bless thee?

What blessing word can I

From mine own tears keep dry?

What flowers grow in my field wherewith to dress

My good reverts to ill; [thee!

My calmnesses would move thee,

My softnesses would prick thee,

My bindings up would break thee,

My crownings curse and kill—

Alas! I can but love thee!

May God bless thee, my belovèd!—may God bless thee!

Can I love thee, my belovèd, can I love thee?

And is *this* like love, to stand

With no help in my hand?

When strong as death I fain would watch above

My love-kiss can deny [thee—

No tear that falls beneath it:

Mine oath of love can swear thee

From no ill that comes near thee:

And thou diest while I breathe it,

And I—I can but die!

May God love thee, my belovèd!—may God love thee.

†

E. B. BROWNING.

EACH single Life is seen in the Incarnation to be,
in the Divine Plan, an element in the Body of
CHRIST.

†

WESTCOTT.

MAN who Man would be,
Must rule the empire of himself; in it
Must be supreme, establishing his throne
On vanquished Will, quelling the anarchy
Of hopes and fears,—being himself alone!

†

SHELLEY.

TO aid the Will too much, is to pervert
Its nature, and instead of helping, hurt.
LYTTON.

[FRIDAY.

Individual Responsibility.

Who art thou that judgest another man's servant ?
To his own master he standeth or falleth.—R. M. A. 15. 4.

THE world but a frivolous phantasm seems,
And mankind in the mass but as motes in sunbeams ;
But when Fate, from the midst of this frivolous nature,
Selects for her purpose some frail human creature,
And the Angel of Sorrow, outstretching a wan
Forefinger to mark him, strikes down from the man
The false life that hid him,—the man's Self appears
A solemn Reality.—Him the dread spheres
Of heaven and hell with their forces dispute ;—
And dare *we* be indifferent ? Hence, and be mute,
Light scoffer, vain trifler ! Through all thou
discernest,
A Greater than thou is at work,—and in earnest !
And he who dares trifle with man, trifles too
With man's awful MAKER !

LYTTON.

WHAT is it then to me
If others are inquisitive to see ?
Why should I quit my place to go and ask
If other men are working at their task ?
Leave my own buried roots, to go
And see that brother plants shall grow ;
And turn away from THEE, O THOU most Holy Light,
To look if other orbs their orbits keep aright
Around their proper sun,
Deserting THEE, and being undone !

CLOUGH.

SUCH view
Is but man's wonderful and wide mistake.
Man lumps his kind i' the mass ; God singles thence,
Unit by unit. Thou and God exist—
So think !—for certain : think the mass—mankind—
Disparts,—disperses,—leaves thyself alone !
Ask thy lone soul what laws are plain to thee—
Thee and no other !—stand or fall by them !
That is the part for thee.

BROWNING.

WEEK OF THE
SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

"The Mission of Compassion"

"He that followeth after Mercy findeth Life."

A Prayer for the Week

O GOD of Patience and Consolation, be merciful unto our infirmities, and make us ever ready to consider the necessities of those around us; and when we are tempted by selfishness or pride, bestow Thy Grace, that we may with gentleness make allowance for the frailty of others.

[SATURDAY.

Compassion.

Shouldst thou not also have had Compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee?

MATT. XVIII. 33.

SUCH mercy HE by His most holy reede
Unto us taught, and to approve it trew
Ensamed it by His most righteous deede,
Shewing us mercie, miserable crew!
That we the like should to the wretches shew,
And love our brethren.

SPENSER.

HOW shalt thou hope for Mercy, rendering none?

SHAKESPEARE.

NOW pity is the touch of GOD in human hearts,
And from that way HE ever trod, he ne'er departs:
"We will go seek and save the lost (if they will hear)
They who are worst, but need the most—and all are dear."

W. SMITH.

AND soon all vision waxeth dull;
Men whisper "He is dying!"
We cry no more "Be pitiful!"
We have no strength for crying:
No strength! no need! Then, Soul of mine,
Look up and triumph rather!—
Lo! in the depth of GOD'S Divine
The SON adjures the FATHER—
Be pitiful, O God!

TOUCHED by the love of CHRIST . . . Compassion
will gain for us again its true meaning. We shall
minister to the weak and the erring, not in con-
descending pity, but as enabled to share evils which
are indeed our own.

WESTCOTT.

PITY and need make all flesh kin.

E. ARNOLD.

TEACH me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see!
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me!

POPE

SUNDAY.]

Compassion.

I have Compassion on the multitude.

GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

THE SON of GOD was seen
Most glorious; in HIM all His FATHER shone
Substantially express'd, and in His Face
Divine Compassion visibly appear'd. MILTON.

WHEN my death-time comes,
May that all-pitying look be with me still,
Those tones of Mercy lock my soul to rest !
PLUMPTRE.

LOVE divine! all love excelling,
Joy of heaven! to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling.
All Thy faithful mercies crown!
JESU, THOU art all Compassion,
Pure, unbounded love THOU art;
Visit us with Thy salvation!
Enter every waiting heart! C. WESLEY.

NEAR the fane
Of Wisdom, Pity's altar stood;
Serve not the Unknown God in vain;
But pay that broken shrine again
Love for hate and tears for blood!
SHELLEY.

"THERE is no God," the Foolish saith,
But none "There is no Sorrow,"
And Nature oft the cry of Faith
In bitter need will borrow;
Eyes, which the preacher could not school,
By wayside graves are raised,
And lips say "God be pitiful!"
Which ne'er said "God be praised!"
Be pitiful, O God!
E. B. BROWNING.

HIS Mercy endureth for ever!

[MONDAY.

Compassion.

It is of the Lord's Mercies that we are not consumed, because His Compassions fail not. They are new every morning : great is Thy Faithfulness!

LAM. III. 22. 23.

IN Mercy and Justice both,
Through heav'n and earth,— so shall My glory excel ;
But Mercy first and last shall brightest shine !

MILTON.

MERCY ! carried infinite degrees
Beyond the tenderness of human hearts !

WORDSWORTH.

IF the MOST HIGH shall not multiply His Mercies,
the World would not continue with them that
inherit therein.

2 ESDRAS VII. 67.

YE fearful saints, fresh courage take !
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with Mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head !

COWPER.

WE pray together at the kirk
For mercy,— mercy solely :
Hands weary with the evil work—
We lift them to the HOLY.

Be pitiful, O God !

E. B. BROWNING.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise !

ADDISON.

ON Thy compassion I repose
In weakness and distress :
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love THEE less.
Oh ! 'tis a blessed thing for me
To need Thy tenderness !

A. L. WARING.

TUESDAY.]

Compassion.

Blessed are the Mercifull! for they shall obtain mercy.

MATT. V. 7

THE quality of Mercy is not strained;—

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath! It is twice blessed—
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes!
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest! It becomes
The thronèd Monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of Kings;
But Mercy is above this sceptred sway,—
It is enthronèd in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God Himself!—
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When Mercy seasons Justice. Therefore Jew!
Though Justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That in the course of Justice, none of us
Should see Salvation:—We do pray for Mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of Mercy.

SHAKESPEARE.

WE hold a creed
Of deeper Pity, who know what chains of ill
Bind round our petty lives.

L. MORRIS.

CAN I be calm, beholding everywhere
Disease and anguish, busy early and late?
Can I be silent, nor compassionate
The evils that both Soul and Body bear?

BUCHANAN.

PITY makes the World
Soft to the Weak and noble to the Strong.

E. ARNOLD.

THINK, then, and some day you will feel also—
no morbid passion of Pity . . . but the steady
fire of perpetual Kindness.

RUSKIN.

[WEDNESDAY.

Compassion.

Have Compassion on the ignorant, and on them that
are out of the way —HEBREWS x. 2

THIS be my comfort, in these days of grief,
Which is not CHRIST'S, nor forms heroic tale.
Apart from HIM, if not a sparrow fail,
May not HE pitying view, and send relief
When foes or friends perplex, and peevish thoughts
prevail ?

NEWMAN.

WHERE TO serves Mercy
But to confront the visage of offence ?

SHAKESPEARE.

GENTLY deal with Souls untaught. ST. AIDAN.

I HAVE a message.—I have more to say !
Shall Sorrow win His pity, and not Sin—
That burden ten times heavier to be borne ?
What think you ? Shall the virtuous have His care
Alone ! O ye good Women ! it is hard to leave
The paths of virtue and return again !—
What if this sinner wept and none of you
Comforted her ? And what if she did strive
To mend, and none of you believed her strife,
Nor looked upon her ? Mark, I do not say,
Though it was hard, you therefore were to blame.

But I beseech

Your patience !—Once in old Jerusalem
A woman kneeled at consecrated feet, [then ?
Kissed them and washed them with her tears. What
I think that yet our LORD is pitiful.

J. INGELOW.

MANY a one by being thought better than he
was, has become better.

JOWETT.

CHRIST rises ! Mercy every way
Is infinite,—and who can say ?

BROWNING.

UNLESS you are deliberately kind to every crea-
ture, you will often be cruel to many. RUSKIN.

THURSDAY.]

Compassion.

A Righteous Man regardeth the life of his beast,
but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

Psalm. xiii. 19.

—♦—
HOW can I teach your children Gentleness?
And Mercy for the weak? and Reverence
For Life, which in its weakness or excess
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence.—
Or Death, which—seeming darkness—is no less
The self-same light, although averted hence,—
When by your laws, your actions and your speech,
You contradict the very things I teach?

LONGFELLOW.

✧
AS for brute animals, and things undignified with
Reason, use them generously and nobly, as
Beings that have Reason should treat those that
have none.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

✧
HAST thou cattle? Have an eye to them!

ECCLUS. vii. 22.

✧
ATHEISM destroys Magnanimity . . . for take an
example of a dog, and mark what a generosity
and courage he will put on when he finds himself
maintained by a man; who to him is instead of a
God. . . So man, when he resteth and assureth
himself upon Divine Providence and favour, gather-
eth a force and faith which human nature in itself
could not attain.

BACON.

✧
HE prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast!
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small!
For the dear God Who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

✧
HE shall have Judgment without Mercy that hath
shewed no Mercy; and Mercy rejoiceth against
Judgment.

JAMES II. 13.

Compassion.

I desired Mercy and not Sacrifice.—Hosea vi. 6.

—♦♦—

HE, WHOM no praise can reach, is aye
Men's least attempts approving :
WHOM Justice makes All-merciful,
Omniscience makes All-loving.
Yes, they have caught the way of God,
To whom Self lies displayed
In such clear vision as to cast
O'er others' faults a shade.
A bright horizon out at sea
Obscures the distant ships :—
Rough hearts look smooth and beautiful
In Charity's Eclipse.

FABER.

❧

IF a man shall say . . . "That wherewith thou
mightest have been profited by me is *Corban*,
that is to say, *Given to God*," ye . . . make void the
Word of God by your tradition.

MARK VII. II. (R. V.)

❧

SWEET is the gratitude from others got
For gifts bestowed ; and sweet it is to vent
In cheap Compassion for another's lot
The easy impulse of Benevolence ;—
And thou these sweets wouldst taste at my expense !

LYTTON.

❧

INFINITE Pity, yet also infinite rigour of Law !—
it is so Nature is made. But a man who does
not know rigour, cannot pity either. His very
Pity will be cowardly, egoistic,—Sentimentality or
little better.

CARLYLE.

❧

SO plain is it that, all the more
God's dispensation 's merciful,—
More pettishly we try and cull
Briers, thistles from our private plot,
To mar God's ground where thorns are not.

BROWNING.

WEEK OF THE
EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

"Deeds not Words"

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

A Prayer for the Week

Grant that we may perceive and know what things
we ought to do, and also may have Grace and Power
faithfully to fulfil the same !

Deeds not Words.

Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! because ye say, If we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets. — *Matt. xxiii. 34.*

The chief priests and the Scribes . . . consulted that they might take Jesus by subtilty, and kill Him.

—♦♦—

A GREAT man (who was crowned one day)

Imagined a great Deed :

He shaped it out of cloud and clay,

He touched it finely, till the seed

Possessed the flower ; from heart and brain

He fed it with large thoughts humane

To help a People's need.

He brought it out into the sun—

They blessed it to his face ;

“ O great pure Deed, that hast undone

So many bad and base !

O generous Deed ! heroic Deed !

Come forth ! be perfected ! succeed !

Deliver by God's grace ! ”

Then Sovereigns, Statesmen, north and south,

Rose up in wrath and fear,

And cried, protesting by one mouth,

“ What monster have we here ?

A great Deed at this hour of day ?

A great, just Deed—and not for pay ?

Absurd !—or insincere ! ” . . .

And He stood sad before the sun,

(The Peoples felt their fate !)

“ The world is many—I am one ;

My great Deed was too great.

God's fruit of justice ripens slow :

Men's souls are narrow,—let them grow !

My brothers ! we must wait.”

E. B. BROWNING.

IT is not enough *not* to do ; you are bound to Act.

MAZZINI.

WE are our own Fates. Our own Deeds are our
doomsmen. Man's life was made not for men's

Creeds, but men's Actions !

LYTTON.

SUNDAY.]

Deeds not Words.

Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father—GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

—♦♦—
WHAT then? doth Charity fail? is faith of no avail?
Is Hope blown out like a light by a gust of
wind in the night?

The clashing of creeds, and the strife
Of the many beliefs, that in vain perplex man's heart
Are nought but the rustle of leaves, [and brain,
When the breath of God upheaves

The boughs of the Tree of Life—
And they subside again! And I remember still
The words, and from Whom they came,

*"Not he that repeateth the Name,
But he that doeth the Will."* . . .

And that voice still soundeth on
From the centuries that are gone

To the centuries that shall be!
From all vain pomps and shows, from the pride that
And the false conceits of men; [overflows,
From all the narrow rules and subtleties of Schools,
And the craft of tongue and pen;

Bewildered in its search, bewildered with the cry:
"Lo here! lo there, the Church!" poor, sad Humanity
Through all the dust and heat turns back with
bleeding feet

By the weary road it came
Unto the simple thought by the Great Master taught,
And that remaineth still:

*"Not he that repeateth the Name,
But he that doeth the Will."*

LONGFELLOW.

×

GOD created us not to contemplate but to act. He
created us in His own image, and He is
Thought and Action, or rather in Him there is no
Thought without simultaneous Action. MAZZINI.

×

SAY thou thy say and I will do my Deed.

TENNYSON.

[MONDAY.]

Deeds not Words.

If I do not the works of My Father, believe Me not.
But if I do, though ye believe not Me, believe the
works.—JOHN X. 37, 38.

NOT words alone it cost the LORD,
To purchase pardon for His own :
Nor will a Soul by grace restored
Return the Saviour words alone.
With golden bells, the priestly vest,
And rich pomegranates bordered round,—
The need of Holiness expressed,
And called for Fruit as well as Sound.

COWPER.

HE bowed himself
With all obedience to the King, and wrought
All kind of service with a noble ease,
That graced the lowliest act in doing of it.

TENNYSON.

ACTION is the Word of God : Thought alone is
but His shadow. They who disjoin Thought
and Action seek to divide Duty, and deny the
Eternal Unity.

MAZZINI.

HIS hidden meaning lies in our endeavours.

FLETCHER.

DREAMS of baseless good
Oft come and go, in crowds or solitude,
And leave no trace.

SHELLEY.

WHO reasons wisely, is not therefore wise ;
His pride in reasoning, not in acting, lies.

POPE.

HERE, at least, were men
Who meant and did the noblest thing they knew.
Can our Religion cope with deeds like this ?

LOWELL.

ASSAILED by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was—a blameless life.

COWPER.

TUESDAY.]

Deeds not Words.

I will know—not the speech of them which are puffed up,—but the power.—1 Cor. iv. 19.

WORDS pass as wind, but where great Deeds were done,

A power abides, transfused from sire to son.

LOWELL

THIS is a kind of good deed to say well,—
And yet words are no deeds.

SHAKESPEARE.

FAITH of our Fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife :
And preach thee too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life!

FABER.

SPEND no more time in stating the qualifications
of a Man of Virtue, but endeavour to get them!

MARCUS AURELIUS.

A MAN that would have foiled at their own play
A dozen "Would-bes" of the modern day!

COWPER.

THOU art the Judge. We are bruised thus.
But, the Judgment over, join sides with us!
Thine too is the cause. And not more Thine
Than ours, is the work of these dogs and swine,
Whose life laughs through and spits at their creed,
Who maintain Thee in word, and defy Thee in deed.

BROWNING.

GOOD were the days of yore, when men were tried
By ring of shields, as now by ring of words.

LOWELL.

EASY indeed it were to reach
A mansion in the courts above,
If swelling words and fluent speech
Might serve instead of Faith and Love!
But none shall gain the blissful place,
Or God's unclouded glory see,
Who talks of free and sovereign Grace,
Unless that Grace has made him free.

COWPER.

[WEDNESDAY.

Deeds not Words.

He came to the first and said, Son, go work to-day in my vineyard. He answered and said, I will not. But afterward he repented and went. — MATH. XXV. 1-14.

ONLY add

Deeds, to thy knowledge answerable; add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance;—add love :
. . . . Then wilt thou not be loath
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A paradise within thee, happier far !

MILTON.

SHALL not that Western Goth of whom we spoke . .
Find out, some day, that nothing pays but God,
Served whether on the smoke-shut battle-field,
In work obscure done honestly,—or vote
For truth unpopular,—or faith maintained
To ruinous convictions,—or good deeds
Wrought for good's sake, mindless of heaven or hell ?

LOWELL

BETWEEN our acts and our intentions ever
There is a bridge without a parapet :
Beneath it flows life's unreturning river :
So narrow is the way, that one, to let
The other pass, must disappear : and never
Have these quick travellers escaped as yet
That dangerous encounter. What betides
When there they meet, man's destiny decides.

LYTTON.

AS soon as the Man is at one with God . . . he
will see Prayer in all Action.

EMERSON.

MEN of action these !—

Who, seeing just as little as you please,
Yet turn that little to account ;—engage
With—do not gaze at—carry on a stage—
The work o' the world, not merely make report
The work existed ere their day ! In short,
When at some future no-time a brave band
Sees,—using what it sees,—then shake my hand
In heaven, my brother !

BROWNING.

THURSDAY.]

Deeds not Words.

Do not ye after their works, for they say and do not.

MATTHEW XXIII. 3

DO not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whiles, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede !

SHAKESPEARE.

HE was anxious to *appear*, but scarce
Solicitous to *be*.

BROWNING.

THE man may teach by Doing, and not otherwise.
If he can communicate himself, he can teach,—
but not by words. He teaches, who gives, and he
learns who receives.

EMERSON.

AND much he knows and much he thinks,
But he *is* more than all he knows ;
For still aspiring, still he drinks
Fresh inspiration as he goes ;—
More careful that the Man should grow,
Than that the Mind should understand :
He loves all creatures here below :
And touches all with tender hand.

W. SMITH.

THE unexpressive man—whose life expressed so
much.

LOWELL.

WHOM do you count the worst man upon earth !
Be sure, he knows in his conscience more
Of what Right is, than arrives at birth
In the best man's acts, which we bow before :
This last knows better—true !—but my fact is
'Tis one thing to know, and another to practise !
And thence I conclude that the real God-function
Is to furnish a motive and injunction
For practising what we know already.

BROWNING.

CONVICTION, were it never so excellent, is
worthless till it convert itself into Conduct.

CARLYLE.

Deeds not Words.

[FRIDAY.

If a brother or sister be naked and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful for the body, what doth it profit? JAMES II. 15, 16.

THOU that art born into this favoured age,
So fertile in all enterprise of thought,
Bound in fresh mental conflicts to engage
The liberties for which your fathers fought—
Be not thy spirit contemplation-fraught,
Musing and mourning! Thou must act and move,
Must teach thy children more than thou wast taught,
Brighten intelligence, disseminate love,
And, through the world around, make way to
worlds above.

HOUGHTON.

THE end of man is an Action and not a Thought,
though it were of the noblest.

CARLYLE.

DEEDS unfinished will weigh on the doer.

E. B. BROWNING.

FOR His sake those tears and prayers are offered,
Which you bear as flowers to His throne;
Better still would be the food and shelter,
Given for HIM, and given to His own.
Praise with loving Deeds is dear and holy,
Words of praise will never serve instead;
Lo! you offer music, hymn and incense,
When *He has not where to lay His head.* . .
JESUS then and Mary still are with us—
Night will find the Child and Mother near,
Waiting for the shelter we deny them,
While we tell them that we hold them dear!

A. PROCTER.

PROVES,—despite a lurking doubt,—
Mere Sympathy sufficient, Trouble spared?

BROWNING.

IF to do were as easy as to know what were good
to do, chapels had been churches, and poor
men's cottages Princes' palaces!

SHAKESPEARE.

WEEK OF THE

NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

“The Attainment of Wisdom”

“Happy is the man that findeth wisdom.”

A Prayer for the Week

O LORD, grant me Heavenly Wisdom, that I may learn above all things to seek and to find THEE,—above all things to crave THEE and to love THEE, and to think of all things as at the disposal of Thy wisdom! Grant me to know that which is worth knowing,—to love that which is worth loving,—to praise that which pleaseth THEE most,—to esteem that highly which to THEE is precious,—to abhor that which in Thy sight is filthy and unclean!

Wisdom.

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get
Wisdom, and with all thy getting, get Understanding.

ECCLES. 7.

COMMISSION from above

I have receiv'd, to answer thy desire
Of Knowledge—within bounds:—Beyond, abstain
To ask! nor let thine own inventions hope
Things not reveal'd, which th' Invisible King,
Only Omniscient, hath suppress'd in night,
To none communicable in earth or heaven!
Enough is left beside to search and know. MILTON.

THEIR pride of Wisdom knew not it behoved
Man's Mind to worship—but man's Heart still
more. HOUGHTON.

THEY know, and therefore rule:—I, too, will
know! BROWNING.

LIFE Eternal is not to live. This is Life Eternal—
to know. DRUMMOND.

THUS deeply drinking in the soul of things
We shall be wise perforce; and, while inspired
By choice, and conscious that the Will is free,
Shall move unswerving,—even as if impelled
By strict necessity,—along the path
Of Order and of Good. WORDSWORTH.

MEN who might
Do greatly in a Universe that breaks
And burns, must ever *know* before they do.
Courage and Patience are but Sacrifice;
And Sacrifice is offered for and to
Something conceived of.
An ignorance of means may minister
To greatness, but an ignorance of aims
Makes it impossible to be great at all!

E. B. BROWNING.

SUNDAY.]

Wisdom.

The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.—GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

SURE HE that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after,—gave us not
That capability and god-like Reason
To fust in us unused.

SHAKESPEARE.

IN Christian hearts,—oh for a pagan zeal!
A needful but opprobrious prayer! As much
Our ardour less, as greater is our light!

YOUNG.

THAT there should one man die ignorant who
had capacity for Knowledge,—this I call a
tragedy!

CARLYLE.

WISDOM is oft-times nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar.

WORDSWORTH.

THE great lesson which Christians have to learn . .
is to know the World as it is. Such knowledge
is a power to fulfil the Will of God.

JOWETT.

YOU are not guilty, because you are ignorant;
but you are guilty when you resign yourselves
to ignorance.

MAZZINI.

O THOU! to WHOM the wearisome disease
Of Past and Present is an alien thing,—
Thou pure Existence! Whose severe decrees
Forbid a living man his Soul to bring
Into a timeless Eden of sweet ease—
Clear-eyed, clear-hearted—lay Thy loving wing
In Death upon me!—if that way alone
Thy great Creation-thought THOU wilt to me make
known.

HOUGHTON.

THE knowledge of wickedness is not wisdom,
neither at any time the counsel of sinners
prudence.

ECCLUS. XIX. 22.

[MONDAY.]

Wisdom.

Brethren I would not that ye should be ignorant.
1 COR. X. 1.

KNOWLEDGE!—not intuition—but the slow
Uncertain fruit of an enhancing toil,
Strengthened by love. BROWNING.

BE not diffident
Of Wisdom! She deserts thee not, if thou
Dismiss not her—when most thou need'st her nigh,
By attributing overmuch to things
Less excellent. MILTON.

WE multiply distinctions;—then
Deem that our puny boundaries are things
That we perceive, and not that we have made.
WORDSWORTH.

GLAD Wisdom is not gotten, but is given :
Not dug out of the earth, but dropped from Heaven:
Heavenly, not earthly, is the brightness of it.
LYTTON.

IF any of you lack Wisdom, let him ask of God, . .
and it shall be given him. JAMES I. 5.

GOD only is wise . . the Wisdom of men is little
or nothing. SOCRATES.

CAN I teach thee, my beloved,—can I teach thee!
If I said, “Go left!—or right!”
The counsel would be light,
The wisdom, poor of all that could enrich thee;
My Right would show like Left,
My raising would depress thee,
My choice of light would blind thee—
Of way,—would leave behind thee,
Of end,—would leave bereft—
Alas! I can but bless thee!
May God teach thee, my beloved!—may God teach
thee. E. B. BROWNING.

TUESDAY.]

Wisdom.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom, and the knowledge of the holy is understanding.

—♦♦—
PROV. I. 7. 10.

WISDOM and Goodness are twin-born! One
Must hold both sisters, never seen apart. [heart

COWPER.

RELIGION'S all or nothing; it's no mere smile
O' contentment, sigh of aspiration, Sir—
No quality o' the finelier-tempered clay,
Like its whiteness or its lightness; rather, stuff
O' the very stuff, life of life, and self of self. . . .

The acknowledgment of God in CHRIST
Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
All questions in the earth and out of it,
And has so far advanced thee to be wise.

BROWNING.

KNOWLEDGE itself is a weak instrument to stir
the Soul compared with Religion. JOWETT.

WE have not known THEE as we ought,
Nor learn'd Thy Wisdom, Grace and Power; . .
LORD, give us light Thy truth to see,
And make us wise in knowing THEE! POLLOCK.

NOT to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle,—but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,—
Is the prime Wisdom! MILTON.

Ἰννοὶ σεαυτὸν!—and is this the prime
And heaven-sprung adage of the olden time!—
Say, canst thou make thyself?—Learn first that trade:
Haply thou may'st know what thyself had made!
What hast thou, Man, that thou canst call thine own?—
What is there in thee, Man, that can be known?—
Dark fluxion, all unfixable by thought,
A phantom dim of past and future wrought,
Vain sister of the worm—life, death, soul, clod—
Ignore thyself, and strive to know thy God! S. T. C.

[WEDNESDAY.

Wisdom.

He that is wise may be profitable unto himself.
—+—+—
JOB XXII. 2.

KNOWLEDGE, for us, is difficult to gain,—
Is difficult to gain, and hard to keep
As Virtue's self;—like Virtue is beset
With snares; tried, tempted, subject to decay.
+
WORDSWORTH.

SAD the case
Of him who knows not wherefore he was made !
But he that knows the limits of his race,
Not runs, but flies, with prosperous winds to aid ;
Or if he limps,—he knows his path was trod
By saints of old, who knew their way to GOD.
+
H. COLERIDGE.

VIRTUE, not rolling suns, the mind matures —
That life is long which answers Life's great end...
The Man of Wisdom is the Man of Years.
+
YOUNG.

BE not wise in your own conceits. ROM. XII. 16.
+
+

KNOWLEDGE is a barren tree and bare,
Bereft of GOD.
+
L. MORRIS.

THE LORD giveth Wisdom . . . When Wisdom
entereth into thine heart, and knowledge is
pleasant unto thy soul; discretion shall preserve
thee, understanding shall keep thee.
+
PROV. II. 6, 10, 11.

WHAT comes, receive ;—be not too wise for GOD !
+
CLOUGH.

WHAT can ye give us for a Faith so lost ?
For love of Duty, and delight in Prayer ?
How are we wiser—that our minds are tost
By winds of knowledge on a sea of care ?
How are we better—that we hardly fear
To break the Laws our Fathers held most dear ?
HOUGHTON.

THURSDAY.]

Wisdom.

Be ye wise as serpents.—MATT. X. 16.

WOULD you be still more learned than the
learn'd?

Learn well to know how much need not be known! . .
Our needful knowledge, like our needful food,
Unhedg'd lies open in life's common field,
And bids all welcome to the vital feast. YOUNG.

THE Wisest truly is, in these times, the greatest.
CARLYLE.

ON themselves
They cannot lean . . . their Wisdom is
To look into the eyes of others, thence
To be instructed what they must avoid.

WORDSWORTH.

HE that getteth Wisdom loveth his own soul.

PROV. XIX. 8.

HOW much the more thou knowest, and how
much the better thou understandest, so much
the more grievously shalt thou therefore be judged,
unless thy life be also more holy. THOS. A KEMPIS.

HIS aspirations
Have been beyond the dwellers of the earth,
And they have only taught him—what we know—
That Knowledge is not Happiness,—and Science,
But an exchange of ignorance for that
Which is another kind of ignorance. BYRON.

SEIZE Wisdom, ere 'tis torment to be wise!
That is seize Wisdom, ere she seizes thee—
For what . . . is hell!
'Tis nothing but full knowledge of the Truth,
When Truth, resisted long, is sworn our foe,
And calls Eternity to do her right! YOUNG.

Wisdom.

The Wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy.—JAMES I. 17.

WOULDST thou know

How differ earthly Wisdom and divine !
Just as the waning and the waxing moon,—
More empty worldly Wisdom ev'ry day ;
And ev'ry day more fair her rival shines.

YOUNG.

WHO loves not Knowledge ! Who shall rail
Against her beauty ! May she mix
With men and prosper ! Who shall fix
Her pillars ! Let her work prevail !

But on her forehead sits a fire :

She sets her forward countenance,
And leaps into the future chance,
Submitting all things to desire.

Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain—

She cannot fight the fear of death.

What is she—cut from Love and Faith—
But some wild Pallas from the brain

Of Demons !—fiery hot to burst

All barriers in her onward race

For power ! Let her know her place !

She is the second,—not the first !

A higher hand must make her mild,

If all be not in vain ;—and guide

Her footsteps, moving side by side
With Wisdom, like the younger child :

For she is earthly of the Mind,

But Wisdom heavenly of the Soul ;—

O friend ! who camest to the goal

So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great World grew like thee !—

Who grewest not alone in Power

And Knowledge, but by year and hour

In Reverence and Charity !

TENNYSON.

WEEK OF THE
TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

"Sympathy"

"The members should have the same care one for another."

A Prayer for the Week

O Eternal LORD, WHO art made unto us Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification and Redemption : give me a fellow-feeling for the calamities of others, a readiness to bear their burdens, aptness to forbear, wisdom to advise, counsel to direct, and a spirit of meekness and modesty trembling at my own infirmities, fearful in my brother's dangers, and joyful in his restoration to security !

[SATURDAY.

Sympathy.

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.—GAL. VI. 2.

—♦—
BROTHER, we are surely bound
On the same journey—and our eyes alike
Turn up and onward : wherefore, now thou risest,—
Lean on mine arm, and let us for a space
Pursue the path together ! Ah, 'tis much
In this so weary pilgrimage, to meet
A royal face like thine : to touch the hand
Of such a soul-fellow ; to feel the want,
The upward-crying hunger, the desire,
The common hope and pathos !

BUCHANAN.

—♦—
IT is in the blunt hand and the dead heart, in the diseased habit, in the hardened conscience that men become vulgar ; they are for ever vulgar, precisely in proportion as they are incapable of Sympathy.

RUSKIN.

—♦—
WHO means to help must still support the load.

BROWNING.

—♦—
IN-SEEING Sympathy is hers, which chasteneth
No less than loveth, scorning to be bound
With fear of blame, and yet which ever hasteneth
To pour the balm of kind looks on the wound—
If they be wounds which such sweet teaching makes,
Giving itself a pang for others' sakes.

LOWELL.

—♦—
LOVE those people heartily that it is your fortune
to be engaged with.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

—♦—
BUT as we meet and touch each day
The many travellers on our way,
Let every such brief contact be
A glorious, helpful ministry !
The contact of the soil and seed ;
Each giving to the other's need—
Each helping on the other's best,
And blessing each as well as blest !

S. COOLIDGE.

SUNDAY.]

Sympathy.

If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day,
the things which belong unto thy peace!

—••• GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

IN vain for Thee I left the FATHER'S realm of light;
In vain the toilful day succeeds the wrestling night;
[shown!—

In vain to doubting hearts the signs and wonders
Because Thou knewest not—*If thou hadst known!*

Not for MYSELF I weep,—My strife is almost o'er,
My foes' worst malice now, but hastens rest the more;
For Thee I agonize, who might'st have been Mine
own—

Because Thou knewest not—*If thou hadst known!*

I weep thy wasted powers, enthralled by Satan's
voice, [choice;

Thy great hopes unfulfilled,—thy blind, perverted
My Death brings others Life,—Thou perishest alone,
Because thou wouldest not!—*If thou hadst known!*

E. M. L. G.

HOW was HE,

The Blessed ONE, made perfect? Why, by grief—
The fellowship of voluntary grief—

HE read the tear-stained book of poor men's souls,
As I must learn to read it.

KINGSLEY.

I HELD it more humane, more heav'nly,—first
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear.

MILTON.

WE can only elevate ourselves towards God
through the Souls of our fellow-men!

MAZZINI.

HE that works me good with unmoved face,
Does it but half; he chills me while he aids,—
My Benefactor, not my Brother-Man.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

HEARTS philanthropic, at times, have the trick of
the old hearts of stone.

WALTER SMITH.

[MONDAY.

Sympathy.

We have not a High-priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.—HEB. IV. 15 (N.V.)

—♦—
THERE is no sorrow, LORD, too light
To bring in prayer to THEE;—
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake Thy Sympathy !
THOU Who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress ;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.
There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets Thine Ear divine,
And every Cross grows light beneath
The shadow, LORD ! of Thine. JANE CREWDON.

—♦—
THOUGH sepulchred in absence, Sympathy
Leads a suspended life and cannot die. LYTON.

—♦—
HE is tenderest, not who has sinned, as is sometimes vainly thought,—but who has known best the power of sin, by overcoming it. WESTCOTT.

—♦—
IF one heart in perfect Sympathy
Beat with another, answering love for love.—
Weak mortals, all entranc'd, on earth would lie,
Nor listen for those purer strains above . . .
THOU know'st our bitterness !—our joys are Thine !
No stranger THOU to all our wanderings wild !
Nor could we bear to think how every line
Of us,—Thy darken'd likeness and defil'd,—
Stands in full sunshine of Thy piercing eye,
But that THOU call'st us Brethren ! Sweet repose
Is in that word ;—the LORD who dwells on high
Knows all, yet loves us better than HE knows.
—♦—
KEBLE.

—♦—
MEN are born to be servicable to one another ;
therefore either reform the World, or bear
with it !
MARCUS AURELIUS.

TUESDAY.]

Sympathy.

Weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves and for
your children.—LUKE XXIII. 27, 28.

A WHILE ago I passed
Where every step seemed thornier and harder than
the last; [sorrow
Where bitterest disappointment and inly aching
Carved day by day a weary Cross, renewed with
every morrow—
The heaviest end of that strange Cross I knew was
laid on THEE;
So I could still press on, secure of Thy deep
Sympathy.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

THERE are hearts
So perilously fashion'd, that for them
God's touch alone hath gentleness enough
To waken,—and not break,—their thrilling strings!

F. HEMANS.

ONE spring wind unbinds the mountain snow
And comforts violets in their hermitage.

BROWNING.

HOW feeble hath been all my Soul's essay
To aid one single man on all God's earth.

BUCHANAN

AND if a more auspicious fate
On thy advancing steps await,
Still let it ever be thy pride
To linger by the labourer's side;
With words of Sympathy or song
To cheer the dreary march along
Of the great Army of the Poor,
O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous moor!
Nor to thyself the task shall be
Without reward!

LONGFELLOW.

THE truest joys which we have experienced, have
come when we have had grace to enter most
entirely into a sorrow not our own.

WESTCOTT.

Sympathy.

By love serve one another. GAL. V. 13.
None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.—ROM. XIV. 7.

WOULDST thou the Life of Souls discern !

Nor human wisdom nor divine
Helps thee by aught beside to learn :—
Love is Life's only sign.

The spring of the regenerate heart—
The pulse, the glow of every part,
Is the true love of CHRIST our LORD,
As man embrac'd, as GOD ador'd.

KEBLE.

SHE never found fault with you, never implied
Your Wrong by her Right ; and yet men at her
side

Grew nobler, girls purer.

None knelt at her feet, confessed lovers in thrall,—
They knelt more to God than they used—that was
all !

E. B. BROWNING.

" **FOR** this true nobleness I seek in vain

In woman, and in man I find it not ;

I almost weary of my earthly lot,

My life-springs are dried up with burning pain."

Thou find'st it not ? I pray thee look again ;—

Look inward through the depths of thine own soul !

How is it with thee ? Art thou sound and whole ?

Doth narrow search show thee no earthly stain ?

Be Noble! and the Nobleness that lies

In other men, sleeping, but never dead,—

Will rise in majesty to meet thine own !

Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes,

Then will pure light around thy path be shed,

And thou wilt never-more be sad and lone !

LOWELL.

LET us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere !—but strive
In offices of love how we may lighten
Each other's burden in our share of woe !

MILTON.

THURSDAY.]

Sympathy.

Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.—ROM. XII. 15.

MAN is dear to Man ! the poorest Poor
Long for some moments in a weary life,
When they can know and feel that they have been
Themselves, the fathers and the dealers-out
Of some small blessings ;—have been kind to such
As needed kindness. WORDSWORTH.

I WOULD have you be . . . like a fire well kindled,
Which catches at everything you throw in, and
turns it into flame and brightness. M. AURELIUS.

SOME souls there are
Who, when they smite it, bring
Forth from the hardest rock its hidden spring.

BE calm in arguing ; for fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.
Why should I feel another man's mistakes
More than his fickleness or poverty !
In love I should ; but anger is not love,
Nor wisdom neither ;—therefore gently move !
Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still :—
Kindness, good parts, great places, are the way
To compass this. Find out men's Wants and Will,
And meet them there !—All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses. HERBERT.

FIND thy reward in the thing
Which thou hast been blest to do,
Let the joy of others cause joy to spring
Up in thy bosom too !—
And if the love of a grateful heart
As a rich reward be given,
Lift thou the love of a grateful heart
To the God of Love in Heaven ! MAC DONALD.

[FRIDAY.]

Sympathy.

Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it.—1 COR. XII. 26

ASK THEE for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles
And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.
Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoever estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of lowly love to do,
For the LORD on Whom I wait.

A. L. WARING.

MYSTICAL, more than magical, is that communing of Soul with Soul, both looking heavenward! Here properly Soul first speaks with Soul.

CARLYLE.

THIS but brother's speech we need,
Speech where an accent's change gives each
The other's soul!

BROWNING.

NO distance breaks the tie of blood,
Brothers are brothers evermore.
Nor wrong, nor wrath of deadliest mood
That magic may o'erpower:
Oft ere the common source be known,
The kindred drops will claim their own,
And throbbing pulses silently
Move heart towards heart by Sympathy.
So is it with true Christian hearts;
Their mutual share in Jesus' blood
An everlasting bond imparts
Of holiest brotherhood.
Oh! might we all our lineage prove,
Give and forgive,—do good and love,—
By soft endearments in kind strife
Lightening the load of daily life!

KENT.

WEEK OF THE
*ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY*

"The Snare of Pride"

"God resisteth the Proud."

A Prayer for the Week

O LORD, FATHER and GOD of my Life, give me not a proud look, but turn away from Thy servants a haughty mind.

[SATURDAY.

Spiritual Pride.

The Pharisees answered and said unto him, "Thou wast altogether born in sin, and dost thou teach us?" And they cast him out. — J. HN IX. 34.

— — —
MEN who proudly clung
To their first fault—and withered in their Pride!

× BROWNING.

A MEAN estate is not always to be condemned;
nor the rich that is foolish to be had in admiration.

× ECCLES. XXII. 23.

PRIDE brandishes the favours he confers.

× YOUNG.

ON the verge of never-ending woe
Man doubting stands, yet plum'd with Pride the
Folding his arms in self-admir'd repose, [while,
Cased in self-confidence!

× I. WILLIAMS.

LET not the refinement of Society make us forget,
that it is not the refined only who are received
into the Kingdom of God.

× JOWETT.

O SEEMING sole to awake,—thy sun-bathed head
Piercing the solemn cloud
Round thy still dreaming brother-world outspread . .
Be not too proud!

Oh! when most self-exalted, most alone!

Chief Dreamer, own thy dream!

Thy brother-world stirs at thy feet unknown;
Who hath a Monarch's hath no Brother's part.

× MATT. ARNOLD.

DESTEEM not thyself better than others, lest perhaps
in the sight of GOD, WHO knoweth what
is in Man, thou be accounted worse than they.

× THOS. A KEMPIS.

DO thy day's work, dare
Refuse no help thereto, since help refused
Is hindrance sought and found.

BROWNING.

SUNDAY.]

Spiritual Pride.

Jesus spake this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others. — GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

SOME lead a life unblameable and just—
Their own dear virtue their unshaken trust !
They never sin !—or if (as all offend)
Some trivial slips their daily walk attend,
The poor are near at hand,—the charge is small,—
A slight gratuity atones for all ! COWPER.

WE to our cost our bounds transgress
In Thy eternal plan ;
Pride grasps the powers by THEE display'd,
Yet ne'er the rebel effort made,
But fell beneath the sudden shade
Of Nature's withering ban. NEWMAN.

SELF-blinded are you by your Pride !
TENNYSON.

WE assured
That least of all can aught—that ever owned
The heaven-regarding eye and front sublime
Which man is born to—sink, howe'er depressed,
So low as to be scorned, without a sin.
WORDSWORTH.

IT may be that the suppliant's life
Has lain on many an evil way
Of foul delight and brutal strife,
And lawless deeds that shun the day ;
But how can any gauge of yours
The depth of that temptation try !
—What man resists—what man endures—
Is open to one only eye. HOUGHTON.

HOW little thou canst tell
How much in thee is ill or well !
Nor for thy neighbour, nor for thee,
Be sure ! was life designed to be
A draught of dull Complacency ! CLOUGH.

[MONDAY.

Spiritual Pride.

God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are,
extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this
Publican.—LUKE XVIII. 11.

JUDGE not ! the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see ;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field —
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.
The look, the air that frets thy sight,
May be a token, that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face !
The fall thou dardest to despise, —
May be the Angel's slackened hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand ;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.
And judge none lost ! but wait and see,
With hopeful pity, not disdain !
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain,
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after days.

A. PROCTER.

THE pride of lettered ignorance, that binds
In chains of error our accomplished minds,
That seeks with all the splendour of the true,
A false religion !

COWPER.

THEY repenting and groaning for anguish of spirit
shall say within themselves, " This was he,
whom we had sometimes in derision, and a
proverb of reproach ; we fools accounted his life
madness, and his end to be without honour : how
is he numbered among the children of God, and
his lot among the saints ?

WISDOM V. 3-5.

TUESDAY.]

Spiritual Pride.

Who maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive?—1 Cor. iv. 7.

THEY do not well

Who, walking up a trodden path, all smooth
With footsteps of their fellows, and made straight
From town to town, will scorn at them that wonn
Under the covert of God's eldest trees—
They do not well who mock at such and cry,
"We peaceably, without or fault or fear,
Proceed and miss not of our end; but these
Are slow and fearful; with uncertain pace,
And ever reasoning of the way, they oft,
After all reasoning, choose the worser course."

J. INGELOW.

IF there be any good in thee, believe that there is much more in others,—that so thou mayest preserve humility within thee.

THOS. A KEMPIS.

LOOK straight at all things from the soul!

But boast not much to understand;
Make each new action sound and whole,
Then leave it in its place unscanned!
Be true! devoid of aim or care;
Nor posture, nor antagonize!
Know well that clouds of this our air
But seem to wrap the mighty skies!

ALLINGHAM.

HEAVIER responsibility attaches to those who have larger knowledge.

WESTCOTT.

THE lawless wish, the unaverted eye,
Are as a taint upon the breeze,
To lure foul spirits:—haughty brows and high
Are signals to invite Them nigh,
Whose onset ever Saints await on bended knees.

KEBLE.

BEST being lifted up with Pride he fall into the temptation of the Devil.

1 TIM. III. 6.

[WEDNESDAY.

Spiritual Pride.

"Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them and be clean?" So he turned and went away in a rage. — 2 KINGS 5, 12.

SHALL I take on me to change His tasks,
And dare,—dispatched to a river-head
For a simple draught of the element,—
Neglect the thing for which HE sent
And return with another thing instead?—
Saying, "Because the water found
Welling up from underground
Is mingled with the taints of earth . . .
Therefore I turned from the oozy mud,
And bring THEE a chalice I found instead . . .
What matters the water? A hope I have nursed,
The waterless cup will quench my thirst!"
—Better have knelt at the poorest stream
That trickles in pain from the straightest rift!
For the less or more is all God's gift,
Who blocks up, or breaks wide the granite seam;
And here, is there water or not to drink?

BROWNING.

NEVER be ashamed of assistance! Like a Soldier
at the storming of a town, your business is to
maintain your post and execute your orders. Now
suppose you happen to be lame at an assault and
cannot mount the breach upon your own feet, will
you not suffer your Comrade to help you?

MARCUS AURELIUS.

PEACE begins just where ambition ends.
What makes man wretched? Happiness denied?
No! 'tis happiness disdained.
She comes too meanly dressed to win our smile;
And calls herself Content, a homely name!
Our flame is transport, and content our scorn,
Ambition turns, and shuts the door against her,
And weds a toil, a tempest, in her stead.

YOUNG

THURSDAY.]

Spiritual Pride.

We dare not . . . compare ourselves with some that commend themselves ; but they measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves, are not wise. . . Not he that commendeth himself is approved, but whom the Lord commendeth.—2 Cor. x. 12, 16.

EACH in the throng
Mocks at the rest as they crowd along,
Where Pride over all like a god on high
Sits enshrined in his self-complacency !

MAC DONALD.

HE, rather than be less,
Car'd not to be at all !

MILTON.

THE atonement a Redeemer's love has wrought —
Is not for you !— the righteous need it not !

COWPER.

HIS own opinion was his law.

SHAKESPEARE.

I NDEED, by loving myself amiss, I lost myself ;
and by seeking THEE alone, I have found both
myself and THEE.

THOS. A KEMPIS.

TIME was, I shrank from what was right
From fear of what was wrong ;
I would not brave the sacred fight,
Because the foe was strong.
But now I cast that finer sense,
And surer shame aside ;
Such dread of sin was indolence,
Such aim at Heaven was Pride !
So when my SAVOUR calls, I rise,
And calmly do my best ;
Leaving to HIM, with silent eyes
Of hope and fear, the rest.

NEWMAN.

I MPATIENCE and human Pride have destroyed
or misled more souls than deliberate wickedness.

MAZZINI.

[FRIDAY.

Spiritual Pride.

Every one that exalteth himself shall be abased,
but he that humbleth himself shall be exalted

—♦—
LUKE XXIII. 14.

O MAN, strange composite of heaven and earth !
Majesty dwarf'd to baseness ! fragrant flower
Running to poisonous seed ! and seeming worth
Cloking corruption ! weakness mastering power !
Who never art so near to crime and shame,
As when thou hast achieved some deed of name.

—♦—
NEWMAN.

I LOOKED for signs and wonders
That o'er men should give me sway :—
Thirsting to be more than mortal,
I was even less than clay.

—♦—
LOWELL

MAN should be humble :—you are very proud
And God dethron'd has doleful plagues for
such.

—♦—
BROWNING.

WHAT hath Pride profited us ? or what good hath
our vaunting brought us ?

—♦—
WISDOM V. 8.

CHILD of My throes, where'er I set thee stand
No self-sought danger earns My angel's hand.

—♦—
MORGAN.

WHEN the Soul, growing clearer,
Sees God no nearer ;

When the Soul, mounting higher,

To God comes no nigher ;

When the Arch-fiend, Pride,

Mounts at her side,

Foiling her high emprise,

Sealing her eagle eyes,

And, when she fain would soar,

Makes idols to adore,—

Changing the pure emotion

Of her high devotion

To a skin-deep sense

Of her own eloquence,

Strong to deceive, strong to enslave—

Save, oh ! save.

—♦—
MATT. ARNOLD.

WEEK OF THE

TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

"The Consecration of Friendship"

**"A faithful Friend is the medicine of life; and they
that fear the Lord shall find him."**

Prayers for the Week

O THOU All Merciful ! Be these my Friends
Beneath Thy wing for ever ! Visit them
With daily blessings, nightly dreams of bliss !
Be Memory still their comforter ! be Hope
Their constant guide ! and wise and good men's love
Their stay on earth ! Be THOU their rest in heaven !



THOU ! Whom each humble Christian worships now,
In the poor hamlet and the open field ;
Once an Idea—now Comforter and Friend,
Hope of the Human Heart ! Descend ! Descend !

[SATURDAY.]

Consecration of Friendship.

I have called you Friends.—JOHN XV. 15.

THRONE above all heights he condescends
To call the few that trust in HIM, His Friends.
COWPER.

OH! never is "Loved *once*"
Thy word, THOU Victim CHRIST, misprized
Thy cross and curse may rend, [Friend!
But having loved, THOU lovest to the end!
This is man's saying—man's; too weak to move
One spher'd star above,
Man desecrates the eternal God-word Love
By his *No More!* and *Once!* E. B. BROWNING.

FORSAKE not an old Friend, for the new is not
comparable to him. ECCLES. IX. 12.

LOVE HIM and keep HIM for thy Friend, WHO,
when all go away, will not forsake thee, nor
suffer thee to perish in the end. THOS. A KEMPIS.

AND they that woo His visits sweet
And will not let HIM go,
Oft while His broken bread they eat,
His soul-felt presence know:
His gather'd Friends HE loves to meet
And fill with joy their faith,
When they with melting heart repeat
The memory of His death. GRINFIELD.

THE wise man will want to be ever with him who
is better than himself. PLATO.

SOME have Friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a Friend in THEE!
TWEELS.

SUNDAY.]

Consecration of Friendship.

As the Lord liveth and as my soul liveth, I will not leave thee!—(1st Lesson, Evening.)

Thine own Friend, and thy father's Friend, forsake not. (PROV. XXII. 24.)

THE Friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN first the Friendship-flower is planted

Within the garden of your soul,
Little of care or thought is wanted
To guard its beauty fresh and whole;—
But when the full-empassioned age
Has well revealed the magic bloom,
A wise and holy tutelage
Alone avoids the open tomb.

It is not Absence you should dread—
For absence is the very air
In which, if sound at root, the head
Shall wave most wonderful and fair:
With sympathies of joy and sorrow
Fed, as with morn and even dews,
Ideal colouring it may borrow
Richer than ever earthly hues.

But oft the plant, whose leaves unsere
Refresh the desert, hardly brooks
The common-peopled atmosphere
Of daily thoughts and words and looks;
It trembles at the brushing wings
Of many a curious fashion-fly,
And strange suspicions aim their stings
To taint it as they wanton by. HOUGHTON.

LOVING and loved and delicate and lowly,
Rich in all blessing that thy God can send,
Take yet a gift!—the simple and the holy
Gift of the faith and honour of a Friend.

MYERS.

Consecration of Friendship.

[MONDAY.]

Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his Friend.—PROV. XXVII. 17.

ALL love assimilates the soul to what it loves.
BROWNING.

IN companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,—
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit.

SHAKESPEARE.

FRIENDS, not adopted with a schoolboy's haste,
But chosen with a nice, discerning taste,—
Well born, well disciplined, who, placed apart
From vulgar minds, have Honour much at heart,
And—though the world may think the ingredients
The Love of Virtue and the Fear of God! [odd,—
COWPER.

CAN we forget one Friend? can we forget one face,
Which cheered us toward our end, which nerved
Oh! sad to toil and yet forego [us for our race!—
One presence which has made us know
To God-like souls how deep our debt!
We would not,—if we could,—forget!

KINGSLEY.

NO fading, frail memorial give
To soothe his soul when thou art gone,
But wreaths of hope for aye to live,
And thoughts of good together done!—
That so, before the Judgment-Seat,
Though changed and glorified each face,
Not unremember'd ye may meet,
For endless ages to embrace!

KEBLE.

NOR lack I Friends long-tried and near and dear,
Whose love is round me like this atmosphere,
Warm, soft, and golden.—For such gifts to me
What shall I render, O my God, to THEE!

WHITTIER.

TUESDAY.]

Consecration of Friendship.

Go home to thy Friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee.—MARK V. 19.

SOULS that carry on a blest exchange
Of joys they meet with in their heavenly range,
And, with a fearless confidence, make known
The sorrows Sympathy esteems its own—
Daily derive increasing light and force
From such communion in their pleasant course,
Feel less the journey's roughness, and its length,
Meet their opposers with united strength,
And one in heart, in interest, and design,
Gird up each other to the race divine. COWPER.

WHOSO feareth the LORD shall direct his Friendship aright; for as he is, so shall his neighbour be also. ECCLES. VI. 17.

ALL love renders wise in its degree. BROWNING.

AND thus at times, as Christians talk
Of Jesus and His Word,
He joins two friends amid their walk
And makes, unseen, a third.
And oh! how sweet their converse flows,
Their holy theme how clear,
How warm with love each bosom glows
If Jesus be but near! GRINFIELD.

WE took sweet counsel together and walked in the house of GOD as Friends.

PSALM LV. 15 (P-B.)

THERE is a spot where spirits blend,
And Friend holds fellowship with Friend;—
Though parted here, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

THEY were strangers to the world, but near and familiar Friends to GOD. THOS. A KEMPIS.

[WEDNESDAY.]

Consecration of Friendship.

A Friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity. — *PROV. XVII. 17.*

I AM bound by the old promise.
What can break that golden chain?
Not even the words that you have spoken
Or the sharpness of my pain:
Do you think because you fail me
And draw back your hand to-day,
That from out the heart I gave you
My strong love can fade away?
It will live! No eyes may see it;
In my soul it will lie deep,
Hidden from all; but I shall feel it
Often stirring in its sleep.
So remember that the Friendship
Which you now think poor and vain,
Will endure in hope and patience,
Till you ask for it again.

A. PROCTER.

TO supply the ripe wants of my Friend,
I'll break a custom!

SHAKESPEARE.

HOW say ye "We loved once,"
Blasphemers? Is your earth not cold enow,
Mourners, without that snow?
Ah, Friends, and would ye wrong each other so?
And could ye say of some whose love is known,
Whose prayers have met your own,
Whose tears have fallen for you, whose smiles have
So long,— "We loved them *once!*" [shone

E. B. BROWNING.

FRIENDSHIP maketh daylight in the under-
standing out of darkness and confusion of
thoughts.

BACON.

THE Winter of Sorrow best shows
The truth of a Friend, such as you.

COWPER.

WHOM Summer made Friends of—let Winter
estrangle!

BROWNING.

THURSDAY.]

Consecration of Friendship.

Faithful are the wounds of a Friend.—PROV. XXVII. 6.

SHALL your Friend (not slave) be shent
For speaking home? BROWNING.

A LOVE that gives and takes—that seeth faults
Not with flaw-seeking eyes like needle-points,
But loving-kindly ever looks them down
With the o'ercoming faith of meek forgiveness! LOWELL.

MY Friends have come to me unsought; the great
God gave them me. EMERSON.

IF a foe have kenn'd,
Or worse than foe, an alienated Friend,
A rib of dry-rot in thy ship's stout side,
Think it GOD's message, and in humble pride
With heart of oak replace it—thine the gains—
Give him the rotten timber for his pains! S. T. COLERIDGE.

A MAN that hath Friends must show himself
friendly. PROV. XVIII. 24.

HOW will sad memory point where, here and
there,
Friend after Friend, by falsehood or by fate,
From him or from each other parted were,
And love sometimes becomes the nurse of hate! . . .
Rather, he thinks he held not duly dear
Love, the best gift that Man on Man bestows,
While round his downward path, recluse and drear,
He feels the chill indifferent shadows close.
"Why did I not," his spirit murmurs deep,
"At every cost of momentary pride,
Preserve the love for which in vain I weep;
Why had I wish or hope or sense beside?
O cruel issue of some selfish thought!
O long, long echo of some angry tone!
O fruitless lesson, mercilessly taught,
Alone to linger—and to die alone!" HOUGHTON.

[FRIDAY.

Consecration of Friendship.

The Friend of the Bridegroom, which standeth and heareth him, rejoiceth greatly, because of the Bridegroom's voice. . . He must increase, but I must decrease. — JOHN III. 29, 30.

YOU have a noble and a true conceit
Of God-like amity. SHAKESPEARE.

AH yet, ev'n yet, if this might be,
I, falling on his faithful heart,
Would breathing through his lips impart
The life that almost dies in me!—
That dies not—but endures with pain,
And slowly forms the firmer mind,—
Treasuring the look it cannot find,
The words that are not heard again.

TENNYSON.

WITHOUT ME Friendship hath no strength, no
continuance. Neither is that love pure, which
is not knit by ME.

THOS. A KEMPIS.

NOR hope to find
A Friend but what has found a Friend in thee!—
All like the purchase; few the price will pay;
And this makes Friends such miracles below.
But since Friends grow not thick on every bough,
Nor ev'ry Friend unrotten at the core;
First on thy Friend, delib'rate with thyself!
Pause—ponder—sift! not eager in the choice
Nor jealous of the chosen;—fixing, fix!
Judge before Friendship, then confide till death!—
Well, for thy Friend, but nobler far for thee;
How gallant danger for earth's highest prize!
A Friend is worth all hazards we can run!
Poor is the friendless master of a world!
A world in purchase for a Friend is gain! YOUNG.

GREATER love hath no man than this, that a man
lay down his life for his Friend. JOHN XV. 13.

WEEK OF THE
*THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY*

“Spiritual Insight”

**“What is seen hath not been made out of things that
do appear.”**

A Prayer for the Week

THOU Who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out THEE
And read THEE everywhere !

[SATURDAY.

Spiritual Insight.

We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal. 1 COR. II. 9.

WE live by Admiration, Hope, and Love !
And even as these are well and wisely fixed,
In Dignity of Being we ascend. WORDSWORTH.

WE barter life for pottage ! sell true bliss
For wealth or power, for pleasure or renown !
Thus, Esau-like, our FATHER'S blessing miss,
Then wash with fruitless tears our faded crown.
Our faded crown,—despis'd and flung aside,—
Shall on some brother's brow immortal bloom ;
No partial hand the blessing may misguide.
No flattering fancy change our MONARCH'S doom:
His righteous doom.— that meek true-hearted Love
The everlasting birthright should receive,—
The softest dews drop on her from above,—
The richest green her mountain-garland weave !
KEBLE.

HE may see what he maketh. Our dreams are the
sequel of our waking knowledge. EMERSON.

WE see far in holy ground.
If duly purged our mental view.

KEBLE.

THE gifted man is he who sees the essential point.
Intellect altogether expresses itself in this
power of discerning . . . and how much of morality
is in the kind of Insight we get of anything !

CARLYLE.

THE enduring half they chose— [king,—
Whose choice decides a man Life's slave or
The invisible things of God before the seen and
Therefore their memory inspiration blows [known:
With echoes gathering on from zone to zone !

LOWELL.

OPEN THOU mine eyes that I may behold won-
drous things. PSALM CXIX. 18.

SUNDAY.]

Spiritual Insight.

Blessed are the eyes which see the things that ye see! For I tell you, that many prophets and kings have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them, and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them.

GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

EARTH 'S crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God;
But only he who sees, takes off his shoes,—
The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries,
And daub their natural faces unaware
More and more from the first similitude!

E. B. BROWNING.

IT is with Man's Soul as it was with Nature:
the beginning of Creation is—Light. Till the
eye have vision, the whole members are in bonds.
Divine moment! when over the tempest-tost Soul, as
once over the wild-weltering Chaos, it is spoken:
Let there be Light!

CARLYLE.

ALL that meets the bodily sense I deem
Symbolical—one mighty Alphabet
For infant minds! and we in this low world
Placed with our backs to bright Reality,
That we may learn with young unwounded ken
The Substance from the Shadow!

S. T. COLERIDGE.

IF your eye is on the Eternal, your intellect will
grow, and your opinions and actions will have
a beauty which no learning or combined advantages
of other men can rival.

EMERSON.

WHAT now if Spirit and God are the Thought
which is written out plain.
On the great page of the world, and your method of
seeking is vain?

W. SMITH.

TWO worlds are ours,—'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

KEBLE.

[MONDAY.

Spiritual Insight.

He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen,
how can he love God whom he hath not seen? 1 JOHN
He passed by on the other side. LUKE X. 31. IV. 10.

A POOR, wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
That I could never answer, nay.
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither He went or whence He came,—
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love,—I know not why.
Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered :—not a word He spake ;
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave Him all ; He blessed it, brake,
And ate ; but gave me part again ;
Mine was an angel's portion then !
For while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste . . .
'Twas night ; the floods were out ; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof ;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid Him welcome to my roof :
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my Guest,
Laid Him on my own couch to rest ;
Then made the hearth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

MONTGOMERY.

WE grope after the *Spiritual* by describing it as
invisible. The true meaning of *Spiritual* is
Real.

EMERSON.

NONE can see HIM but His friends,—
And they were once His foes !

COWPER.

THE mystery of a *Person*, indeed, is ever divine,
to him that has a sense for the God-like.

CARLYLE.

TUESDAY.]

Spiritual Insight.

Lord, when saw we Thee an-hungred, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto Thee ?

Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.—*MATT. XXV. 44, 45.*

—♦—
STRIPT, wounded, beaten nigh to Death,

I found Him by the high-way side :

I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,

Revived his spirit and supplied

Wine, oil, refreshment ; He was healed ;

I had myself a wound concealed ;

But from that hour forgot the smart,

And peace bound up my broken heart . .

In prison I saw Him next, condemned

To meet a traitor's death at morn :

The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,

And honoured Him 'midst shame and scorn ;

My friendship's utmost zeal to try,

He asked—if I for Him would die ?

The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill ;

But the free spirit cried : " I will ! "

Then in a moment to my view

The Stranger darted from disguise ;

The tokens in His hands I knew,

My SAVIOUR stood before my eyes !

He spake ; and my poor name HE named ;

" Of ME thou hast not been ashamed ;

These deeds shall thy memorial be ;

Fear not ! thou didst them unto ME ! "

MONTGOMERY.

—♦—
PET it be your method to contemplate Spirits apart
from the shell they are shut up in.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

—♦—
THE degree of vision that dwells in a man is a
correct measure of the Man.

CARLYLE.

—♦—
SEEK JESUS in all things, and in all shalt thou
find JESUS !

THOS. A KEMPIS.

[WEDNESDAY.

Spiritual Insight.

And Elisha prayed, and said, "Lord. I pray thee, open his eyes that he may see!" And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw; and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha — 2 KINGS VI. 7.

A TOUCH divine

And the scaled eyeball owns the mystic rod;
Visibly through His garden walketh God.

BROWNING.

HOLINESS confers a certain Insight. Such persons are nearer to the Secret of God than others . . . they hear notices, they see visions, where others are vacant.

EMERSON.

T WERE glorious, no doubt, to be
One of the strong-winged Hierarchy
To burn with Seraphs, or to shine
With Cherubs, deathlessly divine !
Yet I, perhaps, poor earthly clod,
Could I forget myself in God,—
Could I but find my nature's clew
Simply as birds and blossoms do,
And but for one rapt moment know
'Tis Heaven must come,—not we must go,—
Should win my place as near the throne
As the pearl-angel of its zone;
And God would listen 'mid the throng
For my one breath of perfect song.

LOWELL

HITHERTO,

At present, (and a weary while to come,)
The office of ourselves— . . . has been
For the worst of us,—to say, they so have seen;
For the better—what it was they saw; the best
Impart the gift of seeing to the rest.

BROWNING.

I CANNOT soar into the heights you show,
Nor dive among the deeps that you reveal,
But it is much that High Things *are*—to know,
That Deep Things *are*—to feel.

J. INGELOW.

THURSDAY.]

Spiritual Insight.

He endured, as seeing Him Who is invisible.—HEB.
XI. 27.

—♦—
WHEN one that holds communion with the skies,
Has filled his urn where these pure waters
rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis e'en as if an Angel shook his wings! COWPER.

—♦—
WHAT the World teaches profits to the World;—
What the Soul teaches profits to the Soul,
Which then first stands erect with God-ward face,
When she lets fall her pack of withered facts—
The gleanings of the outward eye and ear—
And looks and listens with her finer sense :
Nor Truth nor Knowledge cometh from without!

—♦—
LOWELL

SAY—is it true that if a soul up springing
Once, (for I know not, nor it matters, when,)
Plainly hath heard the Seraphs at their singing,
Clearly hath looked upon the Light of men,—
Say ye, that afterward tho' fast and faster
Downward she travel, daily she decline,—
Marred with defeat, and broken with disaster,
Filled with the earth, forgetting the divine,—
Yet shall the fiend not utterly undo her,
Cannot constrain her living in the grave,—
God at the last shall know her as HE knew her,
Come as HE came, and as HE sought shall save!

—♦—
MYERS.

MY soul shall not be taken in their snare,
To change her inward surety for their doubt,
Muffled from sight in formal robes of proof.
While she can only feel herself through THEE,
I fear not Thy withdrawal; more I fear,
Seeing, to know THEE not,—hoodwinked with
dreams
Of signs and wonders,—while, unnoticed. THOU
Walking Thy garden still, commun'st with men,
Missed in the common-place of Miracle! LOWELL.

[FRIDAY.

Spiritual Insight.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.
MATT. V. 8.

IS not the Vision HE? tho' HE be not that which
HE seems? [dreams?

Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live by
Earth.—these solid stars,—this weight of body and
limb,— [HIM?

Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from
Dark is the world to thee? Thyself art the reason why;
For is HE not all but thou? thou hast power to feel
"I am I!"

Glory about thee, without thee; and thou fulfillest
thy doom,

Making HIM broken gleams, and a stifled splendour
and gloom.

And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man
cannot see.

But if we could see and hear, this Vision—were it
not HE? TENNYSON.

WOULD to be careful that I do not lose the eye
of my Soul. PLATO.

BE still and strong
O Man, my Brother! hold thy sobbing breath,
And keep thy soul's large window pure from wrong!
That so, as life's appointment issueth,
Thy vision may be clear to watch along
The sunset consummation-lights of death!

E. B. BROWNING.

EACH day the world is born anew
For him who takes it rightly . . .
Rightly! that's simply!—'tis to see
Some Substance casts these shadows
Which we call Life and History . . .
Simply! That's nobly!—'tis to know
That God may still be met with,—
Nor groweth old, nor doth bestow
These senses fine, this brain aglow,
To grovel and forget with!

LOWELL.

WEEK OF THE
*FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY*

"The Sacrifice of Thanksgiving"

"Offer unto God thanksgiving."

A Prayer for the Week

We beseech THEE to make us truly sensible of Thy mercy, and give us hearts always ready to express our thankfulness, not only by words, but also by our lives, in being more obedient to Thy holy commandments.

[SATURDAY.]

Thanksgiving.

O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving,
and into His courts with praise: be thankful unto
Him, and speak good of His name.—PSALM C. 3. P-B

✠
PRAISE to the HOLIEST in the height
And in the depth be praise!
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways!

NEWMAN.

✠
THE fineness which a hymn or psalm affords
Is, when the soul unto the lines accords.

✠
HERBERT.

MY prayers and alms, imperfect and defiled,
Were but the feeble efforts of a child;
Howe'er performed, it was their brightest part,
That they proceeded from a grateful heart.

✠
COWPER.

DO not let your head run upon that which is none
of your own, but pick out some of the best of
your circumstances, and consider how eagerly
you would wish for them, were they not in your
possession.

✠
MARCUS AURELIUS.

✠
“**I** HAVE sinned,” she said,
“And not merited
The gift HE gives, by the grace HE sees!
The mine-cave praiseth the jewel! the hill-side
praiseth the star!

I am viler than these!”
Then I cried aloud in my passion—“Unthankful
and impotent creature,
To throw up thy scorn unto GOD through the rents
in thy beggarly nature!
If HE, the all-giving and loving, is served so un-
duly,—what then
Hast thou done to the weak and the false and the
changing—thy fellows of men?”

✠
E. B. BROWNING.

BE thankful for the least gift, so shalt thou be meet
to receive greater.

✠
THOS. À KEMPIS

SUNDAY.]

Thanksgiving.

One of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God, and fell down on his face at His feet giving Him thanks.

GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

WILT thou be last in bliss and benison,
That wast the first in lamentable wail?

H. COLERIDGE.

GLADNESS seems a duty! The faith be mine
That HE, Who guides and governs all, approves,
When Gratitude, though disciplined to look
Beyond these transient spheres, doth wear a crown
Of earthly hope put on with trembling hand.

WORDSWORTH.

GOD'S Voice, not Nature's! Night and noon
HE sits upon the great white throne
And listens for the Creature's praise.
What babble we of Days and days?
The Dayspring HE, Whose days go on!

E. B. BROWNING.

OF whom what could HE less expect
Than glory and benediction, that is, Thanks!—
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense
From them, who could return HIM nothing else.

MILTON.

A SOUL redeemed demands a life of praise.

COWPER.

Hold
With you, the setting forth such praise to be
The natural end and service of a man;—
And hold such praise is best attained, when man
Attains the general welfare of mankind.

BROWNING.

A THOUSAND blessings, LORD, to us THOU dost impart,
We ask one blessing more, O LORD,—a thankful heart!

TRENCH.

[MONDAY.

Thanksgiving.

Let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips giving thanks to His name.—HEB. XIII. 15.

MAN is the World's high-priest ! He doth present
The Sacrifice for all ; while they below
Unto the service mutter an assent,
Such as springs use that fall, and winds that blow !
He that to praise and laud THEE doth refrain,
Doth not refrain unto himself alone,
But robs a thousand who would praise THEE fain,
And doth commit a world of sin in one.

HERBERT.

LET thy day be to thy night
A teller of good tidings ! Let thy praise
Go up as birds go up—that, when they wake,
Shake off the dew and soar !

J. INGELOW.

IF these should hold their peace, the stones would
immediately cry out.

NOR think,—though men were none,—
That heaven would want spectators, God want
praise !

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.
All these with ceaseless praise His works behold
Both day and night.

MILTON.

NOW thank we all our God,
With hearts and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In WHOM His world rejoices !
Who, from our mother's arms,
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day !

RINCKART (trans. by C. WINKWORTH).

TUESDAY.]

Thanksgiving.

And Jesus lifted up His eyes and said, Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard Me.—JOHN XI. 41.

FOLLOW with reverent steps the great example
Of HIM Whose holy work was “doing good”;
So shall the wide earth seem our FATHER’S temple,
Each loving life a psalm of Gratitude!

WHITTIER.

SOME murmur,—when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,—
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God’s good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

TRENCH.

WHEN ye glorify the LORD, exalt HIM as much
as ye can; for even yet will HE far exceed;
and when ye exalt HIM, put forth all your strength,
and be not weary; for ye can never go far enough.

ECCLUS. XLIII. 30.

WHAT shall I give THEE for all these thousands
of benefits? I would I could serve THEE all
the days of my life!

THOS. A KEMPIS.

YEA, let my whole life be
One anthem unto THEE!
And let the praise of lip and life
Outring all sin and strife!

F. R. HAVERGAL.

GET praise devote thy work, and skill employ
Thy whole mind, and thy heart be lost in joy!...
Man doeth nothing well, be it great or small,
Save to praise GOD,—but that hath saved all.

BRIDGES.

E’EN eternity is too short to extol THEE. HERBERT.

[WEDNESDAY.

Thanksgiving.

Giving thanks always for all things unto God and
the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

—♦♦—
EPH. VI. 20.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise! . . .
Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy . . .
Through all Eternity, to THEE
A joyful song I'll raise!
For oh! Eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

ADDISON.

✽
WHEN thou hast thanked thy God for every
blessing sent,
What time will then remain for murmurs or lament?

✽
TRENCH.

✽
O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To THEE all praise and glory be!
How shall we show our love to THEE,—
Giver of all! . . .
For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe THEE thankfulness and praise,
Giver of all! C. WORDSWORTH.

✽
HE, Whose power mere Nullity obeys,
Who found thee Nothing, formed thee for His praise.
To praise HIM is to serve HIM, and fulfil,
Doing and suffering, His unquestioned Will.

✽
COWPER.

✽
I PRAISE THEE while my days go on;
I love THEE while my days go on:
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasures lost,
I thank THEE while my days go on! E. B. B.

THURSDAY.]

Thanksgiving.

In everything give thanks; for this is the will of God
in Christ Jesus concerning you.—1 THESS. V. 11.

WHEREFORE I cry, and cry again;
And in no quiet canst THOU be
Till I a thankful heart obtain

Of THEE.

Not thankful when it pleaseth me;
As if Thy blessings had spare days;
But such a heart whose pulse may be
Thy praise!

HERBERT.

NO thanks he breathed, he proffered no request;
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a Thanksgiving to the Power
That made him!

WORDSWORTH.

HE to whom
A common meal can be no Eucharist,
Who thanks for food and strength, not for the love
That made cold water for its blessedness,
And wine for gladness' sake,—has yet to learn
The heart-delight of inmost thankfulness
For innermost reception.

MAC DONALD.

PUSILLANIMOUS Heart, be comforted,
And, like a cheerful traveller, take the road,
Singing beside the hedge! What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints? At least it may be said,
"Because the way is *short*, I thank THEE, GOD!"

E. B. BROWNING.

MADE answer, "Were there nothing else
For which to praise the heavens but only Love,
That only Love were cause enough for Praise."

TENNYSON.

[FRIDAY.

Thanksgiving.

Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving

1 TIM. IV. 4.

MY GOD, I thank THEE, Who hast made
The Earth so bright,
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light !
So many glorious things are here
Noble and right !

A. PROCTER.

MERCIES which do everywhere us meet,
Whose very commonness should win more
Do for that cause less wonder raise, [praise,
And those with slighter thankfulness we greet.

TRENCH.

WE thank THEE, then, O FATHER,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food !
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And,—what THOU most desirest,—
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above !
Then thank the LORD, oh, thank the LORD,
For all His love !

CLAUDIUS.

I WOULD not fain be one
Who, satisfying thirst and breaking fast,
Upon the fulness of the heart, at last
Says no grace after meat.—My wine has run
Indeed out of my cup, and there is none
To gather up the bread of my repast
Scattered and trampled :—yet I find some good
In earth's green herbs and streams that bubble up
Clear from the darkling ground,—content until
I sit with angels before better food. E. B. BROWNING.

WEEK OF THE
*FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY*

“Rest in Weariness”

“Rest in the Lord.”

A Prayer for the Week

Grant to me, above all things that can be desired, to rest in THEE, and in THEE to have my heart at peace ! THOU art the true Peace of the heart, THOU its only rest ; out of THEE all things are hard and restless. In this very Peace, that is, in THEE, the one Chiefest Eternal Good, I will sleep and rest !

[SATURDAY.

Rest in Weariness.

Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would
I fly away and be at rest! PSALM LV. 6.

IF souls be made of earthly mould,
Let them love gold!—
If born on high,
Let them unto their kindred fly!—
For they can never be at rest
Till they regain their ancient nest.



HERBERT.

FROM our ill-ordered hearts we oft are fain to
roam,
As men go forth, who find unquietness at home.



TRENCH.

O SLEEPLESS Soul! in the world's waste astray,
Whither!—And will thy wanderings ever end?...
The vapours drift, the mists within the brain
Float on obscuringly and have no will—
Only the bare Peaks and the Stones remain;
These only—and a God sublimely still!



BUCHANAN.

THERE'S a fancy some lean to and others hate—
That, when this life is ended, begins
New work for the Soul in another state,
Where it strives and gets weary, loses and wins:
Where the strong and the weak,—this world's
congeries,—

Repeat in large what they practised in small,
Through Life after Life in unlimited series:—
Only the scale's to be changed,—that is all!


Yet I hardly know!—When a soul has seen!
By the means of Evil that Good is best, [serene—
And through earth and its noise, what is heaven's
When our faith in the same has stood the test—
Why,—the child grown man, you burn the rod,—
The uses of labour are surely done!—
There remaineth a Rest for the people of God:
And I have had troubles enough for one.

BROWNING.

SUNDAY.]

Rest in Weariness.

Be not anxious for your Life. . . Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. — GOSPEL FOR THE DAY. (R. V.)


DIVINE monition Nature yields,
That not by bread alone we live,
Or what a hand of flesh can give ;—
That every day should leave some part
Free for a Sabbath of the Heart ;
So shall the Seventh be truly blest,
From morn to eve with hallowed rest.

WORDSWORTH.



REST, weary Soul !
The penalty is borne, the ransom paid,
For all thy sins full satisfaction made !
Strive not to do thyself what CHRIST has done,
Claim the free gift and make the joy thine own !
No more by pangs of guilt and fear distress,
Rest, sweetly Rest !

Rest, weary Heart !
From all thy silent griefs and secret pain,
Thy profitless regrets and longings vain ;—
Wisdom and love have ordered all the past,
All shall be Blessedness and Light at last ;
Cast off the cares that have so long oppress !
Rest ! sweetly Rest !

Rest, Spirit free !
In the green pastures of the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow can approach no more,
With all the flock by the Good Shepherd fed,
Beside the streams of Life eternal led,
For ever with thy GOD and SAVIOUR blest,

Rest, sweetly rest !

H. L. L.



WHAT is more at Rest than the single eye ! and
what is more free than he that desireth
nothing upon earth ?

THOS. À KEMPIS.

[MONDAY.]

Rest in Weariness.

Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile.—MARK VI. 31.

BUT to be still! oh, but to cease awhile
The panting breath and hurrying steps of life;
The sights, the sounds, the struggle and the strife
Of hourly being; the sharp, biting file
Of action, fretting on the tightened chain
Of rough existence;—all that is not pain,—
But utter Weariness!—Oh, to be free—
But for a while—from conscious entity!
To shut the banging doors and windows wide
Of restless sense; and let the soul abide
Darkly and stilly for a little space,
Gathering its strength up to pursue the race!
O Heavens! to rest a moment! but to rest
From this quick, gasping life—were to be blest!

F. KEMBLE.

THE first sure symptom of a mind in health
Is Rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.
False pleasure from abroad her joys imports. . .
A change of evils is thy good supreme;
Nor but in motion canst thou find thy Rest.

YOUNG.

ART thou patiently toiling, waiting the MASTER'S
Will,—
For a Rest that never seems nearer, a hush that is
far off still?
Does it seem that the noisy city never will let thee hear
The sound of His gentle footsteps, drawing, it may
be, near?
Does it seem that the blinding dazzle of noonday
glare and heat
Is a fiery veil between thy heart and visions high
and sweet?
What though a lull in life may never be made for thee?
Soon shall a better thing be thine,—the Lull of
Eternity!

F. R. HAVESGAL.

TUESDAY.]

Rest in Weariness.

We which have believed do enter into Rest.—HEB. IV. 3.

ART thou already weary of the way ?

Thou who hast yet but half the way gone o'er !
Get up, and lift thy burden ! Lo ! before
Thy feet the road goes stretching far away.

If thou already faint, who hast but come
Through half thy pilgrimage with fellows gay,—
Love, Youth and Hope, under the rosy bloom
And temperate airs of early-breaking day,—

Look yonder, how the heavens stoop and gloom !
There cease the trees to shade, the flowers to spring,
And the angels leave thee. What wilt thou
become

Through yon drear stretch of dismal wandering,
Lonely and dark ?—I shall take courage, friend,
For comes not every step more near the end !

F. KEMBLE.

O EARTH, so full of dreary noises !

O Men, with wailing in your voices !

O delvèd gold, the wailers heap !

O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall !

God strikes a silence through you all,

And giveth His belovèd, sleep !

Ay, Men may wonder while they scan

A living, thinking, feeling Man,

Confirmed in such a Rest to keep ;

But Angels say, and through the word

I think their happy smile is heard—

"He giveth His belovèd, sleep."

E. B. BROWNING.

THE FATHER portioneth as HE will,
To all His belovèd children,—and shall we not be
still ?

Is not His will the wisest ? is not His choice the
best ?

And in perfect acquiescence, is there not perfect
Rest ?

F. R. HAVERGAL.

[WEDNESDAY.

Rest in Weariness.

My Presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee
Rest.—EXODUS XXXIII. 14

—♦—♦—♦—
AH! if thy fate, with anguish fraught
Should be to wet the dusty soil
With the hot tears and sweat of toil,—
To struggle with imperious Thought,—
Until the overburdened brain,
Weary with labour, faint with pain,
Like a jarred pendulum, retain
Only its motion, not its power,—
Remember, in that perilous hour,
When most afflicted and oppressed,
From labour there shall come forth Rest !



LONGFELLOW.

SURELY my heart cannot truly rest, nor be
entirely contented, unless it rest in THEE, and
rise above all gifts and all creatures whatsoever.



THOS. A KEMPIS.

WHEN the Rest of Faith is ended, and the Rest
in Hope is past,
The Rest of Love remaineth—Sabbath of Life at last.
No more fleeting hours, hurrying down the day,—
But golden stillness of glory, never to pass away !
Time, with its pressure of moments, mocking us as
they fell
With relentless beat of a footstep, hour by hour the
knell
Of a hope or an aspiration, then shall have passed
Leaving a grand calm Leisure,—leisure of endless
day !



F. R. HAVERGAL

ALL tortured states
Suppose a straitened place. JEHOVAH LORD,
Make room for Rest around me ! out of sight
Now float me, on the vexing land abhorred,
Till in deep calms of space my Soul may right
Her nature, shoot large sail on lengthening cord,
And rush exultant on the Infinite !

E. B. BROWNING.

THURSDAY.]

Rest in Weariness.

There remaineth therefore a Rest for the people of
God — HEB. IV. 9.

THEY are at Rest !

We may not stir the heaven of their repose
With loud-voiced grief, or passionate request,
Or selfish plaint. NEWMAN.

THE world's unkindness grows with life,
And troubles never cease ;
'Twere lawful then to wish to die
Simply to be at peace ! FABER.

THEY rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy,
holy is the LORD of Hosts ! REV. IV. 8.

DAY and Labour, Night and Rest,
Come together in our mind,
And we image forth the Blest
To eternal calm resigned :—
Yet it may be that the Abyss
Of the Lost is only this,
That for them all things to come
Are inanimate and dumb,
And Immortal Life they steep
In dishonourable sleep :—
While no power of pause is given
To the Inheritors of Heaven :
And the holiest still are those
Who are farthest from repose,
And yet, onward, onward, press
To a loftier Godliness ;—
Still becoming,—more than being,
Apprehending,—more than seeing,
Feeling, as from orb to orb
In their awful course they run,
How their souls new light absorb
From the Self-Existing ONE. HOUGHTON.

ABSENCE of occupation is not Rest.

COWPER.

[FRIDAY.

Rest in Weariness.

Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you Rest! - MATT. XI. 28.

❖
O BLESSÈD voice of JESUS, which comes to hearts opprest!

It tells of benediction, of pardon, grace and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending, of love which cannot
cease!



DIX.

“ COME unto ME

And I will give you Rest.” “ Once more the voice
Is in my ear. It seems to echo now
The mournful hope that Death should give me Rest;
And yet I know this is no dream-like sound
Of sad Death making answer. This the Voice
Of Life and not of Death!” . . HE spake
Of giving Rest, and on the bitter Cross
He gave the promised Rest! O CHRIST, the King!
We also wander on the desert-hills,
Though haunted by Thy call, returning sweet
At morn and eve; we will not come to THEE
Till THOU hast nailed us to some bitter Cross,
And made us look on Thine; and driven at last
To call on THEE with trembling and with tears—
THOU lookest down in love, upbraiding not,
And promising the kingdom!

B. M.



THOU hast made us for THYSELF, and our hearts
are disquieted until they can find rest in THEE.

ST. AUGUSTINE.



NOR can the vain toil cease,
Till in the shadowy maze of Life we meet
ONE Who can guide our aching, wayward feet
To find HIMSELF, our Way, our Life, our Peace!
In HIM the long unrest is soothed and stilled;
Our hearts are filled!

F. R. HAVERGAL.



WHEN HE giveth quietness, who then can make
trouble?

JOB XXXIV. 29.

WEEK OF THE
*SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY*

*“The Enthusiasm of Self-
Sacrifice”*

“He must increase, but I must decrease.”

A Prayer for the Week

O LORD JESUS, Who for our sake wast content to lead a life of perfect Self-Sacrifice on earth ; grant me as well in small things as in great, constantly to die to self and live for others, that so I may be one with THEE, both now and hereafter.

Self-Sacrifice.

I will very gladly spend and be spent for you,
though the more abundantly I love you, the less I
be loved.—2 COR. XIII. 5.

LEARN that if to thee the meaning
Of all other eyes be shown,
Fewer eyes can ever front thee
That are skilled to read thine own;
And that if thy love's deep current
Many another's far outflows,
Then thy heart must take for ever
Less than it bestows ! J. INGELOW.

WHEN you have done a kindness, and your
neighbour is the better for it, why need you
be so foolish as to look any farther, and gape for
reputation and requital ? MARCUS AURELIUS.

TREAD on me !—scorn me !—I joy in the darkness,
So thou mayest wander for aye in the light :—
Take friends from me,—fortune,—my nearest and
dearest—
I welcome each pang—so thy path be but bright !

GO, I forget my ruin, and rejoice
In thy success, as thou ! Let our God's praise
Go bravely through the world at last !—What care
Through me or thee ? BROWNING.

GET us go forth, and resolutely dare,
With sweat of brow to toil our little day !
And if a tear fall on the task of care,
In memory of those spring hours past away,
Brush it not by !
Our hearts to God ! to brother-men
Aid, Labour, Blessing, Prayer !—and then
To these—a sigh ! HOUGHTON.

SUNDAY.]

Self-Sacrifice.

I desire that ye faint not at my tribulations for you.
EP. FOR THE DAY.

WHAT good gift have my brothers, but it came
From search and strife and loving Sacrifice?
E. ARNOLD.

FAITH demands Action, not tears;—it demands
Of us the power of Sacrifice—sole origin of our
Salvation;—it seeks Christians capable of saying,
We will die for this,—above all, Christians capable of
saying, *We will live for this*.
LAMENNAIS.

EVERMORE
For Sacrifice they die,—through Sacrifice
They live, and are for others,—and no grief
That smites the humblest, but reverberates
Thro' all the close-set files of time!
L. MORRIS.

WHILE the years of Childhood glided slow
There was all to receive and nothing to give:
Is it not better for others to live?
And happier far than merriest games
Is the joy of our new and nobler aims:
Then, fair fresh flowers—now, lasting gems;
Then, wreaths for a day—but now diadems.
F. R. HAVERGAL.

GETHESEMANE
Denied our LORD all human sympathy!
And deepest grief
Is that we bear alone for other's sake,
Smiling the while lest loving hearts should break
For our relief!
O hearts that faint
Beneath your burdens great, but make no plaint,
Lift up your eyes!
Somewhere beyond, the Life you give is found,—
Somewhere, we know, by God's own hand is
crowned
Love's Sacrifice!
MARIA DRAKE.

[MONDAY.

Self-Sacrifice.

I pray thee, let thy servant abide, instead of the lad, a bondman to my lord; and let the lad go up with his brethren.—GEN. XLIV. 33.

OH! let my weakness have an end!

Give unto me, made lowly-wise,

The spirit of Self-Sacrifice;—

The confidence of Reason give;—

And in the light of Truth, Thy bondman let me live!

WORDSWORTH.

HAPPY is he,

Of whom (himself among the dead

And silent this word shall be said :

—That he might have had the World with him,

But chose to side with suffering Men,

And had the World against him !

E. B. BROWNING.

AND trust, as if already plain,

How just thy share of loss and pain
Is for another fuller gain.

One only knows. Yet if the fret
Of thy weak heart, in deep regret
Needs a more tender comfort yet ;

Then thou may'st take thy loneliest fears,
The bitterest drops of all thy tears,
The dreariest hours of all thy years ;

And through the anguish there outspread,
May ask that God's great Love would shed
Blessings on one beloved head !

A. PROCTER.

HOW can Love lose doing of its kind
Even to the uttermost ?

E. ARNOLD.

DUTY'S whole lesson thou hast learnt at last,
Which in Self-Sacrifice begins and ends.

By the rejection of thyself thou hast

Regained the Infinite, Whose Life transcends
All personality !

LYTTON.

TUESDAY.]

Self-Sacrifice.

I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ
for my brethren,—my kinsmen according to the flesh.

ROM. IX. 3.

ALL may save Self:—but minds that heavenward
Aim at a wider power,— [tower
Gifts on the world to shower:—
And this is—not at once—by fastings gain'd
And trials well sustain'd,
By pureness, righteous deeds, and toils of love,
Abidance in the Truth, and zeal for God above.

NEWMAN.

TOUCH thy temples pale,
I breathe my soul on thee!
And could my prayers prevail,
All my joy should be
Dead!—and I would live to weep,
So thou might'st win one hour of quiet sleep!

SHELLEY.

I'D feed their flame e'en from my heart's best blood,
Withering unseen that they might flourish still.

BROWNING.

THE hermit sage and ancient anchorite, [friends—
Who went to wilds. and made the wolves their
Even they perchance had fought a better fight,
And served more righteously their Being's ends,
Had they remained
In the world's pale, and kept, with perilous might,
Their Faith unstained:—
Had they abandoned even the commune high
Which oft in solitude they held with God—
The lonely prayer, the speechless ecstacy,
In which the angel-paths of Heaven they trod,—
And sacrificed
Upon that altar which saw JESUS die,
What best they prized!

HOUGHTON.

WE grudge not our Life, if it give larger Life unto
them that do live.

Self-Sacrifice.

In honour preferring one another.—ROM XII. 10.

COULD we but crush that ever-craving lust
 For bliss, which kills all bliss, and lose our Life,—
 Our barren unit-life,—to find again
 A thousand Lives in those for whom we die—
 So, were we men and women! and should hold
 Our rightful rank in God's great Universe,
 Wherein, in heaven and earth, by will or nature
 Nought lives for Self!—
 All, all,—from crown to footstool,—
 The Lamb, before the world's foundations slain—
 The Angels, ministers to God's elect—
 The sun, who only shines to light a world—
 The clouds, whose glory is to die in showers—
 The fleeting streams, who in their ocean-graves
 Flee the decay of stagnant self-content—
 The oak, ennobled by the shipwright's axe—
 The soil which yields its marrow to the flower—
 The flower, which feeds a thousand velvet worms,
 Born only to be prey for every bird—
 All spend themselves for others!—And shall Man,
 Earth's rosy blossom—image of his God—
 Whose twofold being is the mystic knot
 Which couples Earth and Heaven—doubly bound
 As being both worm and Angel, to that service
 By which both worms and Angels hold their life—
 Shall he, whose every breath is debt on debt,
 Refuse, without some hope of further wage
 Which he calls Heaven, to be what God has made
 No! let him show himself the creature's Lord [him]
 By freewill gift of that Self-Sacrifice
 Which they, perforce, by Nature's law must suffer.

KINGLEY.

IT is only with Renunciation that Life, properly
 speaking, can be said to begin.

CARLYLE.

WOULD I could die for them, so they might live!

BYRON.

THURSDAY.]

Self-Sacrifice.

Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.—MATT. V. 41.

REST not in hope want's icy chain to thaw
By casual boons and formal charities !
Learn to be just, just through impartial law ;
Far as ye may, erect and equalize ;
And, what ye cannot reach by statute, draw
Each from his fountain of Self-Sacrifice !

WORDSWORTH.

WHAT are we set on earth for !— Say, to toil ;
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines.
And Death's mild curfew shall from Work assoil ! . .
God did anoint thee with his odorous oil
To wrestle,—not to reign ! and HE assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labour, to their heart and hand.
From thy hand and thy heart and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower with a brimming cup may stand
And share its dew-drop with another near.

E. B. BROWNING.

I AM young, happy, and free !
I can devote myself ; I have a life
To give.

BROWNING.

SACRIFICE and Self-devotion hallow earth and
fill the skies,
And the meanest Life is sacred —whence the highest
may arise.

HOUGHTON.

LIVE on, brave lives, chained to the narrow round
Of Duty !—Live ! expend yourselves ! and make
The orb of Being wheel onward steadfastly
Upon its path ! The LORD of Life alone
Knows to what goal of Good :—work on ! live on !

L. MORRIS.

Self-Sacrifice.

It is more blessed to give than to receive.—ACTS XX. 35.

COME, my beloved ! we will haste and go
 To those pale faces of our fellow-men !
 Our loving hearts, burning with summer fire,
 Will cast a glow upon their pallidness ;
 Our hands will help them, far as servants may ;
 Hands are Apostles still to saviour-hearts.
 So we may share their blessedness with them !

MAC DONALD.

HE gives nothing but worthless gold
 Who gives from a sense of duty.

LOWELL.

GRANT us hearts, dear LORD, to yield THEE
 Gladly, freely, of Thine own !
 With the sunshine of Thy goodness
 Melt our thankless hearts of stone !
 Till our cold and selfish natures,
 Warmed by THEE, at length believe
 That more happy and more blessed
 'Tis to give than to receive.

E. ALDERSON.

TAKE that share, which I reckoned mine, but
 which thou so wantest ! take it with a blessing !
 would to Heaven I had enough for thee !

CARLYLE.

TO give a kingdom hath been thought
 Greater and nobler done,—and to lay down,
 Far more magnanimous than to assume.

MILTON.

THE Holy Supper is kept, indeed
 In whatso we share with another's need ;
 Not what we give, but what we share—
 For the Gift without the Giver is bare :
 Who gives Himself, with his alms feeds three,—
 Himself, his hungering Neighbour, and ME.

LOWELL.

WEEK OF THE
*SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY*

"The Canker of Self"

"Even Christ pleased not himself."

A Prayer for the Week

Oh, wean this Self from me ! that I
No more, but CHRIST, in me may live !
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one hidden lust survive !
In all things, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but THEE !

The Canker of Self.

[SATURDAY.

Am I my brother's keeper?—GEN. IV. 9

—♦—
THERE what one sows must another reap,
And children suffer for their father's sins
While they live here; but in that other world
Shall each man reap his own inheritance,—
Such heritage as he has left behind
For those who follow here,—who are the worse
Or better for his sojourning with them.

But if it be the worse, if the foregone
Sin of thy parents or some other one's
(For our lives here are mostly in the power
Of other lives, and each of us is bound
To be his brother's keeper) have made earth
Alien to thee, and poisoned at the fount
The natural springs of joy . . . what is that to thee,
Who livest not for one time, but for all?

God keeps account of that; only take care
Those same pathetic haunting eyes of thine,
For which some soul doth suffer punishment,
Do meet thee not again in wife or child,
Or sick man at thy gates, or starving man
That wrought thy goodly raiment, or the brute
And ignorant fury of the brotherless,
Whose firebrand lights the roofs of palaces!



H. H. K.

THE time has been, it seem'd a precept plain
Of the true faith CHRIST's tokens to display,
And in life's commerce still the thought retain
That Men have Souls, and wait a Judgment-Day . . .
'Tis alter'd now!—for Adam's eldest born
Has train'd our practice in a selfish rule,—
Each stands alone, CHRIST's bonds asunder torn;
Each has his private thought, selects his school,
Conceals his creed, and lives in closest tie
Of fellowship with those who count it blasphemy.



NEWMAN.

ALWAY there is a black spot in our sunshine, it
is . . . the Shadow of ourselves.

CARLYLE.

SUNDAY.]

The Canker of Self.

And He put forth a parable to those which were bidden, when He marked how they chose out the chief rooms.—GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

—♦—
IT is not easy with a mind like ours, . .
To bid the pleadings of Self-love be still,
Resign our own, and seek our MAKER's Will. . .
Self-love dismissed—'tis then we live indeed;
In her embrace, death, only death, is found;
Come, then! one noble effort, and succeed!
Cast off the chain of Self with which thy Soul
is bound! COWPER.

✕
MISERY is only removed by removing Selfish-
ness. ✕

ONLY when thou shalt yield thy will to His,
Renouncing Self's vain dreams, and take thy
Among the lowest, shall thy power return [place
To speak His word, to bow men's hearts to HIM.
PLUMPTRE.

✕
KNOW thou, that the love of Thyself doth thee
more hurt than anything in the world. Ac-
cording to the love and affection which thou bearest
towards anything, so doth it more or less cleave to
thee. THOS. À KEMPIS.

✕
IAM ruined who believed
That though my soul had floated from its sphere
Of wild dominion into the dim orb
Of Self—that it was strong and free as ever!
It has conformed itself to that dim orb,
Reflecting all its shades and shapes,—and now
Must stay,—where it alone can be adored!
BROWNING.

✕
THERE is but one step between the Egotist and
the Slave. MAZZINI.

✕
HE that is selfish and cuts off his own Soul from
the Universal Soul of all rational Beings, is a
kind of voluntary outlaw. MARCUS AURELIUS.

The Canker of Self.

[MONDAY.

There came a traveller unto the rich man, and he spared to take of his own flock and of his own herd, to dress for the wayfaring man that was come unto him; but took the poor man's lamb. 2 SAM. xii. 4.

OUR life is turned

Out of her course, wherever man is made
An offering, or a sacrifice,—a tool
Or implement,—a passive thing employed
As a brute mean, without acknowledgment
Of common right or interest in the end;
Used or abused as selfishness may prompt.

Say, what can follow for a rational soul
Perverted thus, but weakness in all good
And strength in evil?

WORDSWORTH.

HOW vainly seek

The Selfish for that happiness denied
To aught but Virtue! Blind and hardened they..
Who covet power they know not how to use,
And sigh for pleasure they refuse to give!—
Madly they frustrate still their own designs.

SHELLEY.

MY very thoughts are selfish, always building
Mean castles in the air;

I use my love of others for a gilding
To make myself look fair.

Alas! no speed in life can snatch us wholly
Out of Self's hateful sight!

FABER.

DISCOURAGEMENT is disenchanted Egotism.

MAZZINI.

UNCHANGED within, to see all changed without,
Is a blank lot, and hard to bear, no doubt.

Yet why at others' wanings should'st thou fret?

Then only might'st thou feel a just regret,

Hadst thou withheld thy love, or hid thy light,

In selfish forethought of neglect and slight. S. T. C.

TUESDAY.]

The Canker of Self.

Seemeth it a small thing unto you to have eaten up the good pasture, but ye must tread down with your feet the residue of your pastures? and to have drunk of the deep waters, but ye must foul the residue with your feet? EZEK. XXXIV. 18.

THEY that most impute a crime
Are pronest to it, and impute themselves,
Wanting the mental range; or low desire
Not to feel lowest, makes them level all;
Yea, they would pare the mountain to the plain
To leave an equal baseness! TENNYSON.

FAST thou turned to lifeless Dogma all the living
Truth, feeding the hungry with the straw and
chaff,—mocking the thirsty with the tainted stream?
PLUMPTRE.

IN Hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments.
LUKE XVI. 23.

WE are ourselves
Our Heaven and Hell,—the joy,—the penalty,—
The yearning,—the fruition! Earth is hell
Or heaven, and yet not only earth; but still
After the swift soul leaves the gates of death,
The pain grows deeper and less mixed,—the joy
Purer and less alloyed, and we are damned
Or blest,—as we have lived! L. MORRIS.

WHO may the horror but in dream abide,
Breathless to knock, and by the portal wait
Where Saints have passed behind their glorious
Guide,
Then feel, not hear, the sad drear word, *Too late!*
Woe, in that hour, to souls that seek the gate
Alone!—but deeper anguish, direr gloom,
If to thy bosom clinging, child or mate,
Pupil or friend, the heaven-prepared room,
Tardy through thee, should miss,—and share the
hopeless doom! KEBLE.

[WEDNESDAY.

The Canker of Self.

Do not ye after their works. . . For they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders ; but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers —MATT. XXIII. 3, 4.

DOST thou gloss over as a venial sin

The trespass of the rich, his selfish state,
His pomp, and pride, and luxury,—pressing hard,
As did the Pharisees of old, on sins
That others yield to? Art thou swift to bind
Thy burdens on the poor, still making sad
The hearts which God will gladden? PLUMPTRE.

SELF starts nothing, but what tends apace

Home to the goal where it began the race.
Such as our motive is, our aim must be—
If this be servile, that can ne'er be free :
If Self employ us,—whatsoe'er is wrought,
We glorify that Self, not HIM we ought. COWPER.

WE are wrong always when we think too much
Of what we think or are :—albeit our thoughts
Be verily bitter as self sacrifice,
We're no less selfish! E. B. BROWNING.

I AM weary of tears that scarce are dry,
Ere their founts are filled as the cloud goes by !
Weary of feelings where each in the throng
Mocks at the rest as they crowd along! . .
Where Selfishness crawls, the snake-demon of ill,
The least suspected where busiest still.

MAC DONALD.

NOR will that day dawn at a human nod,
When, bursting through the network super-
By selfish occupation—plot and plan, [posed
Lust, avarice, envy—liberated man,
All difference with his fellow-mortal closed,
Shall be left standing face to face with God.

MATT. ARNOLD.

THURSDAY.]

The Canker of Self.

When he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

LUKE X. 31.

—
WHERE we disavow
Being keeper to our Brother, we're his Cain.

E. B. BROWNING.

A MORE subtle Selfishness—that now
Locks every function up in blank reserve,—
Now dupes me.
Inversion strange,—that unto one who lives
For self, and struggles with himself alone,—
The amplest share of heavenly favour gives !

WORDSWORTH.

AND the winds and the waters in pastoral
measures

Go winding around us, with roll upon roll,
Till the soul lies within in a circle of pleasures
Which hideth the Soul . . .

And we shout so aloud, we exult, we rejoice !
That we lose the low moan of our brothers around :
And we shout so adeep down creation's profound,
We are deaf to God's voice !

E. B. BROWNING.

ALL selfish Souls, whate'er they feign,
Have still a slavish lot ;

They boast of Liberty—in vain,—
Of Love—and feel it not !

He whose bosom glows with THEE—
He, and he alone, is free.

COWPER.

WE, each pore alert with consciousness,
Hide our best selves as we had stolen them !

LOWELL.

NOT by looking within, but by living without,
This centre of Self, shall a man grow wise.
Let us, leaving ourselves, then, go boldly about,
And take part in the business of earth and skies.

LYTTON.

[FRIDAY.]

The Canker of Self.

Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth.—1 COR. x. 24.

GLORY built

On selfish principles, is shame and guilt.

COWPER.

I SEE a Spirit by thy side, purple-winged and
Looking like a heavenly guide. [eagle-eyed,
Though he seem so bright and fair, ere thou trust
his proffered care,

Pause a little and beware !

If he bid thee dwell apart, tending some ideal smart
In a sick and coward heart.

In self-worship wrapped alone, dreaming thy poor
griefs are grown

More than other men have known ;

Dwelling in some cloudy sphere, though God's work
is waiting here.

And God deigneth to be near . . .

If a simple, humble heart seem to thee a meaner part,
Than thy noblest aim and art . . .

Though his words seem true and wise, Soul, I say
to thee, *Arise!*

He is a Demon in disguise !

A PROCTER.

WITH the theory of Happiness, as the primary
aim of Existence, we shall only produce
Egotists.

MAZZINI.

THAT love is false

Which clings to love for selfish sweets of love.

E. ARNOLD.

IS Selfishness

For time, a sin !—spun out to eternity
Celestial prudence ? Shame ! Oh, thrust me forth,
Forth, LORD, from Self, until I toil and die
No more for heaven and bliss,—but duty, LORD,
Duty to THEE,—although my meed should be
The hell which I deserve !

KINGSLEY.

WEEK OF THE
*EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY*

**"The First and Great Command-
ment"**

"O Love the Lord, all ye His Saints!"

A Prayer for the Week

O LORD, guide me here with Thy counsel, and after that receive me into glory ! For whom have I in heaven but THEE ? and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of THEE. O LORD, make me ever more and more thus to long after THEE !

[SATURDAY.

The Great Commandment.

Whom have I in heaven but Thee ? and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of Thee !

PSALM LXXIII. 24.

THOU shalt see amid the dark profound,
Whom thy Soul loveth—and would fain approach

One moment.—But thou knowest not, my child,
What thou dost ask ; that sight of the Most Fair
Will gladden thee,—but it will pierce thee too !

NEWMAN.

O THOU pale Form, so dimly seen, deep-eyed !
I have denied THEE calmly ;—do I not
Pant when I read of Thy consummate deeds !
And burn to see Thy calm pure truths outflash
The brightest gleams of earth's philosophy ?
Do I not shake to hear aught question THEE ?

If I am erring, save me ! madden me !
Take from me powers and pleasures ! let me die
Ages,—so I see THEE ! I am knit round
As with a chain by sin and lust and pride ;
Yet though my wandering dreams have seen all
shapes

Of strange delight, oft have I stood by THEE—
Have I been keeping lonely watch with THEE—
In the damp night by weeping Olivet,
Or leaning on Thy bosom, proudly less,
Or dying with THEE on the lonely cross,
Or witnessing Thy bursting from the tomb.

BROWNING.

LEAVE me, O Love which reachest but to dust !
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things !
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust !
Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.
Then, farewell, World ! thy uttermost I see ;
Eternal Love, maintain Thy love in me !

SIR P. SIDNEY.

LOVE desires to be on high, and will not be kept
back by anything low and mean.

THOM. À KEMPIS.

SUNDAY.]

The Great Commandment.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

—♦— GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

WHY have I not a thousand thousand hearts,
LORD of my Soul! that they might all be Thine!
If THOU approve—the zeal Thy smile imparts,
How should it ever fail! Can such a fire decline?
Love, pure and holy, is a deathless fire,—
Its object heavenly;—it must ever blaze!
Eternal Love a God must needs inspire,
When once HE wins the heart, and fits it for His
praise!

MDME GUION.

GOD who registers the cup
Of mere cold water, for His sake
To a disciple rendered up,—
Disdains not His own thirst to slake
At the poorest love was ever offered;
And because my heart I proffered,
With true love trembling at the brim,
HE suffers me to follow HIM
For ever!

BROWNING.

IS there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with THEE my heart to share!
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The LORD of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free
When it hath found repose in THEE.

TERSTEGEN.

WITH all thy Hart, with all thy Soull and Mind,
Thou must HIM love, and His becheasts
embrace . . .

And give thyselfe unto HIM—full and free,
That full and freely gave HIMSELF to thee!

SPENSER.

TAKE my heart! for I cannot give it THEE:
Keep it! for I cannot keep it for THEE.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

[MONDAY.

The Great Commandment.

The love of Christ constraineth us.—2 COR. v. 14.

IS this thy final choice?
Love is the best! 'Tis somewhat late!
And all thou dost enumerate
Of power and beauty in the world,
The mightiness of Love, was curled
Inextricably round about:
Love lay within it and without
To clasp thee,—but in vain! Thy soul
Still shrunk from HIM who made the whole,—
Still set, deliberate, aside
His love!

BROWNING.

LOVE is born of GOD, and cannot rest but in GOD,
above all created things. HE that loveth . . giveth
all for all, and hath all in all.

THOS. À KEMPIS.

IS it incredible!—or can it seem
A dream to any except those that dream,
That man should love his MAKER, and *that* fire
Warming his heart, should at his lips transpire?

COWPER.

MY GOD! I love THEE;—not because
I hope for Heaven thereby,
Nor yet because who love THEE not
Are lost eternally.
Not from the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast loved me—
O ever-loving LORD!

O MY GOD!

Draw me still nearer, closer unto THEE,
Till all the hollow of these deep desires
May with Thyself be filled!

F. HEMANS.

THE love of CHRIST is the conducting medium to
the love of all mankind.

JOWETT.

TUESDAY.]

The Great Commandment.

Lovest Thou Me?—Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that
I love Thee.—JOHN XXI. 15, 16.

HARK, my Soul! It is the LORD!
'Tis thy SAVIOUR, hear His word!
JESUS speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, *Lov'st thou Me?*"

LORD, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love THEE and adore;
Oh! for grace to love THEE more! COWPER.

"THOU makest me long," I said;—"therefore
wilt give!

My longing is Thy promise, O my God!
If having sinned, I thus have lost the claim,
Why doth the longing yet remain with me?"

I thought I heard an answer—"Question on!
Keep on thy need. It is the bond that holds
Thy Being yet to Mine." MAC DONALD.

WHAT is it that I hunger for but GOD?
My GOD, my GOD! let me for once look on THEE,
As though none else existed—We alone!
And as Creation crumbles, my Soul's spark
Expands till I can say,—Even from myself
I need THEE, and I feel THEE, and I love THEE!

I do not plead my rapture in Thy works
For love of THEE, nor that I feel as one
Who cannot die; but there is that in me
Which turns to THEE, which loves or which should
love. BROWNING.

HOLD THOU me up, as THOU
Holdest the Universe above me now!
Yet nearer! Come THOU nearer than to them;
Blindly they follow Thy behest, but I
Yearn for THEE strongly through my fleshly frame.
C. C. FRASER TYTLER.

[WEDNESDAY.]

The Great Commandment.

Whom having not seen, ye love.—1 PETER I. 8.

LOVE, which on earth, amid all the shows of it,
Has ever been seen the sole good of Life in it—
The love ever growing there, (spite of the strife in it)
Shall arise, made perfect, from Death's repose of it!

And I shall behold THEE, face to face,
O God! and in Thy light retrace
How, in all I loved here, still wast THOU!
WHOM pressing to then—as I fain would now—
I shall find as able to satiate

The love, Thy gift, as my spirit's wonder
THOU art able to quicken and sublate
With this sky of Thine, that I now walk under,
And glory in THEE for,—as I gaze
Thus, thus! Oh, let men keep their ways
Of seeking THEE in a narrow shrine—
Be this my way! And this is mine! BROWNING.

†
IT is not love received
That maketh man to know the inner life
Of them that love him:—his own love bestowed
Shall do it! Love thy FATHER!—and no more
His doings shall be strange! J. INGELW.

†
JESU, of THEE shall be my song;
To THEE, my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine,
And THOU, Blest SAVIOUR, THOU art mine!
JESU, my LORD, I THEE adore—
Oh! make me love THEE more and more!
COLLINS.

†
I AM an Emptiness for THEE to fill—
My Soul, a cavern for Thy sea. . .
I have done naught for THEE, am but a Want;
But THOU, Who art rich in giving, canst give claims,
And this same need of THEE, which THOU hast given,
Is a strong claim on THEE to give THYSELF.

MAC DONALD.

THURSDAY.]

The Great Commandment.

He that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen,
how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?

1 JOHN IV. 10.

LOVEST thou GOD as thou oughtest, then lovest
thou likewise thy brethren :

One is the sun in heaven ! and one, only one, is
Love also !

Bears not each human figure the god-like stamp on
his forehead ?

Readest thou not in his face thine origin ? Is he
not sailing

Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown,—and is he
not guided

By the same stars that guide thee ? LONGFELLOW.



SINCE that loving LORD
Commanded us to love them for His sake,
Even for His sake, and for His sacred word,
Which in His last bequest HE to us spake,
We should them love, and with their needs partake ;
Knowing that, whatsoere to them we give,
We give to HIM by Whom we all doe live. SPENSER.



GIVE ME to drink ! above the clouds I dwell
Sending their rain, yet by thy water-brink
Aweary and athirst I ask for drink
Now, as in days of flesh, *Immanuel*.

Give ME to drink ; without earth's citadel
Thirsting I hang upon the bitter tree ;
Give ME to drink of thy scant water-well,
So shall I slake My mighty thirst for thee.

Dost thou not hear My Poor about thy portal,
My Poor ask drink which cannot stay thirst's pain ?
I am the Well of Life, the Fount Immortal,
Which whoso drinks shall never thirst again ;
And I have said,—Who hath for Mine outpoured
One draught of earth shall lose not his reward.

MORGAN.

[FRIDAY.]

The Great Commandment.

To Him shall ye cleave.—DEUT. x. 20.

O ye that love the Lord, see that ye hate the thing that is evil.—PSALM xcvi. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

—♦—♦—♦—
THEREFORE, child of mortality, love thou the merciful FATHER!

Wish what the Holy One wishes!—and not from fear but affection.

Fear is the virtue of slaves; but the heart that loveth is willing;

Perfect was before GOD,—and perfect is—Love, and Love only!

LONGFELLOW.

—♦—
YET I may love THEE, too, O LORD,

Almighty as THOU art,
For THOU hast stoop'd to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

FATHER of JESUS, Love's reward,
What rapture will it be,

Prostrate before Thy Throne to lie
And gaze and gaze on THEE!

FABER.

—♦—
PERFECT love casteth out fear.

—♦—
OUR notions of GOD,—of the Supreme Unattainable Fountain of Splendour, Wisdom, and Heroism,—are ever rising higher.

CARLYLE.

—♦—
LOVED of my GOD, for HIM again

With love intense I burn!—

Chosen of THEE ere time began,

I choose THEE in return!

TOPLADY.

—♦—
FOUNTAIN of Love unceasing, how can I forget THEE? Is it any great thing that I should serve THEE, Whom the whole creation is bound to serve!

THOS. A KEMPIS.

—♦—
ABIDE with me from morn till eve,

For without THEE I cannot live!

KEBLE.

WEEK OF THE
*NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY*

"Consecration of Mind"

**"Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of
my heart be alway acceptable in Thy sight."**

A Prayer for the Week

Set a watch, O LORD! before my mouth, and keep the door of my lips, that I offend not with my tongue! Grant me to observe truth and constancy in my words, and remove far from me a crafty tongue. Cleanse the thoughts of my heart by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit!

Consecration of Mind.

[SATURDAY.]

As he thinketh in his heart, so is he — PROV. XXIII. 7.

HAVE I aimed proudly—therefore aimed too low—
Striving for something visible in my Thought,
And not the Unseen thing hid far in Thine!

MAC DONALD.

UNLESS THOU show to us Thine own true way,
No man can find it : FATHER, THOU must lead!
Do THOU, then, breathe these thoughts into my
By which such virtue may in me be bred, [mind
That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread!
The fetters of my tongue do THOU unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of THEE
And sound Thy praises everlastingly! M. ANGELA.

ONE wandering thought pollutes the day.
SHELLEY.

YOUR manners will depend very much upon the
quality of what you frequently think on; for
the Soul is tinged and coloured with the complexion
of thought.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

THOUGHT alone is Eternal! Time thralls it in
vain. [regain
For the Thought that springs upward and yearns to
The pure source of spirit,—there is no TOO LATE.
LYTTON.

BRINGING into captivity every thought to the
obedience of CHRIST. 2 COR. X. 8.

FOR those thoughts I now atone,
That were of something of my own,
And were not thoughts of HIM alone.

HOUGHTON.

SOLICIT not thy thoughts with matters hid!
Leave them to GOD above,—HIM serve and fear!
MILTON.

SUNDAY.]

Consecration of Mind.

Jesus, knowing their thoughts, said, "Wherefore think ye evil in your hearts?"—GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

ALL thoughts of ill ;—all evil deeds,
That have their roots in thoughts of ill ;—
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler Will ;—
All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent Domain ! LONGFELLOW.

HE gives a perfect rule,— what can HE less ?
Condemns the injurious deed, the slanderous
tongue,
The thought that meditates a brother's wrong ;
Brings not alone the more conspicuous part,—
His conduct,—to the test, but tries his heart.

COWPER.

GUARD well thy thought ! our thoughts are heard
in heaven !

YOUNG.

THOUGHT is but a prelude to the deed.

CALDERON.

ACCUSTOM yourself to think upon nothing but
what you could freely reveal, if the question
were put to you.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

MY words fly up, my thoughts remain below :
Words without thoughts never to heaven go !

SHAKESPEARE.

LORD, make my heart a place where angels sing !
For surely thoughts low-breathed by THEE
Are angels gliding near on noiseless wing ;
And where a home they see
Swept clean, and garnish'd with adoring joy, [swell
They enter in and dwell, and teach that heart to
With Heavenly Melody, their own untired employ.

KEBLE.

[MONDAY.

Consecration of Mind.

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report;—if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise,—think on these things.—PHIL. IV. 8.

—♦—
WHEN our thoughts are born,
Though they be good and humble, one should mind
How they are reared, or some will go astray
And shame their mother. J. INGELOW.

—♦—
ENNOBLING thoughts depart when men desert
The Student's bower for gold. WORDSWORTH.

—♦—
MEN'S minds will either feed upon their own
Good, or upon other's Evil. BACON.

—♦—
LITTLE thoughts do not suit little duties.
WESTCOTT.

—♦—
THERE is nothing either good or bad, but Thinking
makes it so. SHAKESPEARE.

—♦—
A THINKING man is the worst enemy the Prince
of Darkness can have. CARLYLE.

—♦—
ALL Thoughts that mould the Age, begin
Deep down within the primitive Soul;—
And from the Many slowly upward win
To One who grasps the Whole.
All Thought begins in Feeling—wide
In the great mass its base is hid,
And, narrowing up to Thought, stands glorified —
A moveless pyramid!
Nor is he far astray, who deems
That every hope which rises and grows broad
In the World's heart, by ordered impulse streams
From the great Heart of God. LOWELL.

TUESDAY.]

Consecration of Mind.

Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers

EPHES. IV. 29.

WORDS—like Nature—half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

TENNYSON.

THE man, who accords
To his language the licence to outrage his soul,
Is controll'd by the words he disdains to control !

LYTTON.

THE insinuated scoff of coward tongues,
And all that silent language, which so oft . .
Blots from the human countenance all trace
Of beauty and of love !

WORDSWORTH.

HER superfluity the Poor supplies,—
But if she touch a Character,—it dies !

COWPER.

BY thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy
words thou shalt be condemned.

AT what cost
Would one not gather to an aching breast
Each little word of some whom we have lost !

HOUGHTON.

DISCOURSE of Spiritual things doth greatly
further our Spiritual growth. THOS. A KEMPIS.

GIVE me leave
To speak my mind !—and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

SHAKESPEARE.

LET thy speech be short, comprehending much in
few words. Be as one that knoweth and yet
holdeth his tongue !

ECCLES. XXXII. 8.

[WEDNESDAY.

Consecration of Mind.

Speak not evil one of another, brethren!—JAMES IV. 11.

✠

WHETHER it be to friend or foe,— talk not of
other men's lives. ECCLES. XIX. 8.

✠

I MADE them lay their hands in mine and swear . . .
To speak no slander,— no, nor listen to it!

TENNYSON.

✠

EVERY idle word that men shall speak, they shall
give account thereof in the Day of Judgment.

MATT. XII. 36.

✠

SURELY, idle conversation is an evil, matched by
none.

COWPER.

WORDS are mighty. Words are living ;—
Serpents with their venomous stings,
Or bright angels crowding round us,
With heaven's light upon their wings :
Every Word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies ;
Every Word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in GOD's skies.

A PROCTER.

✠

○ THAT the Words which make the Thoughts
obscure,—

From which they spring, (as clouds of glimmering dew
From a white lake blot Heaven's blue portraiture,)—
Were stript of their thin masks and various hue,
And frowns, and smiles, and splendours not their
Till in the nakedness of false and true, [own,—
They stand before their LORD, each to receive its due!

SHELLEY.

✠

THE deeds we do, the words we say—
Into still air they seem to fleet,
We count them ever past ;
But they shall last !
In the dread Judgment they
And We shall meet !

KEBLE.

THURSDAY.]

Consecration of Mind.

If any man among you seem to be religious, and
bridleth not his Tongue, but deceiveth his own heart,
—this man's Religion is vain.— JAMES 1. 26.

SACRED Interpreter of human thought,
How few respect, or use thee, as they ought !
But all shall give account of every wrong,
Who dare dishonour, or defile, the Tongue.

COWPER.

I THINK there is hardly a name she has not a
story about,
Of all that we knew long ago — a story suggesting a
doubt.

W. SMITH.

REFRAIN your tongue from backbiting ; for there
is no word so secret that shall go for nought,
and the mouth that beliieth, slayeth the soul.

WISDOM 1. 11.

PRUNE thou thy words, the thoughts control,
That o'er thee swell and throng !
They will condense within thy soul
And change to purpose strong.
For he who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

NEWMAN.

TO make our Word or Act sublime, we must make
it real. It is our system that counts, not the
single word or unsupported action. Use what
language you will, you can never say anything but
what you are.

EMERSON.

WE cannot but speak the things which we have
heard and seen.

WHOSO hath felt the spirit of the Highest,
Cannot confound nor doubt HIM nor deny ;—
Yea, with one voice, O World, though thou deniest,
Stand thou on that side !—for on this am I !

MYERS.

[FRIDAY.

Consecration of Mind.

A word spoken in due season, how good is it!

PROVERBS XV. 23.

—♦—
HOW sure it is
That if we say a true word, instantly
We feel 'tis God's,—not ours.



E. B. BROWNING.

ALL his glowing language issued forth
With God's deep stamp upon its current worth.



COWPER.

THY holy Paul, with soul of flame,
Rose on Mars Hill, a soldier lone :—
Shall I thus speak th' Atoning Name,
Though with a heart of stone?
"Not so," He said : "hush thee! and seek
With thoughts in prayer and watchful eyes,
My seasons sent for thee to speak,—
And use them as they rise!"



NEWMAN.

DISCRETION of speech is more than eloquence ;
and to speak agreeably to him with whom we
deal is more than to speak in good words.



BACON.

THE ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung!
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?



E. R. SILL.

OBERVE the opportunity, and beware of evil ;
and be not ashamed, when it concerneth thy
soul. Refrain not to speak when there is occasion
to do good.



ECCLES. IV. 20-23.

WHAT we best conceive, we fail to speak.
Wait, Soul, until thine ashen garments fall,
And then resume thy broken strains, and seek
Fit peroration without let or thrall!

E. B. BROWNING.

WEEK OF THE
*TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY*

"The Destined Unity"

"Ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

A Prayer for the Week

O Almighty GOD, Who hast knit together Thine elect in one communion and fellowship in the mystical body of Thy SON, CHRIST our LORD ; grant us so to be joined together in Unity of Spirit that we may be made an Holy Temple unto THEE !

[SATURDAY.]

The Destined Unity.

Is Christ divided?—1 Cor. i. 13.

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father.—JAMES I. 17.

—♦—
I LOVE all who love truth,—if poor or rich
In what they have won of truth possessively.
Your visible Churches cheat their inward type.

E. B. BROWNING.

NO one can impose impediments of Rank or
Fortune or Religious Opinion between those
who are one in CHRIST. JOWETT.

—♦—
ONE ALMIGHTY IS!—from WHOM
All things proceed, and up to HIM return,
If not depriv'd from good;—created all
Such to perfection:—one first Matter all
Indued with various forms,—various degrees
Of substance, and, in things that live, of Life,—
But more refin'd, more spirituous, and pure,
As nearer to HIM plac'd, or nearer tending,—
Till body up to Spirit work, in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind. MILTON.

—♦—
ONLY in looking heavenward, not in looking earth-
ward, does what we can call Union, Mutual
Love, Society begin to be possible. CARLYLE.

—♦—
AT every moment of our lives we should be trying
to find out, not in what we differ with other
people, but in what we agree with them. RUSKIN.

—♦—
WE wish, I know, we could as one unite,
And have a Church as ample as the sky,
Whence every Church might draw its whole of light,
And not divide— but only multiply.
Good is your purpose! but, ye English youth,
Mistake ye not the Symbol for the Truth?

H. COLERIDGE.

SUNDAY.]

The Destined Unity.

One King shall be King to them all . . and they shall
be no more divided . . and they shall all have one
Shepherd.—(1st Lesson Evening.)

I BELIEVE

In one Priest, and one Temple, with its floors
Of shining jasper gloom'd at morn and eve
By countless knees of earnest auditors ;
And crystal walls too lucid to perceive,—
That none may take the measure of the place
And say, " So far the porphyry, then, the flint :—
To this mark Mercy goes, and there ends Grace."

E. B. BROWNING.

THERE is no communion possible among men who
believe only in hearsay. Only in a world of
sincere men is Unity possible—and there, in the long
run, it is as good as certain.

CARLYLE.

WHATSOEVER spark

Of pure and true in any human heart
Flickered and lived,—it burned itself towards HIM
In an electric current, through all bonds
Of intervening race and creed and time,—
And flamed up to a heat of living faith
And love, and love's communion, and the joy
And inspiration of self-sacrifice !
And drew together in a central coil
Magnetic, all the noblest of all hearts,
And made them one with HIM, in a live flame—
That is the purifying and the warmth
Of all the earth.

H. H. KING.

'TIS the sublime of Man—
Our noon-tide majesty—to know ourselves
Parts and proportions of one wondrous whole !
This fraternizes Man,—this constitutes
Our charities and bearings :— But 'tis God
Diffused through all, that doth make all One Whole.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

[MONDAY.

The Destined Unity.

There are diversities of Gifts, but the same Spirit, and there are differences of Administration, but the same Lord.—1 COR. XII 4, 5.

MEN'S road

Is one, Men's times of travel many :—Thwart
No enterprising soul's precocious start
Before the general march ! If, slow or fast,
All straggle up to the same point at last,—
Why grudge your having gained, a month ago,
The brakes at balm-shed, asphodels in blow,
While they were land-locked !

BROWNING.

EVEN so the mighty sky-born Stream :—
Its living waters from above
All marr'd and broken seem, —
No union and no love.

Yet in dim caves they haply blend,
In dreams of mortals unespied ;
One is their awful End !
One their unfailing Guide !

KEBLE.

ALL people work in some measure towards the
ends of Providence,—some with knowledge
and design, while others are not sensible of it. . . .
The grand design is carried on by different hands
and different means.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

WHY expect

Wisdom with love in all ! Each has his gift—
Our souls are organ-pipes of diverse stop
And various pitch ; each with its proper notes
Thrilling beneath the self-same breath of God.
Though poor alone, yet joined they're harmony.

Besides, these higher spirits must not bend
To common methods ; in their inner world
They move by broader laws, at whose expression
We must adore, not cavil.

KINGSLEY.

TUESDAY.]

The Destined Unity.

There is one Body and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of all, Who is above all, and through all, and in you all.

—
EPIH. IV. 4-6.

SELECT from every nation
Yet one o'er all the earth :—
Her charter of salvation
One LORD, one Faith, one Birth!
One Holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one Holy Food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

STONE.

—
WHO, as he draws near to CHRIST, will not feel himself drawn towards his theological opponents?

JOWETT.

—
NEEDS must there be one way—our chief
Best way of Worship!—Let me strive
To find it, and when found, contrive
My fellows also take their share!
This constitutes my earthly care:
God's is above it, and distinct.
For I, a man, with men am linked
And not a brute with brutes;—no gain
That I experience, must remain
Unshared; but should my best endeavour
To share it, fail—subsisteth ever
God's care above :—and I exult
That God, by God's own ways occult,
May—doth, I will believe—bring back
All wanderers to a single track.

BROWNING.

—
ARE not all true men that live, or that ever lived, soldiers of the same army, enlisted under Heaven's captaincy, to do battle against the same enemy,—the empire of Darkness and Wrong? Why should we misknow one another, fight not against the enemy but against ourselves, from mere difference of uniform?

CARLYLE.

[WEDNESDAY.]

The Destined Unity.

Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word. That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee: that they also may be one in us!

JOHN 17. 20, 21.

NEA, very vain

The greatest speed of all these souls of men!—
Unless they travel upward to the Throne
Where sittest THOU, the satisfying ONE,
With help for sins, and holy perfectings
For all requirements.

E. B. BROWNING.

THE destiny of organized Nature is amelioration,
and who can tell its limits?

EMERSON.

O’ER the Vision came a Darkness, and They
scattered from my ken,
In my ear were other voices, — on my paths were
other men:
Till rival Creeds and Empires their war-worn flags
had furled,
And the stars which sang the Birth-Hymn, sang the
Requiem of the World! [met,
Then I saw Them all again, for They all again had
And their wreaths were amaranthine — with the
dews of Eden wet:
And loud and louder as They came the Seraphs’
welcoming chant
Rang through the clustered pillars of starry
adamant—
There was not one that passed not to the blest
Right Hand! [Land!
There was not one that walked not in the Better
Alleluia! Alleluia! for the voices that on earth,
On the sunset waters mingled, or around the Christ-
mas hearth,
Together through the halls of heaven, in glad acclaim
are poured,
And each is with the other, and all are with the
LORD.

GRANT-DUFF.

THURSDAY.]

The Destined Unity.

Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you: but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment.—1 COR. I. 10.

—♦—♦—♦—
LIKE a mighty army moves the Church of God!
Brothers, we are treading where the Saints have
We are not divided, all one body we, [trod;
ONE in hope and doctrine, ONE in Charity!

BARING-GOULD.

✠
COLLECTIVE Man outstrips the Individual.

BROWNING.

✠
ALL spiritual influences, however antagonistic
they may appear, have more in common with
each other than they have with the temper of the
World.

JOWETT.

✠
WE are spirits clad in veils;
Man by Man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.
Heart to heart was never known!
Mind with mind did never meet!
We are columns left alone,
Of a Temple once complete. . .
Only when our souls are fed
By the Fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led,
Which they never drew from earth:—
We, like parted drops of rain
Swelling till they melt and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
Melting, flowing into One!

CRANCH.

✠
CHRIST'S faith makes but one Body of all Souls,
And Love's that Body's Soul. . .
What Soul soe'er in any language can
Speak heaven like hers, is my Soul's countryman!

CRASHAW.

The Destined Unity.

[FRIDAY.

Many members, yet but one body. — I COR. XII. 20.

OUR fellow-travellers still
Are gathering on the journey! the bright electric
thrill [sweet.
Of quick instinctive union, more frequent and more
Shall swiftly pass from heart to heart in true and
tender beat.
And closer yet and closer the golden bonds shall be,
Enlinking all who love our LORD in pure sincerity ;
And wider yet and wider shall the circling glory
glow,
As more and more are taught of God, that mighty
love to know.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

A MAN that breaks with another loses the benefit
of the whole community. . . The goodness of
God Who founded this society is extraordinary.
He has put it in our power to grow to the limb we
left, and come again into the advantage of the main
body.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

PRAY for all who name that Name
That He, thy LORD and theirs,
May win more glory, give more peace,
Through all-uniting prayers ;
For in the bond of God's good will
Those multitudes unknown
Are brothers of the best-beloved
Whose hearts are as thine own.

BRIGHT.

NO thought, word, or act of man, but has sprung
withal out of all men, and works sooner or
later, recognizably or unrecognizably, on all men !

CARLYLE.

ONE God ! one Law ! one Element !
And one far-off, divine Event,
To which the whole Creation moves !

TENNYSON.

WEEK OF THE
*TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY*

"The Sacredness of Strength"

"Thy God hath sent forth Strength for thee."

A Prayer for the Week

O GOD, the Strength of all them that put their trust in THEE, mercifully accept our prayers; and because through the weakness of our mortal nature we can do no good thing without THEE, grant us the help of Thy Grace this day and evermore.

Sacredness of Strength.

[SATURDAY.

Take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand . . . Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication.—*EPH. VI. 13.*

—♦♦—

MAN'S wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone ;
And even an angel would be weak
Who trusted in his own.

COWPER.

✽

HE that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister.

SHAKESPEARE.

✽

WE think, and dare not do !—we think, and cannot speak !

A thought alone is less than breath,—
Only the shadow of a living death—
A thing of scorn,

A formless embryo in chaos born !—
It must be seized with resolute grasp of will,
With swiftness and with skill,
And moulded on life's anvil, ere it glow
With any fire or force ;

And wrought with many a blow
And welded in the heat by toiling strength
With many another, ere it go at length
The humblest mission to fulfil :—

And then its tiny might
Is not inherent, but alone dependent
Upon the primal source

And spring of Power,—First,—Sole,—Supreme,—
Transcendent.

F. R. HAVERGALL.

✽

WE kneel, how weak ! we rise, how full of power !
Why therefore should we do ourselves this
Or others—that we are not always strong, [wrong
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is Prayer,—
And Joy and Strength and Courage are with Thee ?

TRENCH.

SUNDAY.]

Sacredness of Strength.

My brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might!—EPISTLE FOR THE DAY.

OH well for him whose Will is strong !
He suffers, but he will not suffer long,—
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong ;
For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,
Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound,—
Who seems a promontory of rock,
That, compassed round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
Tempest-buffed, citadel-crown'd !
But ill for him who, bettering not with time,
Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended Will,
And ever weaker grows through acted crime,
Or seeming-genial venial fault
Recurring and suggesting still !

TENNYSON.

STRENGTH, from Truth divided and from Just,
Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise
And ignominy.

MILTON.

MIGHTY of heart—mighty of mind—“*Magnanimous*”—to be this is indeed to be great in life; to become this increasingly, is, indeed, to advance in life—in LIFE itself—not in the trappings of it.

RUSKIN.

WE are more than Conquerors through Him that loved us !

ROM. VIII. 37.

SOLDIERS of CHRIST ! arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the Strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son !

Strong in the LORD of Hosts
And in His mighty power !—
Who in the Strength of JESUS trusts,
Is more than Conqueror !

WESLEY.

Sacredness of Strength.

[MONDAY.

We therefore that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves.

ROM. XV. 1.

SERVANTS of God!—or sons
 Shall I not call you? because
 Not as servants ye knew
 Your FATHER's innermost mind—
 His, who unwillingly sees
 One of His little ones lost—
 Yours is the praise, if mankind
 Hath not as yet in its march
 Fainted, and fallen, and died.

Then, in such hour of need
 Of your fainting, dispirited Race,
 Ye, like Angels appear.
 Radiant with ardour divine!
 Beacons of hope, ye appear!
 Languor is not in your heart!
 Weakness is not in your word!
 Weariness not on your brow!
 Ye alight in our van! at your voice,
 Pain, despair, flee away!
 Ye move through the ranks, recall
 The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
 Praise, re-inspire the brave!
 Order, courage, return!
 Eyes rekindling, and prayers
 Follow your steps as ye go!
 Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
 Strengthen the wavering line,
 'Stablish, continue our march,
 On! to the bound of the waste!
 On! to the City of God!

MATT. ARNOLD.

STRONG always to satisfy even when they can-
 not save.

RUSKIN.

WHEN thou art converted, strengthen thy bre-
 thren.

LUKE XXII. 32.

TUESDAY.]

Sacredness of Strength.

Be strong and of a good courage, that thou mayest have good success whithersoever thou goest.

JOSHUA I. 7.

SHALL I abuse this consecrated gift of Strength?

MILTON.

HOW didst thou start, Thou Holy Baptist, bid
To pour repentance on the Sinless Brow!
Then all thy meekness, from thy hearers hid
Beneath the Ascetic's port and Preacher's fire,
Flowed forth, and with a pang thou didst desire
He might be Chief,—not thou.

And so on us, at whiles, it falls to claim
Powers that we dread, or dare some forward part;
Nor must we shrink as cravens from the blame
Of pride, in common eyes, or purpose deep;
But with pure thoughts look up to God, and keep
Our secret in our heart.

NEWMAN.

HE that can walk under the heaviest weight without staggering—he is the strong man.

CARLYLE.

MINE be the strength of spirit, full and free,
Like some broad river rushing down alone!..
Mine be the power which ever to its sway
Will win the wise at once,—and by degrees
May into uncongenial spirits flow.

TENNYSON.

CHARACTER is Fate;
Men's dispositions do their dooms dictate!

LYTTON.

BE sure that God
Ne'er dooms to waste the Strength he deigns impart.

BROWNING.

STRENGTHEN me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock and strong in THEE,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

[WEDNESDAY.

Sacredness of Strength.

Blessed is the man whose Strength is in Thee, in whose heart are the high ways to Zion . They go from Strength to Strength: every one of them appeareth before God.—PSALM LXXXIV. 5-7. (R. V.)

TO be weak is miserable,—doing or suffering.
MILTON.

LORD, what a change within us one short hour,
Spent in Thy Presence, will prevail to make ;—
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,
What parched grounds refresh, as with a shower !
We kneel ! and all around us seems to lower ;
We rise ! and all,—the distant and the near,—
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear !

TRENCH.

IF we were not weak,
Should we be less in Deed than in Desire ?
SHELLEY.

ONLY when thine arm
In sense of weakness reaches forth to God,
Wilt thou be strong to suffer and to do. PLUMPTRE.

GOD to the weak hath given
Victory o'er Life and Death. F. HEMANS.

FROM Strength to Strength go on !
Wrestle and fight and pray !
Tread all the Powers of Darkness down,
And win the well-fought day ! WESLEY.

OUR whole Strength lies in resigned submission to
HIM, whatsoever HE do to us—for this world
and for the other ! CARLYLE.

I HAVE no help but Thine, nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon !
It is enough, my LORD ! enough indeed ;
My Strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone !
BONAR.

THURSDAY.]

Sacredness of Strength.

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength! They shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint!—ISA. XL. 31.

'T WERE better not to breathe or speak
Than cry for Strength, remaining weak,
And seem to find,—but still to seek. TENNYSON.

ALL Power, all Virtue, is Repression.



O H! I have seen the day,
When with a single word, —
God helping me to say
“My trust is in the LORD!”
My Soul hath quelled a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose. COWPER.

THE strong man will ever find *work*, which means difficulty, pain, to the full measure of his Strength.

SEEK
The Strength to use, which thou hast spent in getting.
BROWNING.

THE hidden Force that makes a Lifetime strong.

BE strong to hope, O Heart! Though day is bright,
The stars can only shine in the dark night.
Be strong! O Heart of mine,—look towards the light!
Be strong to love, O Heart! Love knows not wrong:
Didst thou love—creatures even—life were not long;
Didst thou love God in heaven—thou wouldst be
strong!


DIVERSITY of Strength
 Attends us, if but once we have been strong.

WORDSWORTH.

I CAN do all things through **CHRIST** which
strengtheneth me. PHIL. IV. 13.

Sacredness of Strength.

[FRIDAY.]

My Strength is made perfect in weakness.—2 COR. XII. 9.

I KNOW thy Strength, and thou know'st mine—
Neither our own, but giv'n.

MILTON.

FAINT not, and fret not for threaten'd woe,
Watchman! on Truth's grey height!
Few though the faithful, and fierce though the foe,
Weakness is aye Heaven's might. . .
Turn thee to question the Days of Old,
When weakness was aye Heaven's might.

NEWMAN.

THE weak thing, weaker than a child, becomes
strong one day, if it be a True thing.

CARLYLE.

WE know
That we have power over ourselves to do
And suffer :— *What*— we know not till we try !

SHELLEY.

WEAKEST hearts can lift their thoughts to THEE.
It makes us strong to think of Thine Eternity.

FABER.

I SMILED to think God's greatness flowed around
our incompleteness,—
Round our restlessness, His Rest.

E. B. BROWNING.

HE who did most, shall bear most ! The strongest
shall stand the most weak !
'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for ! my
Flesh that I seek
In the Godhead !—I seek and I find it ! Oh Saul ! it
shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee, a Man like
to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by for ever ; a Hand
like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee ! See
the CHRIST stand !

BROWNING.

WEEK OF THE
*TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY*

"The Debt of the Forgiven"

"Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven."

A Prayer for the Week

LORD, I do from my soul forgive all that have sinned against me ; O forgive me my sins ! as I forgive them that have sinned against me.

The Debt of the Forgiveness.

WHEN at Thy footstool, LORD, I bend,
And plead with THEE for mercy there,
Think of the sinner's dying Friend,
And for His sake receive my prayer !
O think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye !
Think of the blood which JESUS spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy !

LYT.

KIND hearts are here; yet would the tenderest one
Have limits to its mercy:—God has none!
And man's Forgiveness may be true and sweet,—
But yet he stoops to give it. More complete
Is Love that lays Forgiveness at thy feet,
And pleads with thee to raise it! Only Heaven
Means *Crowned*, not *Vanquished*, when it says
“*Forgiven!*”

A. PROCTER.

THOU hast cast all my sins behind Thy back.

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite,
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night . .
To love, and bear ;—to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates . .
This like thy glory . . . is to be
Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and free—
This is alone Life,—Joy,—Empire,—and Victory !

SHELLEY.

WRONG he sustains with temper;—looks on
heaven,
Nor stoops to think his Injurer his Foe. YOUNG.

NOT only can you forbear to be angry with people for their folly and ingratitude, but you can even cherish their interests and take care of them.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

SUNDAY.]

The Debt of the Forgiveness.

"Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times?" . . . "I say not unto thee until seven times, but until seventy times seven."—GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

FORGIVE!

His gain is loss!—for he that wrongs his friend
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about
A silent Court of Justice in his breast—
Himself the Judge and Jury, and himself
The Prisoner at the bar!—ever condemn'd!—
And that drags down his life. TENNYSON.

THE best way of revenge is not to imitate the injury. MARCUS AURELIUS.

BOW before the noble mind
That freely some great wrong forgives;
Yet nobler is the one forgiven,
Who bears that burden well and lives. A. PROCTER.

'TIS not enough to weep my sins,—
'Tis but one step to heaven:—
When I am kind to others,—then
I know myself Forgiveness. FABER.

THE little hearts that know not how to forgive!
TENNYSON.

IF a man say that evil is the debt which he owes
to his enemies—to say this is not wise, for the
injuring of another can be in no case just. PLATO.

GENTLY I took that which ungently came,
And without scorn forgave:—Do thou the same!
A wrong done to thee, think a cat's-eye spark
Thou wouldst not see, were not thine own heart dark.
Thine own keen sense of wrong that thirsts for sin,
Fear that!—the spark self-kindled from within,
Which blown upon, will blind thee with its glare,
Or smother'd, stifle thee with noisome air.
S. T. COLERIDGE.

The Debt of the Forgiven.

[MONDAY.]

So likewise shall my heavenly Father do unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses.—*MATT. XVIII. 35*

THE pardoning wearies not!—Ah why
Behold with evil eye
Thy brother asking grace for sin?
He doth but aid thee more to win
Of Hope in thy last end.
In heart forgive!—that pays HIM all;
But grudging souls must die in thrall,—
No Saviour and no Friend! *KEBLE.*

NEEDING so much Forgiveness,—God grant me at
least to forgive! *LYTTON.*

IN taking revenge, a man is but even with his
enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior:—
for it is a Prince's part to pardon. *BACON.*

REVENGE and Wrong bring forth their kind—
The foul cubs like their parents are;
Their den is in the guilty mind,
And Conscience feeds them with despair! *SHELLEY.*

RETURN my son,
To thy REDEEMER!—Died HE not in love?—
The sinless, the divine, the Son of God,—
Breathing Forgiveness 'midst all agonies;
And We,—dare We be ruthless? *F. HEMANS*

FORGIVE and it shall be Forgiven you.

AND is the duty hard to do!
No one, dear LORD! hath done to me
Such wrong as I have done to THEE.
Why should not all men go to heaven?
They who forgive will be forgiven. *FABER.*

TUESDAY.]

The Debt of the Forgiveness.

The good Lord pardon everyone that prepareth his heart to seek God. — 2 CHRON. xxx. 18, 19.

IF I have sinn'd in Act, I may repent ;
If I have err'd in Thought,—I may disclaim
My silent error, and yet feel no shame :—
But if my Soul, big with an ill-intent,
Guilty in Will, by fate be innocent,
Or being bad, yet murmurs at the curse
And incapacity of being worse ;—

Where in all worlds that round the sun revolve,
And shed their influence on this passive ball
Abides a Power that can my Soul absolve !
Could any sin survive, and be forgiven—
One sinful wish would make a Hell of Heaven !

H. COLERIDGE.

MAY one be pardoned and retain the offence ?

SHAKESPEARE.

HE that finds his Heaven must lose his sins.

COWPER.

O FATHER, I have sinned ! I have done
The thing I thought I never more should do !
My days were set before me, light all through ;
But I have made them dark,—alas ! too true,—
And drawn dense clouds between me and my sun.

Forgive me not ! for grievous is my sin ;
Yea, very deep and dark. Alas ! I see
Such blackness in it, that I may not be
Forgiven of myself ; how then of THEE ?

Vile, vile without ! black, utter black within !
If my shut eyes should dare their lids to part,
I know how they must quail beneath the blaze
Of Thy Love's greatness. No ! I dare not raise
One prayer, to look aloft, lest it should gaze
On such Forgiveness as would break my heart.

SEPTIMUS SUTTON

HE will abundantly pardon !

[WEDNESDAY.

The Debt of the Forgiveness.

Who is this that forgiveth sins also ?—LUKE vii. 49.

SHE sat and wept beside His feet ; the weight
Of Sin oppressed her heart ; for all the blame
And the poor malice of the worldly shame,
To her was past, extinct and out of date ;—
Only the Sin remained !—the leprous state ;
She would be melted by the heat of love,
By fires far fiercer than are blown to prove
And purge the silver ore adulterate.

She sat and wept, and with her untressed hair
Still wiped the feet she was so blest to touch ;
And HE wiped off the soiling of despair
From her sweet soul—because *she loved so much*.
I am a sinner, full of doubts and fears,
Make me a humble thing of Love and Tears !

H. COLERIDGE.

THOU art not made like us.

We should be wrath in such a case ; but THOU
Forgivest.

BROWNING.

MY God ! my God ! with passionate appeal,
Pardon I crave for these mad moods of mine !—
Can I remember, with no heart to feel,
The gift of Thy dear SON, the MAN Divine ?

BUCHANAN.

HE pardoneth ; for if HE did not so of His Good-
ness, that they which have committed iniquities
might be eased of them,—the ten thousandth part of
men should not remain living.

2 ESDRAS vii. 68.

FORGIVE, O GOD !

The blindness of our passionate desires !—
The fainting of our hearts !—the lingering thoughts,
Which cleave to dust !—Forgive the strife ! accept
The sacrifice,—though dim with mortal tears !

F. HEMANS.

TO err is human ; to forgive, divine. POPE.

THURSDAY.]

The Debt of the Forgiveness.

Blessed is he whose Transgression is forgiven,
whose Sin is covered.—PSALM XXXIII. 1.

WHEN God on that sin had pity, and did not
trample thee straight,
With His wild rains beating and drenching thy
light found inadequate;—
When He only sent thee the North-wind, a little
searching and chill
To quicken thy flame—didst thou kindle and flash to
the heights of His Will? E. B. BROWNING.

THOUGH pitied among men, absolved by God.
He could not find forgiveness in himself,
Nor could endure the weight of his own shame.
WORDSWORTH.

OF true contrition and humbling of the heart
ariseth hope of Forgiveness. THOS. A KEMPIS.

How should God pardon sin?
How should He save the sinner with the sinless?
That would be ill!—The LORD my GOD is just.
BUCHANAN.

HE made HIM to be sin for us WHO knew no sin,
that we might be made the Righteousness of
God in HIM.

HIS crimes forgive! forgive his virtues, too!—
Those smaller faults, half converts to the right.
YOUNG.

O MAN, forgive thy mortal foe,
Nor ever strike him blow for blow;
For all the souls on earth that live
To be forgiven must forgive.—
Forgive him seventy times and seven!
For all the blessed souls in Heaven
Are both Forgivers and Forgiven.

TENNYSON.

The Debt of the Forgiven.

[FRIDAY.]

Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.
LUKE XXIV. 34.

THE Crown of Thorns,—Hands pierced upon the tree—

The meek, benign and lacerated Face,
To a sincere repentance promise grace,
To the sad soul give hope of pardon free.

With justice mark not THOU, O Light divine!
My fault, nor hear it with Thy sacred ear!
Neither put forth that way Thy arm severe!

Wash with Thy Blood my sins! thereto incline
More readily, the more my years require
Help, and Forgiveness speedy and entire!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

JESUS, Who to Thy FATHER prayed
For those who all Thy Love repaid
With this dread cup of woes—

Teach me to conquer, LORD, like THEE,
By patience and benignity,
The thwarting of my foes!

FABER.

YEARS not each Human Figure the godlike
stamp on his forehead?

Readest thou not in his face thine origin? Is he
not sailing

Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown, and is he
not guided

By the same stars that guide thee? Why shouldest
thou hate then thy Brother?

Hateth he thee?—Forgive! For 'tis sweet to stammer
one letter

Of the Eternal's language;—on earth it is called
Forgiveness.

Knowest thou HIM?—who forgave, with the Crown
of Thorns on His temples!

Earnestly prayed for His foes, for His murderers,—
say dost thou know HIM?

Ah! thou confessest His name, so follow likewise
His example!

LONGFELLOW.

WEEK OF THE
*TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY*

“To all their Due”

“Take that thine is.”

A Prayer for the Week

Grant me, O LORD, I beseech THEE, to believe in THEE, to fear THEE, and to love THEE with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, and with all my strength ! Grant me to love my neighbour as myself, and to do to all men as I would they should do unto me,—to hurt nobody by word nor deed, and to do my Duty in that state of life unto which it shall please THEE to call me !

To all their Due.

Render therefore to all their due: tribute to whom tribute is due! custom to whom custom! fear to whom fear! honour to whom honour! ROM. xiii. 7.

—♦—

WHO is the honest man?
 He that doth still and strongly good pursue,—
 To God, his Neighbour, and himself most true;
 Whom neither force nor fawning can
 Unpin, or wrench from giving all their Due. . .
 Who rides his sure and even trot,
 While the world now rides by, now lags behind; . .
 All being brought into a sum,
 What Place or Person calls for,—he doth pay. . .
 Who, when he is to treat
 With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,—
 Allows for that, and keeps his constant way:
 Whom others' faults do not defeat;
 But though men fail him, yet his part doth play!
 Whom nothing can procure.
 When the wide world runs bias from his will,
 To wreathe his limbs, and share, not mend the ill.
 This is the marksman, safe and sure,
 Who still is right, and prays to be so still. HERBERT.

×

AMONG all things in the Universe, direct your
 worship to the Greatest. And which is that?
 It is that Being which manages and governs all the
 rest. And as you worship the best thing in Nature,
 so you are to pay a proportionate regard to the best
 thing in Yourself, and this is akin to the Deity.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

×

ORDERS and degrees
 Jar not with liberty,—but well consist. MILTON.

×

THE sole origin of every Right is in a Duty
 fulfilled. MAZZINI.

×

OWE no man aught save Love,—but that esteem
 a debt
 Which thou must ever pay, well pleased to owe it
 yet. TRENCH.

SUNDAY.]

To all their Due.

Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things which are God's!

GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

GIVE to Caesar what is Caesar's! Yes, but tell me if you can,
Is this superscription Caesar's—here upon our brother-man?
Is not here some Other's image—dark and sullied though it be,
In this fellow-soul that worships, struggles God-ward—even as we!

LOWELL.

IT were disproportion enough, for the servant's good to be preferred before the master's; but yet it is a greater extreme, when a little good of the servant shall carry things against a great good of the master's.

BACON.

FOR in yon haggard form HE begs unseem,
To WHOM for Life we kneel;
One little cake HE asks with lowly mien,
Who blesses every meal.

KEBLE.

TEACH what I owe to Man below,
And to THYSELF in Heaven?

LYTTEL.

WE always doing something serviceable to Man-kind, and let this constant generosity be your only pleasure, not forgetting in the meantime a due regard to the Deity.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

OPINIONS gold or brass are null.

We chuck our flattery or abuse,
Called Caesar's due, as Charon's dues,
I' the teeth of some dead sage or fool
To mend the grinning of a skull.
Be abstinent in praise and blame:

The man's still mortal, who stands first,—
And mortal only, if last and worst.
Then slowly lift so frail a fame,
Or softly drop so poor a shame.

E. B. B.

[MONDAY.

To all their Due.

How much owest thou unto my Lord?—LUKE XVI. 5.

MY soul, what hast thou done for GOD?
Look o'er thy mis-spent years and see!
Sum up what thou hast done for GOD,
And then what GOD hath done for thee!

FABER.

WOE to him that claims obedience when it is not
due; woe to him that refuses it when it is!

CARLYLE.

I GAVE My Life for thee! My precious blood I
shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be, and quickened
from the dead!

I gave My Life for thee:—what hast thou given to Me?

I spent long years for thee, in weariness and woe,
That an eternity of joy thou mightest know!

I spent long years for thee:—hast thou spent one for Me?

My FATHER's home of light, My rainbow-circled
throne,

I left, for earthly night, for wanderings sad and lone.

I left it all for thee:—hast thou left aught for Me?

Oh let thy Life be given, thy years for HIM be spent,
World-fetters all be riven, and joy with suffering
blent!

I gave Myself for thee,—give thou thyself to Me!

F. R. HAVERGAL.

INJUSTICE and disobedience to a better—whether
GOD or man—is evil and dishonourable.

PLATO.

A FOE to GOD can ne'er be friend to Man!

YOUNG.

YOU can only obtain the exercise of your rights
by deserving them, through your own activity,
and your own spirit of Love and Sacrifice.

MAZZINI.

WITHOUT a regard for Things Divine, you will
fail in your behaviour towards men. M. AUR.

TUESDAY.]

To all their Due.

I do not say to thee how thou owest unto me even
thine own Self besides. — *ROM. 12.*

Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of
these, ye did it not to Me. — *MATT. XXV. 45.*

“YET, O God!” I said,—“O Grave!” I said,
“O mother’s heart and bosom!

With whom first and last are equal, saint and
corpse and little child!

We are fools to your deductions, in these figments
of heart-closing. [defiled!”

We are traitors to your causes, in these sympathies
Learn more reverence, Madam! not for rank or
wealth—that needs no learning—

That comes quickly, quick as sin does, ay, and
culminates to sin!

But for Adam’s seed,—MAN! Trust me, ’tis a clay
above your scorning.

With God’s Image stamped upon it, and God’s
kindling breath within!

What right *can* you have, God’s other works to
scorn, despise, revile them

In the gross, as mere men—broadly—not as *noble*
men, forsooth,—

As mere Parias of the outer world? E. B. BROWNING.

EVERY man has three relations to acquit himself
in: his Body that encompasses him makes
one; the Divine Cause that gives to all men all
things, another; and his Neighbours a third.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

HE sees, beneath the foulest faces lurking,
One God-built shrine of reverence and love.
He to the Right can feel himself the truer,
For being gently patient with the Wrong:
He sees a brother in the evil-doer,
And finds in Love the heart’s-blood of his song.

LOWELL.

EVEN on earth, LORD, make me know
Something of how much I owe!

MCCHRYNE.

[WEDNESDAY.

To all their Due.

Fear God! Honour the King! — PETER II. 17.

UNJUSTLY thou deprav'st it with the name
Of Servitude—to serve whom God ordains,
Or Nature.—God and Nature bid the same,
When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
Them whom he governs.—This is Servitude—
To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,—
Thyself not free, but to thyself enthrall'd;
Yet loudly dar'st our ministering upbraid.

Reign thou in hell thy kingdom! Let me serve
In heaven GOD, ever bless'd, and His divine
Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd! MILTON.

"SINCE Kings we cannot be ourselves," say they,
"The next best thing to being kings we find
In being, at least, able to decree
That nobody at all a King shall be!" LYTTON.

AS the King is of the greatest power, so he is
subject to the greatest cares, made the Servant
of his People,—or else he were without a calling at
all. He then that honoureth him not, is next an
atheist, wanting the fear of GOD in his heart.

BACON.

FOLLOW the CHRIST,—the KING!
Live pure! Speak true! Right wrong! Follow the
Else, wherefore born? [King!]

TENNYSON.

A DUTY, an absolute Duty, governs man from
the cradle upwards!—growing with his growth
and accompanying him to the tomb; a Duty towards
his brothers as well as to himself; a Duty towards
his Country, towards Humanity, and above all,
towards the Church; the Church, which rightly
understood, is but the home of the Universal Family;
the great City wherein dwells CHRIST, at once Priest,
King, and Ruler of the World!

LAMENNAIS.

THURSDAY.]

To all their Due.

Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones!

MATT. XVIII. 19.

I WOULD not choose
To lack a relish for the thing that God
Thinks worth. Among my own, I will be good;
A helper to all those that look to me.

This farm is God's, as much as yonder town;
These men and maidens, kine and horses, His—
And need His Laws of Truth made Rules of Fact;
Or else the earth is not redeemed from ill. . .

And for the crowds of men, in whom a soul
Cries through the windows of their hollow eyes
For bare humanity, and leave to grow—
Would I could help them! But all Crowds are made
Of Individuals; and their grief, and pain,
And thirst, and hunger,—all are of the One,
Not of the Many. And the power that helps,
Enters the Individual, and extends
Thence in a thousand gentle influences
To other hearts.

MAC DONALD.

BE courteous.

I PETER III. 8.

COURTESY is not a falsehood or grimace; it need
not be such.—“Bending before men,” is a recog-
nition that there does dwell in that presence of our
Brother something Divine.

CARLYLE.

HOW dost thou know that poor man's Soul
Did not on thy regard depend?
The rich and proud thy moods controul;
I meant thee for the mourner's friend.

HOUGHTON.

KNOWLEDGE and power have rights,
But ignorance and weakness have rights too.

BROWNING.

TEACH me, LORD, on earth to show
By my love how much I owe!

MCCHÉYNE.

To all their Due.

He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly: and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.—2 COR. ix. 6

GIVE all thou canst! High Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely calculated less or more.

WORDSWORTH.

ALL events turn out justly; and if you observe
nicely, you will not only perceive a connection
between causes and effects, but a sovereign distribution of justice, which presides in the administration, and gives everything its Due.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

EACH is his own successor day by day:—
The day that's come is by the day that's past
Determined.

LYTTON.

IN their own hearts the earnest of the hope
Which made them great, the Good will ever find;
And though some envious shade may interlope
Between the effect and it,—One comes behind,
Who aye the Future to the Past will bind—
NECESSITY!—whose sightless strength for ever
Evil with evil, good with good must wind
In bands of union, which no power may sever:
They must bring forth their kind, and be divided
never.

SHELLEY.

"OH let me die his death!"—all Nature cries.
"Then live his life!"—All Nature falters there!

YOUNG.

WE lose what on ourselves we spend!
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, LORD, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all!

C. WORDSWORTH.

FOR the empty are empty things, and for the full
are the full things.

3 ESDRAS vii. 25.

WEEK OF THE
*TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY*

"The Ministry of Intercession"

"He wondered that there was no Intercessor."

A Prayer for the Week

For all we love,— the Poor, the Sad,
The Sinful, unto THEE we call !—
Oh ! let Thy mercy make us glad !—
THOU art our JESUS and our ALL !

[SATURDAY.

Intercession.

I exhort, therefore, that, first of all, Supplications, Prayers, Intercessions, and giving of Thanks, be made for all men.—1 TIM. II. 1.

PRAYING for all in those appointed phrases,—
Like a vast river, from a thousand fountains,
Swoll'n with the waters of the lakes and mountains—
The Pastor bears along the Prayers and Praises
Of many souls in channel well-defined,—
Yet leaves no drop of Prayer or Praise behind!



H. COLERIDGE.

STRIVE that your Prayer be not more languid
than it is for the momentary relief from pain
of husband or child,—when it is uttered for the
multitude of those who have none to love them—
and is *for all who are desolate and oppressed.*



RUSKIN.

WHY for the dead, who are at rest?
Pray for the living!—in whose breast
The struggle between right and wrong
Is raging terrible and strong,—
As when good Angels war with Devils.



LONGFELLOW.

O, WHO can tell how many hearts are altars to His
praise,
From which the silent Prayer ascends through
patient nights and days!
The sacrifice is offered still in secret and alone,
O World, ye do not know them, but HE can help
His own.
They are with us,—His true Soldiers,—they come
in power and might,
Glorious the crown which they shall gain after the
heavenly fight; [share,
And you, perchance, who scoff, may yet their glory
As the rich spoil of their battle, and the Captives of
their Prayer!



A. PROCTER.

MY Prayers for ever and for ever shall be yours.
SHAKESPEARE.

SUNDAY.]

Intercession.

There came a certain Ruler and worshipped Him, saying, "My daughter is even now dead; but come and lay Thy hand upon her, and she shall live."

— GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

MIGHT I address the supplicative strain
To Thy high footstool, I would pray that THOU
Wouldst pity the deluded wanderers,
And fold them, e'er they perish, in Thy flock!
Yea! I would bid THEE pity them, through HIM,
Thy Well-Beloved, WHO, upon the Cross,
Bled a dread sacrifice for human sin.



KIRKE WHITE.

WHY they have never known the way before—
Why hundreds stand outside Thy mercy's
door—

I know not; but I ask, dear LORD, that THOU
Wouldst lead them now.

Why in the hard and thorny way they press
Unloved, un comforted, with none to bless,
In living death, — I know not; but spare THOU,
And lead them now!

SAVIOUR, be pitiful! their hell is here!
Dull parchèd sorrow that can shed no tear
Is theirs! They need no further loss—
They bear their Cross.

Eternal death to live away from THEE!
Eternal loss apart from THEE to be!
Eternal gain to have in THEE some part—

To know THOU art! C. FRASER TYTLER.



MY proud Foe at my hand to take no boon will
choose—

My Prayers are the one grace which he cannot refuse.



TRENCH.

WHO hath aught to love, and loves aright,
Will never in the darkest strait despair;
For out of Love exhales a living light,
A light that speaks—a light whose breath is
Prayer.

H. COLERIDGE.

[MONDAY.

Intercession.

We know not what we should pray for as we ought;
but the Spirit itself maketh Intercession for us.

ROM. VIII. 26.

THE holy hands uplifted
In suffering's longest hour
Are truly Spirit-gifted
With intercessive power. . .
For evermore the Angel
Of Intercession stands
In His Divine High-Priesthood
With fragrance-filled hands,—
To wave the golden censer
Before His Father's throne,
With Spirit-fire intenser,
And incense all His own.
And evermore the FATHER
Sends radiantly down
All-marvellous responses
His ministers to crown;
The incense-cloud returning
As golden blessing-showers,
We in each drop discerning
Some feeble prayer of ours,
Transmuted into wealth unpriced,
By HIM Who giveth thus
The Glory all to JESUS CHRIST,
The Gladness all to us. F. R. HAVERGAL.

HE is safe and must succeed,
For whom the LORD vouchsafes to plead.
COWPER.

PRAY for those who ask no prayer,—
Who, poorest of their kind,
O'ercharged with comforts won from Sense,
In Faith no comfort find. BRIGHT.

GOD forbid that I should sin against the LORD, in
ceasing to pray for you. 1 SAM. XII. 23.

TUESDAY.]

Intercession.

I pray for Them: I pray not for the world, but for Them which Thou hast given Me; for they are Thine. Neither pray I for These alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word.

JOHN X. 11, 19, 20.

AS circle beyond circle evermore
In the still water spreads and spreads, until
The whole expanse of lucid pool they fill,
And the last ripple touch the further shore—
Dilating so, nor finding pause before
It has extended o'er the largest space
Which love can hold within its wide embrace,—
Prayer issues from the bosom's central core!
First for Himself the High Priest His offering
makes;—
This done, for others, for those nearest found,
The circle of the sacred Home,—and then
For the whole Church of God, and lastly takes—
His ample Intercession takes all men
Within the limits of its mighty round. TRENCH.

THEN, tho' our foul and limitless transgression
Grows with our growing, with our breath
began,
Raise THOU the arms of endless Intercession,
JESUS! divinest when THOU most art Man!

MYERS.

SAY not, all useful work thou art denied!—
Behold! CHRIST's censer waiteth at thy side.
He in compassion lets it down to thee,
Heap on thine incense! heap it full and free!
Pray for thy friends! that every deed of love
May be received and registered above.
Pray for the sick who suffer in all lands!
God's prisoners, laid in bonds by His own hands. . .
Pray for Crowned Heads, with all their weight of care,
For broken hearts, and all the sorrows there;
For the whole Race which He has made His own,
For which He intercedes before the Throne.

C. M. NOEL.

Intercession

I have prayed for thee that thy Faith fail not.

LUKE XXIII. 32.

—♦—

MY REDEEMER, and my LORD !

I beseech THEE, I entreat THEE,

Guide me in each act and word,

That hereafter I may meet THEE,

Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning,

With my lamp well trimmed and burning !

Interceding

With these bleeding

Wounds upon Thy Hands and Side,—

For all who have lived and errèd

THOU hast suffered. THOU hast died,

Scourged and mocked and crucified,

And in the grave hast THOU been buried !

If my feeble prayer can reach THEE,

O, my SAVIOUR ! I beseech THEE,

Even as THOU hast died for me,

More sincerely

Let me follow where THOU ledest !

Let me, bleeding as THOU bleedest,

Die, if dying I may give

Life to one who asks to live,—

And more nearly

Dying thus, resemble THEE !

LONGFELLOW.



AND oh ! not wholly lost the heart

Where that undying love hath part ;

Not worthless all, though far and long

From home estranged, and guided wrong :

Yet may its depths by Heaven be stirr'd,

Its prayer for thee be pour'd and heard.

F. HEMANS.



HE ever liveth to make Intercession for us.

HEB. VII. 25.



NOR Prayer is made on earth, alone :

The Holy SPIRIT pleads,

And JESUS, on the eternal Throne,

For mourners intercedes.

MONTGOMERY.

THURSDAY.]

Intercession.

Pray one for another! . . . The effectual fervent Prayer of a Righteous Man availeth much.

JAMES V. 16.

I BEG of you calm souls—whose wondering pity
Looks at paths you never trod;
I beg of you who suffer—for all sorrow
Must be very near to God—
And the need is even greater than you see—
Pray for me!

I beg of you who stand before the Altar,
Whose anointed hands upraise
All the Sin and all the Sorrow of the Ages,
All the Love and all the Praise,
And the Glory which was always, and shall be—
Pray for me!

A. PROCTER.

GO with me like good Angels to my end;
Make of your Prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my Soul to Heaven!

SHAKESPEARE.

MIGHT the Prayer within my breast
Make others blest, as I am blest;—
And might my joy in thanking THEE
Make for all hungry souls a plea;—
Then would I praise THEE and adore,
And ever thank THEE more and more,
Rejoicing, if THOU wouldst but bless
Thy creatures for my thankfulness.

H. COLERIDGE.

MORE things are wrought by Prayer
Than this world dreams of! Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day!

For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If,—knowing God,—they lift not hands of Prayer
Both for themselves, and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the Feet of God.

TENNYSON.

[FRIDAY.

Intercession.

We also do not cease to pray and make request for you.—COL. 3. 5. (R. V.)

—♦—
SURELY, too, some way
He is the better for my love! . . I'll believe
His very eye would never sparkle thus,
Had I not prayed for him this long, long while.

—♦—
BROWNING.

THE lonely sufferer is still a fellow-worker with
HIM; . . . a sleepless voice of Intercession,
unheard by man, but borne to God by a "surrendered
soul," may bring strength to combatants wearied
with a doubtful conflict.

—♦—
WESTCOTT.

WE prayed together, praying the same Prayer:—
But each that prayed, did seem to be alone,
And saw the other, in a golden air
Poised far away, beneath a vacant throne,
Beckoning the kneeler to arise and sit
Within the glory which encompassed it! . .

The depth of human Reason must become
As deep as is the holy human Heart,
Ere aught in written phrases can impart
The might and meaning of that Ecstasy,
To those low souls, who hold the Mystery
Of the Unseen Universe for dark and dumb.

But we were mortal still, and when again

We raised our bended knees, I do not say
That our descending Spirit felt no pain

To meet the dimness of an earthly day;
Yet not as those disheartened, and the more
Debased, the higher that they rose before,—
But, from the exaltation of that hour,

Out of God's choicest Treasury, bringing down
New Virtue to sustain all ill,— new Power

To braid Life's thorns into a regal Crown,
We passed into the outer world,—to prove
The strength miraculous of united Love!

HOUGHTON.

WEEK OF THE

LAST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

"The Revelation of Ideals"

"Visions and revelations of the Lord."

A Prayer for the Week

Grant, we beseech THEE, that we all with open face,
beholding as in a glass the glory of the LORD, may be
changed by the same Image from Glory to Glory !

Ideals.

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not?—ISA. LV. 2.

— • • —

YOU have known lights and guides better than these.

Ah! let not aught amiss within, dispose
A noble mind to practise on herself! WORDSWORTH.

✽

MY GOD,

What might I not have made of Thy fair world
Had I but loved Thy highest Creature here?

It was my duty to have loved the Highest,—

It surely was my profit—had I known:

It would have been my pleasure—had I seen!

✽

TENNYSON.

NONE sends his arrow to the mark in view,

Whose hand is feeble, or his aim untrue:—

For though,—ere yet the shaft is on the wing,

Or when it first forsakes the elastic string,—

It err but little from the intended line,

It falls at last far wide of his design;

So he who seeks a mansion in the sky,

Must watch his purpose with a stedfast eye.

That prize belongs to none but the sincere,

The least obliquity is fatal here.

COWPER.

✽

UNLIKE Philosophy, the Gospel has an Ideal
Life to offer,—not to a few only, but to all.

✽

JOWETT.

STILL, through our paltry stir and strife,

Glows down the wished Ideal,

And Longing moulds in clay what Life

Carves in the marble Real!

To let the new life in,—we know

Desire must ope the portal:—

Perhaps the longing to be so,

Helps make the Soul immortal.

LOWELL.

SUNDAY.]

Ideals.

Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing
be lost.—ORDERED FOR THE DAY.

THOSE fervent raptures are for ever flown,
Yet cease I not to struggle, and aspire
Heavenward ; and chide the part of me that flags
Through sinful choice ! WORDSWORTH.

AH ! fragments of a whole, ordained to be
Points in the life I waited ! What are ye
But roundels of a ladder, which appeared
Awhile the very platform it was reared
To lift me on ? BROWNING.

IN that life one occasion, one moment, there was,
When all that was earnest in Him might have been
Unclosed into manhood's imperial, serene,
Dominion of permanent power ! But it found Him
Too soon ; ere the weight of the light life around Him
Had been weigh'd at its worth ; when his nature
was still
The delicate toy of too pliant a will. He miss'd
That occasion, too rathe in its advent. LYTTON.

THE common problem,—yours,—mine,— every
Is—not to fancy what were fair in Life [one's—
Provided it could be ;—but, finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair
Up to our means :—a very different thing !
No abstract, intellectual plan of Life
Quite irrespective of Life's plainest laws—
But one a man, who is man and nothing more,
May lead. . . Idealize away ! . .
You're welcome, nay, you're wise ! BROWNING.

THE scatter'd fragments Love can glean
Refine the dregs, and yield us clean
To regions, where one thought serene
Breathes sweeter than whole years of sacrifice below.
KEBLE.

Ideals.

Set your mind on the things that are above.

Col. iii. 2. (K.V.)

WE needs must love the Highest, when we see it!

TENNYSON.

FROM higher Judgment-Seats make no appeal to
lower.

WORDSWORTH.

LIFE upon the larger scale, the higher!—

When, graduating up in a spiral line
Of still expanding and ascending gyves,
It pushes towards the intense significance
Of all things,—hungry for the Infinite!

E. B. BROWNING.

FAULTS in the life breed errors in the brain,
And these reciprocally these again;
The Mind and Conduct mutually imprint,
And stamp their image in each other's mint.

COWPER.

WHO hath despised the day of small things?

ZECH. IV. 10.

GOD has conceded two sights to a man—

One, of men's whole Work,—Time's completed
plan,—

The other, of the Minute's work, man's first
Step to the plan's completeness! What's dispersed,
Save hope of that supreme step which, descried
Earliest, was meant still to remain untried,
Only to give you heart to take your own
Step, and there stay—leaving the rest alone?

BROWNING.

YET sets she not her Soul so steadily

Above, that she forgets her ties to earth.
But her whole thought would almost seem to be
How to make glad one lowly human hearth:—
For with a gentle courage she doth strive
In thought and word and feeling so to live,
As to make Earth next Heaven!

LOWELL.

TUESDAY.]

Ideals.

See, saith He, that thou make all things according to the pattern shewed thee in the Mount.—HEB. VIII. 5.

I STILL

Stand in the Cloud, and, while it wraps
My face, ought not to speak perhaps!

BROWNING.

BUT look! Whose shadows black the door!
Who are these two who stand aloof?
See! on my hands this freshening gore
Writes o'er again its crimson proof!
My looked for death-bed guests are met—
There my dead Youth doth wring its hands,
And there, with eyes that goad me yet,
The ghost of my Ideal stands!

O glorious Youth, that once wast mine!
O high Ideal! all in vain
Ye enter at this ruined shrine,
Whence worship ne'er shall rise again;
The bat and owl inhabit here,
The snake nests in the altar-stone,
The sacred vessels moulder near,
The image of the God is gone.

LOWELL

THY Condition is but the stuff thou art to shape
that same Ideal out of.

CARLYLE

THIS, by comparison, an easy task
Earth to despise; but to converse with Heaven—
This is not easy!

'Tis a thing impossible to frame
Conceptions equal to the Soul's desires;—
And the most difficult of tasks to *keep*
Heights, which the Soul is competent to gain.

WORDSWORTH.

INSPIRATIONS—which, could they be things
And stay with us, and we could hold them fast,
Were our good Angels.

LONGFELLOW.

Ideals.

A merchant man, seeking goodly pearls, . . . when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it. *MATT. XIII. 45, 46.*

WHAT is it, in truth, that you fly at ?

LYTTON.

✧

ONE

Idea that, star-like over, lures him on
To its exclusive purpose.

BROWNING.

✧

IDEALS are the very soul of Life.

WESTCOTT.

✧

A BROODING Presence ! that stirs motions blind
Of wings within our embryo Being's shell,
That wait but her completer spell
To make us eagle-natured,—fit to dare
Life's nobler spaces and untarnished air !

You,—who hold dear this self-conceived Ideal,
Whose faith and works alone can make it real,—
Bring all your fairest gifts to deck her shrine,
Who lifts our lives away from *Thine* and *Mine*,
And feeds the lamp of manhood more divine
With fragrant oils of quenchless constancy.

LOWELL.

✧

IF you build Castles in the Air, your labour will
not be lost :—that is where they should be :—
Now put foundations under them !

✧

ONE takes

A whole Life,—sees what course it makes
Mainly, and not by fits and starts—
In spite of stoppage,—which impart
Fresh value to the general speed.

BROWNING.

✧

THE situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was
never yet occupied by man. Yes, here in this
miserable, despicable Actual, wherein thou even
now standest,—here or nowhere is thy Ideal ! Work
it out therefrom ! . . . The Ideal is in Thyself, the
impediment too is in Thyself !

CARLYLE.

THURSDAY.]

Ideals.

I will set no base thing before my eyes.

PSALM CL. 3. (R.V.)

LOOK not thou down, but up!

To uses of a cup,

The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,

The new wine's foaming flow,

The Master's lips a-glow,

Thou, Heaven's consummate cup, what needst thou
with earth's wheel?

BROWNING.

✽

SOME day, the soft Ideal that we wooed

Confronts us fiercely, foe-beset, pursued,

And cries reproachful, "Was it, then, my praise

And not myself was loved? Prove now thy truth;

I claim of thee the promise of thy youth!

Give me thy life, or cower in empty phrase

The victim of thy Genius, not its mate!"

Life may be given in many ways,

And loyalty to Truth be sealed

As bravely in the closet as the field!—

So bountiful is Fate!

LOWELL

✽

FOR Mankind springs

Salvation by each hindrance interposed.

They climb; Life's view is not at once disclosed

To creatures caught up, on the summit left,

Heaven plain above them, yet of wings bereft;—

But lower laid as at the mountain's foot.

So range on range, the girdling forests shoot

'Twixt your plain prospect and the throngs who scale

Height after height, and pierce mists, veil by veil,

Heartened with each discovery: in their soul,

The Whole they seek by parts.

BROWNING.

✽

WHAT if Earth

Be but the shadow of Heaven?—and things therein

Each to other like, more than on earth is thought!

MILTON.

✽

IF I cannot realize my Ideal, I can at least idealize
my Real.

GANNETT.

Ideals.

I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.
A.D. 3361. 19.

CAN you question that the Soul
Inherits an allegiance?
WORDSWORTH.

HOW very hard it is to be
A Christian! Hard for you and me!
—Not the mere task of making real
That duty up to its Ideal,—
Effecting thus, complete and whole,
A purpose of the human soul—
For that is always hard to do;—
But hard, I mean, for me and you
To realize it, more or less,
With even the moderate success
Which commonly repays our strife
To carry out the aims of life.
“This aim is greater,” you will say,
“And so more arduous every way.”
—But the importance of their fruits
Still proves to man, in all pursuits,
Proportional encouragement.
BROWNING.

FOR a moment I was snatched away
And had the evidence of things not seen;
For one rapt moment—then it all came back—
This Age that blots out Life with question-marks!
LOWELL.

THERE are more things in Heaven and Earth
Than are dreamt of in your Philosophy!
SHAKESPEARE.

HOW shall I part? and whither wander—down
Into a lower world, to this, obscure
And wild? How shall we breathe in other air
Less pure,—accustom'd to immortal fruits?
MILTON.

THE vision of the Ideal guards monotony of
Work from becoming monotony of Life.
WESTCOTT.

SAINTS COMMEMORATED IN
THE SEASON OF TRINITY

ST. BARNABAS
JUNE 11th
“The Mission of Comfort”

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST
JUNE 24th
“The Secret of Influence”

ST. PETER
JUNE 29th
“Impulsiveness”

ST. JAMES
JULY 25th
“The Snare of Ambition”

* St. BARNABAS' DAY occasionally falls within the preceding Season.

[Saints' Days, continued.]

Saints commemorated in the Season of Trinity, continued.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW

AUGUST 24th

"The Revelation of Miracle"

ST. MATTHEW

SEPT. 21st

"Integrity"

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS

SEPT. 29th

"The Presence of the Unseen"

ST. LUKE

OCT. 18th

"Ministry to the Sick"

ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE

OCT. 28th

"The Perversion of Criticism"

ALL SAINTS

NOV. 1st

"The Communion of Saints"

ST. BARNABAS.]

The Mission of Comfort.

Barnabas, which is, being interpreted, the Son of Consolation.—ACTS IV. 36.

THE World's a room of sickness, where each heart
Knows its own anguish and unrest ;
The truest wisdom there, and noblest art
Is his, who skills of Comfort best ;—
Whom by the softest step and gentlest tone
Enfeebled spirits own,
And love to raise the languid eye,
When, like an angel's wing, they feel him fleeting by.

KEBLE.

LIKE dew upon a wither'd flower
Is Comfort to the heart that's broken.

H. COLERIDGE.

WHEREFORE comfort one another with these
words !

WOULDST thou go forth to bless !—be sure of
thine own ground !
Fix well thy centre first, then draw thy circles round !

TRENCH.

I ONLY saw how I had missed
A thousand things from blindness,
How all that I had done appeared
Scarce better than unkindness.

How that to comfort those that mourn
Is a thing for Saints to try ;
Yet, haply God might have done less,
Had a saint been there,—not I.

Alas ! we have so little grace,
With love so little burn,
That the hardest of our works for God
Is to comfort those who mourn.

FABER.

WHEN therefore spiritual Comfort is given thee
from God, receive it with thankfulness ; but
understand that it is the gift of God, not any desert
of thine.

THOS. A KEMPIS.

[ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.]

The Secret of Influence.

Herod feared John, knowing that he was a just man and an holy, and observed him; and when he heard him, he did many things, and heard him gladly.

MARK VI. 20.

YOU are endowed with Faculties which bear
Annexed to them, as 'twere a dispensation
To summon meaner spirits to do their will,
And gather round them at their need; inspiring
Such with a love themselves can never feel.

BROWNING.

I WISH popularity:—but it is that which follows,
not that which is run after.

MANSFIELD.

WE, what you would make others! AMIEL.

LIKE to the sunlight,—gladdening, brightening all,
Quiet as dew, which no man heareth fall,—
So let thine influence be!

E. M. L. G.

FIRST seek thy SAVIOUR out, and dwell
Beneath the shadow of His roof,—
Till thou have scann'd His features well
And known HIM for the CHRIST by proof:
Then, potent with the spell of heaven,
Go, and thy erring brother gain!

KEBLE.

MEN must be taught, as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.

POPE.

I AM become all things to all men, that I might by
all means save some.

1 COR. IX. 22.

A SPIRIT whose power may touch and bind
With unconscious influence every mind;
Whose presence brings, like some fabled wand,
The love which a monarch may not command;—
As the spring awakens from cold repose
The bloomless brier, the sweet wild rose—
Such would I be!

F. R. HAVESGAL.

ST. PETER.]

Impulsiveness.

Lord! if it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water!—MATT. XIV. 26.

TO climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first . . . We may outrun
By violent swiftness that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. SHAKESPEARE.

WE love characters in proportion as they are
impulsive and spontaneous. EMERSON.

"TO-DAY thou girdest up thy loins thyself
And goest where thou wouldest : presently
Others shall gird thee," said the LORD, "to go
Where thou wouldest not."—HE spoke to Peter thus
To signify the death which he should die
When crucified head downwards.—If HE spoke
To Peter then, HE speaks to us the same ;
The word suits many different martyrdoms. . .

For 'tis not in mere death that men die most ;
And after our first girding of the loins
In youth's fine linen and fair broidery,
To run up hill and meet the rising sun,—
We are apt to sit tired, patient as a fool,
While others gird us with the violent bands
Of social figments, feints, and formalisms,—
Reversing our straight nature,—lifting up
Our base needs,—keeping down our lofty thoughts,
Head downward on the cross-sticks of the world.
Yet HE can pluck us from that shameful cross.

GOD! set our feet low and our forehead high,
And show us how a Man was made to walk !
E. B. BROWNING.

Beware of Peter's word, nor confidently say,
"I never will deny Thee, Lord!" But—"Grant,
I never may!" COWPER.

[ST. JAMES THE APOSTLE.

The Snare of Ambition.

Grant unto us that we may sit, one on Thy right hand, and the other on Thy left hand in Thy glory. —
MARK X. 37.

LIFE! it is beautiful wholly, and could we eliminate only

This interfering, enslaving, o'ermastering Demon of Craving,— [guide us,

This wicked Tempter inside us, to ruin still eager to Life were Beatitude! CLOUGH.

WHAT is Man, when at Ambition's height?

KIRKE WHITE.

FOOL that I was! I will rehearse my fault:

I, wingless, thought myself on high to lift
Among the winged!—I set these feet that halt
To run against the swift.

J. INGELOW.

NOT in stature and learning alone we grow . .

Though the table-land of life we tread

No widening view before us spread,

No sunlit summits to lure Ambition,

But only the path of a daily mission.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

I CHARGE thee, fling away Ambition!
By that sin fell the Angels:—how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?

SHAKESPEARE.

AH, holy midnight of the soul,

When stars alone are high;

When winds are dead, or at their goal,

And sea-waves only sigh!

Ambition faints from out the will;

Asleep sad Longing lies;

All hope of good, all fear of ill,

All need of Action dies:—

Because God is! and claims the Life

He kindled in thy brain;

And Thou in Him, rapt far from strife,

Diest and liv'st again.

MAC DONALD.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW.]

The Revelation of Miracle.

By the hands of the Apostles were many signs and wonders wrought among the people.—ACTS v. 12.

—♦—♦—♦—
WHAT is thy thought?—*There is no miracle?*

There is a great one, which thou hast not read,
And never shalt escape—*Thyself*, O man!—
Thou art the Miracle! . .

Thou art thy Father's copy of HIMSELF!—

Thou art thy Father's Miracle! . .

MAN is the Miracle in nature! GOD

Is the One Miracle to man! Behold!

"There is a God," thou sayest. Thou sayest well;

In that thou sayest all! TO BE is more

Of wonderful, than, being, to have wrought,

Or reigned, or rested!

J. INGELOW.



GOD never wrought Miracle to convince Atheism,
because His ordinary Works convince it.

BACON.



WHAT is a Miracle?—'Tis a reproach,

'Tis an implicit satire, on mankind;

And while it satisfies, it censures too.

To Common Sense, great Nature's course proclaims

A DEITY; when mankind falls asleep,

A miracle is sent as an alarm,

To wake the world, and prove HIM o'er again

By recent argument,—but not more strong.

Say! which imports more plenitude of power,

Or Nature's Law to fix, or to repeal?

Or make a sun, or stop his mid-career?

YOUNG.



CUSTOM has a knack of persuading us that the

Miraculous, by simple repetition, ceases to be
Miraculous.



CARLYLE.

FOR martyrdoms, I reckon them amongst Miracles;

because they seem to exceed the strength of
human nature; and I may do the like of superlative
and admirable Holiness of Life.

BACON.

[ST. MATTHEW.

Integrity.

We have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty,
not walking in craftiness. 2 COR. IV. 2.

HE sat to watch o'er Customs paid,
A man of scorned and hardening trade...
But grace within his breast had stirred;
There needed but the timely word...
He rose responsive to the call,
And left his tasks, his gains, his all...
Who yield up all for Thy dear sake,
Let them of Matthew's wealth partake!

BRIGHT.

THE man of life upright, whose cheerful mind is
free
From weight of impious deeds and yoke of vanity;
That man needs neither towers nor armour for
defence!

CAMPION.

I WOULD have honesty and sincerity so incor-
porated with the constitution... that a man must
be forced to find it out whether he would or no...
A man of integrity, sincerity, and good-nature can
never be concealed, for his character is wrought
into his countenance.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

BETTER not be at all than not be noble!

TENNYSON.

THUS in our gain become we gainful losers,
And what's enclosed, encloses the enclosers;
Now, reader, close thy book!—and then advise;
Be wisely-worldly, be not worldly-wise;
Let not thy nobler thoughts be always raking
The world's base dunghill!

QUARLES.

LET us not stain our honour!

1 MACCABEES IX. 10.

NEVER, for lucre or laurels
Or custom, though such should be rife,
Adapting the smaller morals
To measure the larger life! E. B. BROWNING.

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.]

The Presence of the Unseen.

Are they not all Ministering Spirits, sent forth to do service for the sake of them that shall inherit salvation.—HEB. I. 14. R.V.)

—♦—♦—♦—
IT is not when man's heart is nighest heaven
He hath most need of Servant-Seraphim—
Albeit that height be holy, and God be still. . .
Nay, but much rather when one, flat as earth,
Knows not which way to grovel, or where to flee
From the overmastering Agony of Sin. MYERS.

—♦—
HOW sweet it were if, without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful, beauteous sight,
An Angel came to us and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air! . .
Alas! we think not that we daily see
About our hearths—Angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air—
A child,—a friend,—a wife whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

LEIGH HUNT.

—♦—
HE shall give his Angels charge over thee.

—♦—
A GOOD man, and an Angel! these between
How thin the barrier! What divides their fate?
Perhaps a moment, or perhaps a year.

Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
High o'er celestial mountains wing'd in flight;
And men are Angels, loaded for an hour,
Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain
And slipp'r'y step, the bottom of the steep.

Nor are our brothers thoughtless of their kin;
Yet absent, but not absent from their love.—
Michael has fought our battles; Raphael sung
Our triumphs; Gabriel on our errands flown,
Sent by the Sovereign: and are these, O man!
Thy friends, thy warm allies? And thou (shame burn
Thy cheek to cinder!) rival to the brute? YOUNG.

Ministry to the Sick.

[ST. LUKE.

Luke, the beloved physician.—*CH. IV. 14.*
Heal the sick, and say unto them, "The Kingdom of
God is come nigh unto you."—*LUKE X. 9.*

—♦—♦—♦—
WHO is the Angel of the forty days,
To Faith revealing things from sight removed?
Is it not Luke, Physician Heaven-beloved?
The everlasting Gospel's word his praise?
He in our firmament has lit new rays;
Oh! by his later star illumined, we
The CHRIST behold. MORGAN.

HONOUR a Physician with the honour due unto
him, for the LORD hath created him. Give place to
the Physician . . . let him not go from thee, for thou
hast need of him. There is a time when in their
hands there is good success. For they shall also
pray unto the LORD that HE would prosper that
which they give for ease and remedy to prolong life.
ECCLES. I. 12-14.

MAIN man, that hast but little prife
In deep discovery of the mynd's disease!
Is not the hart of all the body chiefe,
And rules the members as it selfe doth please?
Then with some cordialls seeke for to appease
The inward languour of my wounded hart,
And then my body shall have shortly ease!
SPENSER.

NO Physician considers his own good in what
he prescribes, but the good of the patient.
PLATO.

CANST thou not minister to a mind diseased?
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow!
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart? SHAKESPEARE.

BE not slow to visit the sick, for that shall make
thee to be beloved. ECCLES. VII. 35.

ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE.]

The Perversion of Criticism.

Now have they both seen and hated both Me and
My Father.—GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

These rail at whatsoever things they know not.

JUDE 10.

YES! thou dost well, to arm thy tender mind
With all, that learning and stern common-sense
Living hath spoke, or dying left behind;
To blank the frowardness of pert pretence
With long experience of a mighty mind.
Yes! thou dost well to build a fence about
Thine inward faith, and mount a stalwart guard
Of answers, to oppose invading doubt.
All aids are needful, for the strife is hard;
But still be sure the truth within to cherish,—
Truths long besieged too oft of hunger perish.

H. COLERIDGE.

WILT thou help us to embody the Divine Spirit
of Religion in a new vehicle and vesture, that
our souls, otherwise too like perishing, may live?
What? thou hast no faculty in that kind? Only
a torch for burning?—no hammer for building?
Take our thanks, then—and—thysself away!

CARLYLE.

ALAS! what can they teach and not mislead,
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more!..
Much of the soul they talk—but all awry.

MILTON.

FROM all rash censure be the mind kept free.—
He only judges right, who weighs, compares.

WORDSWORTH.

FOOLS rush in where Angels fear to tread.

POPE.

OUR power of reverence is a measure of our power
of rising.

WESTCOTT.

LIFE is too short to waste in critic peep or cynic
bark,

Quarrel or reprimand; 'twill soon be dark;
Up! mind thine own aim, and God speed the mark!

EMERSON.

The Communion of Saints.

The Righteous live for evermore.—and Lesson, Evening.
I believe in the Communion of Saints.

ALL Saints!—the Unknown Good that rest
In God's still Memory folded deep:—
The bravely Dumb that did their deed,
And scorned to blot it with a name,—
Men of the plain heroic breed,
That loved Heaven's silence more than fame.

Such lived not in the past alone,
But thread to-day the unheeding street,
And stairs to Sin and Famine known
Sing with the welcome of their feet;
The den they enter grows a shrine,
The grimy sash an oriel burns,—
Their cup of water warms like wine,
Their speech is filled from heavenly urns.

About their brows to me appears
An aureole traced in tenderest light.
The rainbow gleam of smiles through tears
In dying eyes, by them made bright—
Of souls that shivered on the edge
Of that chill ford repassed no more,
And in their mercy felt the pledge
And sweetness of the farther shore.

LOWELL

WE do differ when we most agree,
For words are not the same to you and me.
And it may be our several spiritual needs
Are best supplied by seeming different creeds—
And differing, we agree in one
Inseparable Communion,
If the true Life be in our hearts—the Faith,
Which not to want is Death;
To want is penance; to desire
Is purgatorial fire;
To hope, is Paradise; and to believe,
Is all of Heaven that Earth can e'er receive!

H. COLERIDGE.

PART III

THE HOLY COMMUNION

“Draw near with Faith”

“He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood,
dwelleth in Me and I in him.”

Prayer

In confidence of Thy goodness and great mercy,
O LORD, I draw near, as a sick person to the Healer,
as one hungry and thirsty to the Fountain of Life,—a
Creature to the CREATOR, a desolate Soul to my own
tender COMFORTER! Grant me to apply myself
earnestly to devotion; and prepare my Heart to
obtain, if it be but some small spark, of divine fire
by the humble receiving of this life-giving Sacrament.
For with deep devotion and ardent love, with all affec-
tion and fervour of heart, I desire to receive THEE,
O LORD!

The Holy Communion.

[THE EVE.]

Prepare to meet Thy God!—AMOS IV. 12.

MAKE clean thy thought and dress thy mixt desires!

Thou art Heaven's tasker; and thy God requires
The purest of thy flour, as well as of thy fires.

✠

QUARLES.

TH' aspiring Soul,

Ardent and tremulous, like flame, ascends,—
Zeal and humility her wings,—to heaven!

✠

YOUNG.

IN vain he listeth up the eye of his heart to behold
His God, who is not first rightly advised to
behold himself. First, thou must see the visible
things of thyself, before thou canst be prepared to
know the invisible things of God: for if thou canst
not apprehend the things within thee, thou canst
not comprehend the things above thee.

HUGO.

✠

ALAS! from such a Heart as mine
What can I bring Him forth!

My best is stained and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.

COWPER.

✠

LOOK, FATHER, look on His anointed Face,
And only look on us as found in HIM;

Look not on our misusings of Thy Grace,

Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim;

For lo! between our sins and their reward

We set the Passion of Thy SON our LORD.

BRIGHT.

✠

FAST and pray!

That so perchance the Vision may be seen

By thee and those, and all the World be heal'd.

✠

TENNYSON.

CLEANSE me, LORD, that I may kneel

At Thine altar, pure and white;

They that once Thy mercies feel,

Gaze no more on Earth's delight.

CAMPION.

THE EVE.]

The Holy Communion.

Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldest come
under my roof!—LUKE VIII. 6.

IT is my MAKER!—dare I stay?
My SAVIOUR!—dare I turn away?



KEBLE.

HERE in the dark I grope, confused, purblind;
I have not seen the glory and the peace;
But on the darken'd mirror of the mind
Strange glimmers fall and shake me, till they cease.
Then wondering, dazzled, on Thy Name I call,
And like a child reach empty hands and moan . . .
If such as I can follow him at all
Into Thy Presence, 'tis by love alone!



BUCHANAN.

THE sufficiency of my merit, is to know that my
merit is not sufficient.

ST. AUGUSTINE.



YET, yet sustain me, Holiest!—I am vowed
To solemn service high;
And shall the Spirit, for thy tasks endow'd,
Sink on the threshold of the sanctuary?
Fainting beneath the burden of the day
Because no human tone unto the altar-stone,
Of that pure spousal fane inviolate,
Where it should make Eternal Truth its mate,
May cheer the sacred solitary way?
Oh! be the whisper of Thy voice within
Enough to strengthen!



F. HEMANS.

NOT a brief glance I beg, a passing word,—
But as THOU dwell'st with Thy disciples, LORD!
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,—
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

LYTLE.



LIFT up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up,
ye everlasting doors, and the KING of GLORY
shall come in!

PSALM XXIV. 9.

[THE MORNING.]

The Holy Communion.

To-day I must abide at thy house. LUKE XIX. 5.

HERE, O my LORD! I see THEE face to face,
Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand the Eternal Grace,
And all my weariness upon THEE lean.
Here would I feed upon the Bread of GOD;
Here drink with THEE the royal Wine of Heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load.
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.
This is the hour of banquet and of song,
This is the heavenly Table spread for me;
Here, let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
The brief bright hour of fellowship with THEE!

BONAR.

I HAVE heard of THEE by the hearing of the ear,
but now mine eye seeth THEE. JOB XLII. 5.

THAT only which we have within, can we see
without.—If we meet no Gods, it is because we
harbour none.

EMERSON.

SELF-LOVE here cannot crave more than it finds;
Ambition to no higher worth aspire;
The eagerest famine of most hungry minds,
May fill, yea, far exceed, their own desire. . .
And if to all, all this it doth not bring,
The fault is in the men, not in the thing.

SOUTHWELL.

GOD is all to thee: if thou be hungry, HE is
bread; if thirsty, HE is water; if darkness, HE
is light; if naked, HE is a robe of immortality.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

TO-DAY shalt thou be with me in Paradise.

NOW to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God—I come!

C. ELLIOTT.

THE EVENING.]

The Holy Communion.

Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not!

GEN. XXVIII. 16.

RISE odours sweet from incense uninflam'd?
Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout;
But when it glows, its heat is struck to heaven!

YOUNG.

WHAT if they fail to find who seek amiss?
To lose the centre is to lose the whole:
To such reporters be our answer this,
"I know HIM through my soul. . ."
One CHRIST for all, and fully CHRIST for each;
So haply, as at Eucharist we knelt,
Something that thrilled us more than touch or speech
Has made its presence felt!
And round us drawn a lucid atmosphere
Of self-commending truth and love and might,
And raised our faith from hearing of the ear
To sweet foretaste of sight.

BRIGHT.

THOUGH blind men see no light, the sun doth
shine.

SOUTHWELL.

THE wise who waited there, could tell
By these, what royalties in store
Lay one step past the entrance-door. [tude;
All partial beauty was a pledge of beauty in its pleni-
But since the pledge sufficed thy mood,
Retain it! Plenitude be theirs who looked above!

BROWNING.

GOD is never so far off as even to be near:—
HE is within! Our Spirit is the home HE holds
most dear.

To think of HIM as by our side, is almost as untrue,
As to remove His throne beyond those skies of
starry blue.

So all the while I thought myself homeless, forlorn,
and weary,

Missing my joy, I walked the earth—myself God's
Sanctuary!

FABER.

The Holy Communion.

They took knowledge of them that they had been
with Jesus.—ACTS IV. 3.

TOO soon we rise ; the symbols disappear ;
The Feast, though not the Love, is past and gone ;
The Bread and Wine remove ; but THOU art here,
Nearer than ever ! BONAR.

WHO, standing near a large fire, receiveth not
some small heat therefrom ! THOS. A KEMPIS.

THERE is a sight from man concealed,
That sight—the Face of God revealed—
Shall bless the Pure in Heart. MANT.

THESE have seen according to their sight.
TENNYSON.

HE heard unspeakable words which it is not
possible for a man to utter. 2 COR. XII. 4.

FEAR God ! and where you go, men shall think
they walk in hallowed cathedrals ! EMERSON.

THAT gift of his, from God descended :—
Ah ! friend, what gift of man's does not !
BROWNING.

O CHRIST, our God, Who with Thine own hast
been,

Our spirits cleave to THEE, the Friend unseen.

Vouchsafe that all who on Thy bounty feed.

May heed Thy love, and prize Thy gifts indeed !

Each holy purpose help us to fulfil !

Increase our faith to feed upon Thee still !

Illuminate our minds, that we may see

In all around us holy signs of THEE.

And may such witness in our lives appear,

That all may know THOU hast been with us here !

O grant us peace, that by Thy peace possess'd,

Thy Life within us we may manifest ! BOURNE.

THANKS be unto God for His unspeakable gift !

PART IV
EPOCHS IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

Holy Baptism
Confirmation
The Birthday
Betrothal
Holy Matrimony
Sickness and Convalescence
The Hour of Death

HOLY BAPTISM



"The Consecration of Childhood"

"What manner of child shall this be?"

A Prayer for the Day and its Anniversaries

Grant, we beseech Thee, O LORD, that this Child may hereafter not be ashamed to confess the faith of CHRIST Crucified, and manfully to fight under His banner against Sin, the World, and the Devil, and to continue CHRIST'S faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end!

See also p 46.

The Consecration

Take this child and nurse him for me.—*Evangelist* n. 9.



ONCE in His Name WHO made thee,
Once in His Name WHO died for thee,
Once in His Name WHO lives to aid thee,
We plunge thee in Love's boundless sea!



KEBLE.

I STOOD beside thee in the holy place,
And saw the Holy Sprinkling on thy brow,
And was both bond and witness to the Vow,
Which own'd thy need, confirm'd thy claims of Grace;
That sacred Sign which time shall not efface,
Declared thee His to Whom all Angels bow,—
Who bade the Herald Saint the rite allow
To the Sole Sinless of all Adam's race.
That was indeed an awful sight to see;
And oft I fear for what my love hath done,
As voucher of thy sweet Communion
In thy sweet SAVIOUR'S blessed Mystery.
Would I might give thee back, my little one,
But half the good that I have got from thee!



H. COLERIDGE.

AND was it meet, thou tender flower, on thy
young life to lay
Such burden, pledging thee to vows thou never
canst unsay? . . .
What if thou bear the Cross within, all aching and
decay?—
And 'twas I that laid it on thee!—what if thou fall
away?
Such is Love's deep misgiving, when, stronger far
than Faith,
She brings her earthly darlings to the Cross for
Life and Death.



KEBLE.

SUFFER little Children, and forbid them not to
come unto ME, for of such is the Kingdom of
Heaven.

of Childhood.

Do not sin against the Child.—GEN. XLII. 22.

—♦—
O YE who wait with hearts too light
By Font or cradle,—fear in time !
Oh let not all your dreams be bright
Here in Earth's wayward clime !
From the foul dew, the blighting air,
Watch well your treasure newly won ;
Heaven's Child and yours, uncharm'd by Prayer,
May prove Perdition's Son !

KEBLE.

—♦—
FATHER !—to God Himself we cannot give
A holier name ! then lightly do not bear
Both names conjoined, but of thy spiritual care
Be duly mindful ! Still more sensitive,
Do Thou, in truth a second Mother, strive
Against disheartening custom,—that by Thee
Watched, and with love and pious industry
Tended at need, the adopted Plant may thrive
For everlasting bloom ! Benign and pure,
This Ordinance;—whether loss it would supply,
Prevent omission, help deficiency,
Or seek to make assurance doubly sure.
Shame if the consecrated Vow be found
An idle form, the Word an empty sound !

WORDSWORTH.

—♦—
O YE who came that Babe to lay
Within a SAVIOUR'S Arms to-day,
Watch well and guard with careful eye,
The Heir of Immortality !

SIR H. BAKER.

—♦—
O THOU, Whose infant feet were found
Within Thy FATHER'S shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike Divine ;
Dependant on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In Childhood, Manhood, Age and Death,
To keep us still Thine own !

HEBER.

Consecration of Childhood.

Their Children, which have not known anything,
may hear, and learn to fear the Lord your God.

DEUT. XXXI. 13.

GOD'S own Image fresh from Paradise
Hallows the helpless form of Infancy.

H. COLERIDGE.

THERE are who think that Childhood does not
share

With age, the cup, the bitter cup of care ;
Alas ! they know not this unhappy truth,
That every age and rank is born to ruth.

KIRKE WHITE.

CHILDREN are an Heritage of the LORD.

I ACKNOWLEDGE the all-but omnipotence of
early culture and nurture.

CARLYLE.

OH ! say not ! dream not, heavenly notes
To childish ears are vain,

That the young mind at random floats
And cannot reach the strain ! . .

Was not our LORD a little Child,
Taught by degrees to pray,

By father dear and mother mild
Instructed day by day ! . .

And if some tones be false or low,
What are all prayers beneath,

But cries of babes that cannot know
Half the deep thought they breathe !

In His own words we CHRIST adore ;
But Angels, as we speak,

Higher above our meaning soar
Than we o'er children weak :

And yet His Words mean more than they,
And yet HE owns their praise :—

Why should we think HE turns away
From infants' simple lays !

KEBLE.

THOU hast hid these things from the wise and
prudent, and hast revealed them unto Babes.

MATT. XI. 25.

THE ORDER OF CONFIRMATION



"The Consecration of Youth"

"Quit you like men, be strong!"

A Prayer for the Day and its Anniversaries

Defend, O LORD, we beseech THEE, us Thy Children with Thy heavenly Grace, that we may continue Thine for ever, and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more, until we come unto Thy everlasting kingdom!

Consecration of Youth.

Thy God hath sent forth strength for thee.

PS. LXXIII. 26. (P-B.)

DRAW, HOLY GHOST, Thy seven-fold veil
Between us and the fires of Youth;
Breathe, HOLY GHOST, Thy freshening gale,
Our fever'd brow in Age to soothe !
And oft as Sin and Sorrow tire,
The hallow'd hour do THOU renew,
When beckon'd up the awful choir
By pastoral hands, toward THEE we drew ;
When trembling at the sacred rail,
We hid our eyes and held our breath—
Felt THEE, how strong ! our hearts how frail !
And long'd to own THEE to the death !

KEBLE.

IF nothing more than purpose in thy power—
Thy purpose, firm, is equal to the deed :
Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly :—Angels could no more.

YOUNG.

HE who would be a great Soul in the future must
be a great Soul now.

EMERSON.

HUMAN Spirit, bravely hold thy course !
Let Virtue teach thee firmly to pursue
The gradual paths of an aspiring change.

SHELLEY.

NOT God, but men of HIM themselves deprive.

CAMDEN.

AND so, through many a channel sent,
Through Prayer and Rite and Sacrament,
And truths received, and duties done,—
Is shed the Spirit's benison.
Who of that largess more would win
Must dread the faintest thought of sin,
And every downward step retrace
From every past neglect of Grace.

BRIGHT.

Consecration of Youth.

They who seek the Lord shall want no manner
of thing that is good.—1's. xxxiv. 10. (P.B.)

—♦♦♦—

LORD, shall Thy Children come to THEE!

A boon of love divine we seek:

Brought to thine arms in infancy

Ere heart could feel, or tongue could speak—

Thy Children pray for grace that they

May come themselves to THEE to-day.

LORD, shall we come? and come again,

Oft as we see yon Table spread,

And, tokens of Thy dying Pain,

The wine pour'd out, the broken bread?

Bless, bless, O LORD, Thy children's prayer,

That they may come, and find THEE there!

LORD, shall we come? Not thus alone,

At holy time, or solemn rite,

But every hour,—till life be flown,

Through weal or woe, in gloom or light,—

Come to Thy Throne of Grace, that we

In Faith, Hope, Love, confirm'd may be!



HINDS.



SOME Souls have soared,—
And all may do, what has by man been done.



YOUNG.

EVERY heart contains Perfection's germ.



SHELLEY.

FORCE not thy upward growth, but first of all
Deepen thy roots! Then may'st thou well sustain
The rays of sunlight that upon thee fall,
And, without withering, all thy strength retain.



SHARP.

WE need THEE more than tongue can speak,
'Mid foes that well might cast us down;
But thousands once as young and weak,

Have fought the fight and won the crown;

We ask the help that bore them through,

We trust the Faithful and the True!

BRIGHT.

Consecration of Youth.

When thou vowest a vow unto God, defer not to
pay it.—Leviticus v. 4

—♦—♦—♦—

ALAS for thousands that have knelt
Where you are bending now!
You feel what they as warmly felt
In prayer and solemn vow.
Seemed it that naught could them estrange
From HIM your hearts adore:
Yet, slow or sudden, came the change—
They walked with HIM no more! . . .
Oh! let not blind self-confidence
To that appeal reply,
“Though others do THEE such offence,
Yet never, LORD, will I!”
Say, rather, “LORD, THOU knowest all;
I fain would cling to THEE;
But surest guard from foulest fall
Is deep humility.”

BRIGHT.

♦

TEMPTATIONS seize when fear is laid asleep,
And ill foreboded is our strongest guard.

YOUNG.

♦

HABITS are soon assumed; but when we strive
To strip them off—'tis being slayed alive!

COWPER.

♦

WITH the stern step of vanquished Will,
Walking beneath the Night of Life.

SHELLEY.

♦

TO have no *arrière pensée* in the service of God
and virtue is the great source of peace and
happiness.

JOWETT.

♦

THAT shall never fail
Which my faith has in hand;
I gave my vow, my vow gave me,
Both vow and gift shall stand.

SOUTHWELL.

♦

THE only path of escape known in all the Worlds
of God is Performance.

EMERSON.

THE BIRTHDAY

"Reconsecration of Life"

"The fear of the Lord prolongeth days."

A Prayer for the Anniversary

O LORD ! I offer and present unto THEE, myself and all that is mine,—my deeds and words,—my rest and my silence ! Only, O LORD, do THOU take me and lead me ! Move my hand and my mind and my tongue to those things which are well-pleasing in Thy sight ; and turn me from all things from which THOU wouldest have me abstain.

Almighty GOD, Father of all Mercies, I bless THEE for my creation, preservation, and for all the blessings of this life. And, I beseech THEE, give me that due sense of all Thy Mercies, that my heart may be unfeignedly thankful, and that I show forth Thy Praise, not only with my lips, but in my life ; by giving up myself to Thy service, and by walking before THEE in holiness and righteousness all my days.

. See also pp. 47-51, 55-60.

Reconsecration of Life.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be. —DEUT. XXXII. 21.
Now therefore know and consider what thou wilt do!

1 SAM. XXV. 27.

—♦—

TIS greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
And ask them what report they bore to heaven;
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their answers form what men Experience call.
The Spirit walks of every day deceased,
And smiles an Angel, or a Fury frowns. YOUNG.

WHAT use do I put my Soul to? It is a service-
able question this, and should frequently be put.
M. AURELIUS.

MAKE not my spirit within me burn [return!
For the scenes and the hours that may ne'er
Call out from the *future* thy visions bright,
From the world o'er the grave take thy solemn light;
And oh! with the loved, whom no more I see,
Show me my home, as it yet may be! F. HEMANS.

REPROACH not thine own Soul, but know thyself,
Nor hate another's crime, nor loathe thine own.
It is the dark idolatry of Self [gone,
Which, when our thoughts and actions once are
Demands that man should weep and bleed and
O vacant expiation!—be at rest! [groan;
The PAST is Death's, the FUTURE is thine own!
And love and joy can make the foulest breast
A Paradise of flowers, where peace might build her
nest. SHELLEY.

ALL labour for their wages: like a stream
Life hastens onward; and for good or ill
Each day adds to the store, though as a dream
It hurries by. Oh! plant in me the Will!
Quicken! exalt! refine!—my bosom fill
With earnest diligence, whate'er I do!
Life swells the onward river,—nought is still.
Oh! may no earthly taint within it flow,
To meet that hidden sea, the everlasting Now.

I. WILLIAMS.

BETROTHAL

“The Consecration of Love”

**“Love is of God, and everyone that loveth is born
of God, and knoweth God.”**

A Prayer for the Betrothed

GOD the Father, GOD the Son, GOD the Holy Ghost,
bless, preserve, and keep us ! O LORD, mercifully with
Thy favour look upon us ; pour upon us the riches of
Thy grace ; sanctify us, that we may please THEE both
in body and soul, and live together in Holy Love unto
our lives' end !

Consecration of Love.

Jacob served seven years for Rachel! and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her.—GEN. XXIX. 20. —♦♦—

WHEN a Soul, by choice and conscience, doth
Throw out her full force on another Soul,
The conscience and the concentration both
Make mere Life, LOVE. For Life in perfect whole
And aim consummated, is Love in sooth,
As Nature's magnet heat rounds Pole with Pole.



E. R. BROWNING.

THE might of one fair face sublimed my love,
For it hath wean'd my heart from low desires;—
Nor death I need, nor purgatorial fires.

Thy Beauty,—antepast of joys above,—
Instructs me in the bliss that Saints approve;
For oh! how good, how beautiful must be
The God that made so good a thing as Thee!



MICHAEL ANGELO.

I LOVED thee for the lovely Soul thou art:—
Thou canst not change so true a Love as this.



H. COLERIDGE.

LOVE refines the thoughts, and heart enlarges.



MILTON.

❧ **D**EPEST

Love is that which loseth least. . .

"Lost" is no word for such a love as mine;
Love from her Past to me a Present giveth,
And Love itself doth comfort, making pain divine.



J. INGELLOW.

HE who for Love has undergone
The worst that can befall,
Is happier thousand-fold, than one
Who never loved at all;
A grace within his soul has reigned
Which nothing else can bring—
Thank God for all that I have gained
By that high suffering!



HOUGHTON.

❧ **D**OWN on your knees!

And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's Love!

SHAKESPEARE.

Consecration of Love.

I will betroth thee unto me for ever in righteousness.
Hos. ii. 19.

—♦—
LIFE, with all it yields of joy and woe
And hope and fear . . .
Is just our chance of the prize of learning Love,—
How Love might be, hath been indeed and is;
And that we hold henceforth to the uttermost
Such prize, despite the envy of the world;
And having gained Truth, keep Truth:—that is all!
BROWNING.

✽
WE live and love!—well knowing that there is
No backward step for those who feel the bliss
Of Faith as their most lofty yearnings high:
Love hath so purified my being's core,
Meseems I scarcely should be startled even,
To find some morn, that thou hadst gone before;
Since, with thy Love, this knowledge too was given,
Which each calm day doth strengthen more and more,
That they who love are but one step from Heaven.
LOWELL.

✽
THOU art so good,
So calm. If thou shouldst wear a brow less light
For some wild thought, which, but for me, were kept
From out thy soul as from a sacred star!
BROWNING.

✽
THE Soul's armour is never well set to the heart
unless a Woman's hand has braced it!—and it
is only when She braces it loosely, that the Honour
of Manhood fails!
RUSKIN.

✽
BELOVED! let us love so well,
Our work shall still be better for our love,
And still our love be sweeter for our work!
And both commended for the sake of each,
By all true Workers and true Lovers born.
E. B. BROWNING.

✽
WE have Eternity for Love's communion yet.
F. HEMANS.

Consecration of Love.

The voice of my Beloved! Behold he cometh!
CANT. II. 8.

SO dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I could endure! without him live no life!
MILTON.

THE shadow of his presence made my world
A Paradise! All familiar things he touched,
All common words he spake, became to me
Like forms and sounds of a diviner world. SHELLEY.

OUR Love is not a fading, earthly flower:
Its winged seed dropped down from Paradise,
And, nursed by day and night, by sun and shower,
Doth momentarily to fresher beauty rise. LOWELL.

REST, and be not alone! but have thou there
The One who is thy choice of all the world;
There linger, listening, gazing with delight
Impassioned! But delight how pitiable!—
Unless this Love by a still higher Love
Be hallowed.—Love that breathes not without awe;
Love that adores, but on the knees of prayer,
By heaven inspired; that frees from chains the soul,
Lifted, in union with the purest, best,
Of earth-born passions, on the wings of praise
Bearing a tribute to the Almighty's Throne!

WORDSWORTH.

TOO sleepless, too profound,
Are the Soul's hidden springs; there is no line
Their depth of Love to sound. F. HEMANS.

TAKE Love away,—and life would be defaced,—
A ghastly vision on a howling waste.

NEWMAN.

LOVE for one—from which there doth not spring
Wide Love for all, is but a worthless thing. . .
But our pure Love doth ever elevate
Into a holy bond of brotherhood
All earthly things, making them pure and good!

LOWELL.

HOLY MATRIMONY



"The Consecration of Wedded Life"

"They twain shall be one."

*A Prayer for the Wedding Day and its
Anniversaries*

Receive

Thy Children's thanks, Creator ! for the Love
Which THOU hast granted through all earthly woes,
To spread Heaven's Peace around them ; which hath
bound

Their spirits to each other and to THEE ! . .

We thank THEE, gracious GOD !

For all its treasured memories ! tender cares,
Fond words, bright, bright sustaining looks, unchanged
Through tears and joy ! O FATHER ! most of all
We thank, we bless THEE, for the priceless trust,
Through Thy redeeming SON vouchsafed to those
That love in THEE, of union,—in Thy sight
And in Thy heavens, immortal !

The Consecration of

Two are better than one . . . for if they fall, the one
will lift up his fellow.—ECCLES. IV. 9, 10.

—♦—

HOW while I love thee, can I prove,
The surer nature of our Love !
It is that while our choicest hours
Are closed from vulgar ken,
We daily use our active powers,—
Are men to brother-men.—
It is, that—with our hands in one—
We do the work that should be done.
Our hands in one—we will not shrink
From life's severest due,—
Our hands in one—we will not blink
The terrible and true ;
What each would feel a heavy blow
Falls on us both as autumn snow.

HOUGHTON.

ONE Hope within two Wills ! one Will beneath
Two overshadowing minds ! one Life, one Death,
One Heaven, one Hell, one Immortality ! SHELLEY.

HE that getteth a Wife, beginneth a possession, a
help like unto himself, and a pillar of rest.

ECCLES. XXXVI. 24.

HE is the half part of a blessed man
Left to be finished by such as she ;
And she, a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.

SHAKESPEARE.

HOW sweet the mutual yoke of Man and Wife,
When holy fires maintain Love's heavenly life !

CRASHAW.

IN whatever instance a person seeketh himself, there
he falleth from Love.

THOS. A KEMPIS.

IAM not *Thine*, I am a part of *Thee*.

SHELLEY.

Wedded Life.

Heirs together of the grace of life.—1 PET. III. 7.
My Beloved is mine and I am his.—CANT. II. 16.

ONE in the LORD, as one in heart and choice!
For ye alike have chosen the better way,
And therefore will with holy glee rejoice
When Autumn grave brings back the Wedding-day
All shall not haply be, as young conceit
Of wedded bliss the story would compose;—
But will ye find the song of Love less sweet,
Because translated into household prose?
Duties there needs must be,—and toils, and cares,
And there may be some salutary pains,
That unexpected come, and unawares,
To all that walk in wedlock's lightest chains.

WE shall behold a something we have done,
Shall of the work, together we have wrought,
Beyond our aspiration and our thought,
Some not unworthy issue yet receive;
For Love is fellow-service, I believe! CLOUGH.

THE world hath need of all of you—
Hath need of you, and of thee, too, fair Love.
Oh Lovers, cling together! The old world
Is full of Hate. Sweeten it! draw in one
Two separate chords of Life; and from the bond
Of twin souls lost in Harmony, create
A Fair God dwelling with you—Love, the Lord!
LEWIS MORRIS.

BUT the face thou show'st the world is not the
face thou show'st to me; [beheld.
And the look that I have looked in is of none but me
CLOUGH.

SHE that was ours, henceforth is only thine:—
Be good to Her!—who hath her Life in Thee.
E. ARNOLD.

RISE up, my Love, my Fair One, and come away!

The Consecration of

Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee. — GEN. III. 16.

Giving honour unto the wife as to the weaker vessel — 1 PET. III. 7.

○ THERE is something in Marriage, like the veil
of the temple of old,
That screened the Holy of Holies with blue and
purple and gold !
Something that makes a chamber, where only the
one may come,
A sacredness too, and a silence, where joy that is
deepest is dumb.
And it is in that secret chamber, where chiefly my
days are passed
With a sense of something holy, and a shadow of
something vast, — [as He will,
Till He comes, who alone is free to come and to go
Till He comes, and the brooding silence begins to
pulse and thrill. [for thee !
O come ! for my heart is weary, waiting, my Love
I will lock my bliss from the World, but my Love
shall have ever the key !

WALTER SMITH.

○ BELOVED ! in the noisy city here
The thought of thee can make all turmoil cease ;
Around my spirit folds thy spirit clear
Its still, soft arms, and circles it with peace :
There is no room for any doubt or fear
In souls so overfilled with love's increase.
There is no memory in the bygone year
But growth in heart's and spirit's perfect ease :
How hath our love, half-nebulous at first,
Rounded itself into a full-orbed sun !
How have our lives and wills (as haply erst
They were, ere this forgetfulness begun)
Through all their earthly distantness outburst,
And melted, like two rays of light, in one !

LOWELL.

LOVE strikes one hour — LOVE ! Those *never* loved,
Who dream that they loved ONCE.

E. B. BROWNING.

Wedded Life.

It is more blessed to give than to receive.—ACTS XX. 35.

ABSOLUTE self-surrender is the condition of the highest influence.

WESTCOTT.

I WONDER—did you ever count
The value of one human fate,
Or sum the infinite amount
Of one heart's treasure, and the weight
Of Life's one venture, and the whole concentrate
purpose of a Soul?

And if you ever paused to think
That all this in your hands I laid
Without a fear :—did you not shrink
From such a burden ? half-afraid,
Half-wishing that you could divide the risk, or cast
it all aside ?

You well might fear !—if Love's sole claim
Were to be happy : but true Love
Takes joy as solace, not as aim,
And looks beyond, and looks above ;
And sometimes through the bitterest strife, first
learns to live her highest life.

If then your future life should need
A strength my Love can only gain
Through suffering,—or my heart be freed
Only by sorrow from some stain,
Then you shall give, and I will take this Crown of
fire for Love's dear sake.

A. PROCTER.

THE kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something every day they live
To pity—and perhaps, forgive !

COWPER.

THE happiness and perfection of both depends on
each asking and receiving from the other what
the other only can give.

RUSKIN.

The Consecration of Wedded Life.

Thou shalt bring her home to thy house.—*GEN. xxi. 12.*
O well is thee, and happy shalt thou be!—*Ps. cxxviii. 2.*

—♦—
THOU art my Home!

Mine only and my blessèd one! Where'er
Thy warm heart beats in its true nobleness,
There is my Country, there my head shall rest
And throb no more! † F. HEMANS.

THE LORD grant you that ye may find rest, each
of you in the House of her Husband!

—†—
RUTH l. 9.

HOME is the place of Peace. . . And wherever a
true Wife comes, this Home is always round
her. . . Home is wherever she is. RUSKIN.

—†—

EVEN now, Belovèd,
When all the world like some vast tidal wave
Withdraws, and leaves us on a golden shore
Alone together—when thou most art mine—
When the winds blow for us, and the soft stars
Are shining for us. . .

Belovèd, do I know Thee? Hath my Soul
Spoken to thine the imperial speech of Souls,
Perfect in meaning and in melody? . . .
Belovèd, my belovèd! Soul belovèd,
Do I possess Thee? Sight and scent and touch
Are insufficient. Open! let me in
To the strange chambers I have never seen!
Heart of the rose! unopen! BUCHANAN.

—†—

WE in our wedded life shall know no loss.
We shall new-date our years! what went
before
Will be the time of promise, shadow, dream;—
But this, full revelation of great love;
For rivers blent take in a broader heaven,
And we shall blend our souls!

SICKNESS AND CONVALESCENCE



"The Consecration of Suffering"

"He took him aside from the multitude."

A Prayer in time of Sickness

FATHER ! that in the olive shade
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen Thy SON ;
Oh ! by the anguish of that night,
Send us down bless'd relief ;
Or to the chasten'd let Thy might
Hallow this grief !
And THOU ! that when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
"Thy will be done !"
By Thy meek spirit, THOU of all
That e'er have mourned the chief—
THOU, SAVIOUR ! if the stroke must fall,
Hallow this grief !

* * See also pages 213-220.

The Consecration

Come ye yourselves apart.—MARK VI. 13.
I will show him how great things he must suffer for
My name's sake.—ACTS IX. 16.

—♦—

IF Himself HE come to thee, and stand
Beside thee, gazing down on thee with eyes
That smile and suffer; that will smite thy heart
With their own pity, to a passionate peace;
And reach to thee HIMSELF the Holy Cup, . . .
Pallid and royal, saying, "*Drink with Me!*"—
Wilt thou refuse? Nay, not for Paradise!
The pale Brow will compel thee, the pure Hands
Will minister unto thee; thou shalt take
Of this Communion through the solemn depths
Of the dark waters of thine agony,
With Heart that praises HIM, that yearns to HIM
The closer for that hour. Hold fast His Hand
Though the nails pierce thine too! Take only care
Lest one drop of the sacramental wine
Be spilled, of that which ever shall unite
Thee, soul and body, to thy living LORD!

H. HAMILTON KING.

♦

THE good things that belong to Adversity are to
be admired.

SENECA.

♦

THY work this hour is Patience!—If the Past
Hath set its image there where naught decays,
Deny not its own work to this thy last.
Strong yearnings ever mark'd thy vanished days,
And outstretch'd longings after absent ways;
That all is past; and now thy heart incline
To seize the present good as by it strays!
To Heaven's all-gracious Will thyself resign!—
The Heavenly kingdom this; and this is Life Divine!

WILLIAMS.

♦

NEARER, my GOD to THEE!—Nearer to THEE!
E'en though it be a Cross that raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be—Nearer my GOD, to THEE!
Nearer to THEE!

ADAMS.

of Suffering.

Lord, behold, he whom Thou lovest is sick — JOHN XI. 3.

LORD, a whole long day of pain now, at last, is o'er!
Ah, how much we can sustain, I have felt once
more!

Felt how frail are all our powers, and how weak
our trust; [dust.

If THOU help not, these dark hours crush us to the
Could I face the coming night if THOU wert not
near? [fear:

Nay, without Thy love and might I must sink with
Round me falls the evening gloom, sights and sounds
all cease,

But within this narrow room, Night will bring no
peace!

✧
O LORD, my God, do THOU Thy holy will!
I will lie still!

I will not stir lest I forsake Thine arm,
And break the charm,

Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast
In perfect rest! KEBLE.

✧
UNDERNEATH are the everlasting arms!

✧
GOD sends sometimes a stillness in our life—
The bivouac, the sleep,—

When on the silent battle-field, the strife
Is hushed in slumber deep;—

When wearied hearts exhausted, sink to rest,
Remembering nor the struggle, nor the quest. . .

He giveth rest, more perfect, pure and true,
While we His burthen bear;

It springeth not from parted pain, but through
The accepted blessing there;

The lesson pondered o'er with thoughtful eyes,
The faith that sees in all a meaning wise.

✧ L. FLETCHER.

MY son, suffer ME to do with thee what I please;
I know what is expedient for thee.

The Consecration

Why is my pain perpetual?—[*Jer. xv. 18.*
They that be whole need not a physician, but they
that are sick.—[*Matt. ix. 12.*

—♦♦—
GOD gives us light and love, and all good things
Richly for joy, and power, to use aright;
But then we may forget HIM in His gifts—
We cannot well forget the hand that holds
And pierces us, and will not let us go,
However much we strive from under it—
The heavy pressure of a constant pain. . .
Is it not God's own very finger-tips,
Laid on thee in a tender steadfastness?

H. HAMILTON KING.

WHY should I then my pains decline
Inflicted by pure Love Divine?
Let them run out their destined course
And spend upon me all their force;
Short pains can never grievous be
Which work a blest Eternity!

KEN.

NOT, *So long she lived*, shall thy tomb report of
thee,
But, *So long she grieved*, thus must we date thy
memory!
Others by moments, months, and years,
Measure their ages;—Thou, by tears!

CRASHAW.

WE feel no more that aid is nigh
When our faint hearts within us die.
We suffer—and we know our doom
Must be one Suffering till the tomb.
Yet by the anguish of Thy Son
When His Last Hour came darkly on,—
By His dread Cry, the air which rent
In terror of abandonment—
And by His parting Word, which rose
Through faith victorious o'er all woes,—
We know that THOU may'st wound, may'st break
The spirit,—but wilt ne'er forsake!

F. HEMANS.

of Suffering.

This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God.—JOHN XI. 4.

THE day is over, the feverish careful day;
Can I recover Strength that has ebb'd away?
Can even sleep such freshness give, that I again
should wish to live?

Let me lie down! No more I seek to have
A heavenly crown: Give me a quiet grave;
Release and not reward, I ask—too hard for me
Life's daily task.

T. T. LYNCH.

NOT now my child!—a little more rough tossing,
A little longer on the billow's foam,
A few more journeyings in the desert darkness—
And then the sunshine of thy Father's home!
Not now!—for I have wanderers in the distance,
And thou must call them in with patient love;
Not now!—for I have sheep upon the mountains,
And thou must follow them where'er they rove.
Not now!—for I have loved ones, sad and weary:—
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile?
Sick ones who need thee in their lonely sorrow:—
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while?

C. P.

MAY Heaven ne'er trust my friend with happiness,
Till it has taught him how to bear it well
By previous pain.

YOUNG.

BACK then once more to breast the wave of Life,
To battle on against the unceasing spray,
To sink o'erwearied in the stormy strife,
And rise to strife again! Yet on my way,
Oh! linger still, thou light of better day,
Born in the hours of loneliness!—And you,
Ye child-like Thoughts, the holy and the true,
Ye that came bearing, (while subdued I lay),—
The faith,—the insight of Life's vernal morn,—
Back on my soul,—a clear bright sense, new-born,—
Now leave me not!

F. HERMAN.

Convalescence.

I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of
the Lord!—PSALM cxviii.

—♦—♦—♦—
SPIRITS! that round the sick man's bed
Watch'd, noting down each Prayer he made,
Were your unerring roll displayed
The pride of health t' abase. . .
How should we gaze in trance of fear! KEBLE.

—♦—
TEACH me to live! 'Tis easier far to die—
Gently and silently to pass away—
On earth's long Night to close the heavy eye,
And waken in the glorious realms of Day!
Teach me that harder lesson—how to live.
To serve THEE in the darkest paths of life;
Arm me for conflict now, fresh vigour give,
And make me more than Conqueror in the strife!
Teach me to live Thy purpose to fulfil!
Bright for Thy glory let my taper shine!
Each day renew, remould this stubborn will!
Closer round THEE my heart's affections twine!
Teach me to live, and find my life in THEE,
Looking from earth and earthly things away;
Let me not falter, but untiringly
Press on, and gain new strength and power each
Teach me to live! with kindly words for all, [day.
Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of gloom,—
Waiting with cheerful patience till Thy call
Summons my spirit to her heavenly home!

—♦—
ALTHOUGH this present life be burdensome to
our feelings, it is now by Thy Grace made
very gainful. THOS. A KEMPIS.

—♦—
TO have suffered much is like knowing many
languages. You have learnt to understand all,
and to make yourself intelligible to all.

—♦—
WHETHER I live, I live unto the LORD, or
whether I die, I die unto the LORD.

THE HOUR OF DEATH

“Entry into Rest”

“Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.”

Prayer

O LORD GOD most Holy ! O LORD most mighty !
O Holy and most merciful SAVIOUR ! deliver us not
into the bitter pains of Eternal Death ! THOU knowest,
LORD, the secrets of our hearts ; shut not Thy
merciful ears to our prayer ! but spare us, LORD
most Holy, O GOD most mighty, O Holy and Merciful
SAVIOUR, THOU most worthy Judge eternal !—suffer us
not at our last hour for any pains of death to fall from
THEE.

Entry into Rest.

The Master is come, and calleth for Thee. JOHN XI. 28.

—♦—
COME to the Land of Peace!
Come where the tempest hath no longer sway,—
The shadow passes from the soul away—
The sounds of weeping cease!
Fear hath no dwelling there.
Come to the mingling of repose and Love,
Breathed by the silent Spirit of the dove
Through the celestial air! . .
In thy divine abode,
Change finds no pathway, memory no dark trace,
And oh! bright victory—Death by Love no place!
Come, Spirit, to Thy God! F. HEMANS.

WHEN HEAVEN bids come, who can say no?
HEAVEN calls her—and she must away!
HEAVEN will not,—and she cannot stay! CRASHAW.

—♦—
WITH the patriarch's joy,
Thy call I follow to the Land Unknown;
I trust in THEE, and know in Whom I trust;
Or life, or death is equal; neither weighs!
All weight in this—Oh let me live to THEE!
YOUNG.

—♦—
THERE are things
Known but to God and to the parting Soul,
Which feels his thrilling summons F. HEMANS.

—♦—
NEVER weather-beaten sail more willing bent to
shore—
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,—
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my
troubled breast.—
Oh come quickly, sweetest LORD! and take my soul
to rest! CAMPION.

—♦—
If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come
again, and receive you to MYSELF, that where I
am, there ye may be also. JOHN XIV. 3.

Entry into Rest.

To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.

LUKE XXIII. 43.

—♦—

MITAL spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame!
 Trembling,—hoping,—lingering,—flying;
 Oh the pain,—the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into Life!
 Hark! they whisper;—Angels say,
 “Sister Spirit, come away!”
 What is this absorbs me quite,—
 Steals my senses,—shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits,—draws my breath?
 Tell me, my Soul! can this be DEATH?
 The World recedes; it disappears;
 Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring:
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 O Grave! where is thy Victory?
 O Death! where is thy sting!

POPE.

♦

OUT of this vale of tears,
 O Christian Soul, depart!
 From wearing pains, and haunting fears,
 And griefs that rend the heart!
 Accept His sentence of release,
 That speeds thee forth in solemn peace, . . .
 To broadening light and deepening rest
 Till Heaven shall make thee fully blest! . . .
 O crown of joys! no more to stray,
 No more to take thine own wild way,
 No more the FRIEND of friends to leave,
 No more His patient Spirit grieve;
 What promise sweet or boon secure
 Can match these words, *I make thee pure?*
 So now—let HIM arise, and put thy foes to flight;
 For thee this day let Paradise fling wide her portals
 To GOD Who made thee, GOD Who bought, [bright. . .
 And GOD Whose Grace thy cleansing wrought,
 That hell no part in thee should claim,
 Go!—in the all-victorious NAME!

BRIGHT.

Entry into Rest.

When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.—ISAIAH XLIII. 2

PRAY for me, O my friends!—a VISITANT
Is knocking his dire summons at my door,
The like of whom to scare me and to daunt,
Has never, never come to me before!
'Tis DEATH—O loving friends!—Your prayers!—
'tis HE!

NEWMAN.

ALONE! The God we trust is on that Shore.—
The Faithful ONE Whom we have trusted more
In trials and in woes, than we have trusted those
On whom we leaned most in our earthly strife.

FABER.

TO me the thought of Death is terrible,
Having such hold of Life!—To thee it is not
So much as even the lifting of a latch;—
Only a step into the open air,
Out of a tent already luminous
With light that shines through its transparent walls
O pure in heart!

LONGFELLOW.

O SON of MAN! in Thy last mortal hour
Shadows of earth closed round THEE fearfully!
All that on us is laid,—the Desolation and the
Abandonment,
The dark Amaze of Death;—all upon Thee too fell,
REDEEMER! SON of MAN! . . . In that tempest-hour
When Love and Life mysteriously must part,
When tearful eyes are passionately bent
To drink earth's last fond meaning from our gaze,—
Then, then forsake us not! Shed on our spirits then
The faith and deep submissiveness of Thine!
Thou that didst love! Thou that didst weep and die—
Thou that didst rise a Victor glorified!
Conqueror! Thou SON of GOD!

F. HEMANS.

INTO Thy Hands I commend my Spirit!

Entry into Rest.

¹To Die is Gain!—PHILIPPIANS I. 21.

When I awake up after Thy Likeness, I shall be
satisfied.—PSALM XCIII. 16. (P-B.)

I KNOW this earth is not my sphere ;
For I cannot so narrow me, but that
I still exceed it.

BROWNING.

THOUGH the Earth dispart these Earthlies, face
from face,
Yet the Heavenlies shall surely join in Heaven,
For the spirit hath no bonds in time or space !

LYTTON.

FROM the power of chill and change,
Souls to sever and estrange ;
From Love's wane—a death in life
But to watch - a mortal strife ;
From the secret fevers known
To the burning heart alone,
Thou art fled—afar, away—
Where those blights no more have sway.

F. HEMANS.

DEATH is the Veil which those who live call Life;
They sleep—and it is lifted !

SHELLEY.

WEEP not, beloved Friends ! nor let the air
For me with sighs be troubled. Not from Life
Have I been taken ! This is genuine Life,
And this alone—the Life which now I live
In peace eternal ; where desire and joy
Together move in fellowship without end.

CHIABRERA.

EARTH fades ! Heaven breaks on me : I shall
stand next
Before God's throne : the moment's close at hand
When man the first, last time, has leave to lay
His whole heart bare before his MAKER ; leave
To clear up the long error of a life,
And choose one happiness for evermore.

BROWNING.

Entry into Rest.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.—1 COR. II. 9.

I KNOW not! oh, I know not! what Joys await us there!

What radiancy of glory! what Bliss beyond compare!

BERNARD OF CLUNY.

ALL the calm reality,
The seraph Immortality!
Hail the heavenly bowers of peace,
Where all the storms of passion cease!
Wild Life's dismaying struggle o'er,
The wearied Spirit weeps no more,
But wears the eternal smile of joy,
Tasting bliss without alloy.

Welcome, welcome, happy bowers,
Where no passing tempest lowers;
But the azure heavens display
The everlasting smile of day;—
Where the choral seraph choir
Strike to praise the harmonious lyre,
And the spirit sinks to ease
Lull'd by distant symphonies.

Oh! to think of meeting there
The Friends whose grave received our tear—
The Daughter loved, the Wife adored,
To our widowed arms restored;
And all the joys which Death did sever
Given to us again for ever! H. KIRKE WHITE.

WHAT he is now we know not! He will be
A beautiful likeness of the God that gave
Him work to do, which he did do so well.

H. COLERIDGE.

LIFE is the triumph of our mould'ring clay;—
Death of the Spirit Infinite, Divine! YOUNG.

HEAVEN is, dear LORD, where'er THOU art!

KEN.

Entry into Rest.

Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty.

ISAIAH XXXIII. 17.

— — —
HAPPY day!

That breaks our chain, that calls from exile home,
And re-admits us, thro' the guardian hand
Of elder brothers, to our FATHER's throne?

×

YOUNG.

THERE is a shore

Of better promise! and I know at last,
When the long Sabbath of the tomb is past,
We two shall meet in CHRIST to part no more.

×

H. KIRKE WHITE.

HEAVEN and earth are one, even as the way and
the goal are one.

×

MAZZINI.

WE would see JESUS! for the shadows lengthen
Across this little landscape of our life—
We would see JESUS, our weak faith to strengthen
For the last weariness, the final strife!
We would see JESUS! for life's hand hath rested
With its dark touch upon both heart and brow,—
And though our souls have many a billow breasted
Others are rising in the distance now.

We would see JESUS! other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,
We would not mourn them,—for we go to THEE.
We would see JESUS! yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers;
Our love to THEE makes not this love less strong.

We would see JESUS! Sense is all too blinding,
And Heaven appears too dim,—too far away;
We would see THEE, THYSELF our heart reminding
That THOU hast suffer'd—our great debt to pay.
We would see JESUS! This is all we're needing—
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see JESUS,—dying,—risen,—pleading!
Then welcome Day, and farewell mortal Night!

Entry into Rest.

The Lord hath need of them.—MATT. XXI 3.

BUT to reach out empty arms is surely dreadful,
And to feel the hollow empty world is awful;
And bitter grow the silence and the distance!

BUCHANAN.

THERE is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This Life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the Life Elysian
Whose portal we call DEATH.
She is not dead—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school,
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And CHRIST Himself doth rule.
In that great cloister's Stillness and Seclusion,
By guardian Angels led,
Safe from Temptation, safe from Sin's pollution,
She lives! whom we call *dead*.

LONGFELLOW.

THE LORD gave, and the LORD hath taken away.

"GOD lent him and takes him" you sigh;
Nay, there let me break with your pain:
God's generous in giving, say I—
And the thing which HE gives, I deny
That HE ever can take back again.
HE gives what HE gives! Be content!
HE resumes nothing given—be sure!
God lend!—Where the usurers lent
In His temple, indignant HE went,
And scourged away all those impure.
HE lends not;—but gives to the end,
As HE loves to the end! If it seem
That HE draws back a gift, comprehend
'Tis to add to it rather;—amend,—
And finish it, up to your dream.

E. B. BROWNING.

AS is the Heavenly, such are they also that are
Heavenly.

1 COR. XV. 48.

Entry into Rest.

"Lord, **I** Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." . . . "Whosoever liveth and believeth on Me shall never die."—JOHN XI. 21-26.

WEEP not, my friends ! rather rejoice with me !
I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone,
And you will have another friend in Heaven.
Then start not at the creaking of the door
Through which I pass ! I see what lies beyond it !
LONGFELLOW.

OH, what were Life, if Life were all ! Thine eyes
Are blinded by their tears, or thou wouldst see
Thy treasures wait thee in the far-off skies,
And Death, thy Friend, will give them all to thee !
A. PROCTER.

LOSS is nothing else than change. Things are
changed this way, it is true, but they do not
perish.
MARCUS AURELIUS.

BUE not my Death ! rejoice at my repose !
It was no Death to me,—but to my woe ;—
The bud was open'd to let out the rose,—
The chains unloosed to let the captive go.
SOUTHWELL.

HOW must a Spirit late escap'd from earth—
The truth of things new-blazing in its eye,
Look back astonished on the ways of men !—
He mourns the Dead, who lives as they desire.
YOUNG.

I SEE them muster in a gleaming row
With ever youthful brows that nobler show ;
We find in our dull road their shining track ;
In every nobler mood
We feel the orient of their spirit glow,—
Part of our life's unalterable good,
Of all our saintlier aspiration ;
They come transfigured back
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
Beautiful evermore !—and with the rays
Of morn on their white shields of Expectation !
LOWELL.

Entry into Rest.

Blessed are they which are called unto the Marriage-supper of the Lamb!—REV. XIX. 9.

HEAVEN gives us friends to bless the present scene,
Resumes them to prepare us for the next.

✻

YOUNG.

HE wakes or sleeps with the enduring Dead ;
Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.
Dust to the dust ! But the pure Spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,—
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
Through Time and Change, unquenchably the same.
Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of
shame !

Peace, peace ! He is not dead,—he doth not sleep !
He hath awakened from the Dream of Life—
'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife !—
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable Nothings !—*We* decay
Like corpses in a charnel ;—Fear and Grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living
clay !

He has outsoared the Shadow of our Night ;
Envy and Calumny, and Hate and Pain,
And that Unrest, which men miscall Delight,
Can touch him not, and torture not again.—
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure ;—and now can never mourn

A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain ;
Nor, when the Spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn !

✻

SHELLEY.

SWEETER far is Death than Life to me that long
to go.

✻

TENNYSON.

ALL the Souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher !

LONGFELLOW.

Entry into Rest.

I, even I, am He that comforteth you.—ISAIAH LI. 12.

—♦—♦—
WHEN some beloved Voice that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
And silence, against which you dare not cry,
Aches round you like a strong disease and new,—
What hope? what help? what music will undo
That silence to your sense? Not friendship's sigh,
Not reason's subtle count. . . Nay, none of these!—
Speak THOU! availing CHRIST!—and fill this pause.

E. B. BROWNING.

—♦—♦—
WHEN our beloved rise
To gird them for the ford, and pass
From wilderness to springing grass,
From barren waste to living green.—
We weep that they no more are seen,
And that the River flows between.

Ah, could we follow where they go,
And pierce the holy shade they find,—
One grief were ours—to stay behind!
One hope—to join the Blest Unseen!—
To plant our steps where theirs have been
And find no River flows between!

C. FRASER TYTLER.

—♦—♦—
WHY then their loss deplore, that are not lost!
They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceived; and from an eye
Of tenderness let heavenly pity fall
On me, more justly numbered with the Dead!

But why more woe! More comfort let it be!
Nothing is dead—but that which wish'd to die;
Nothing is dead—but wretchedness and pain;
Nothing is dead—but what encumber'd, gall'd,
Block'd up the pass, and barr'd from real Life.

YOUNG.

—♦—♦—
BLESS THEE for the wonder of Thy mercy,
Which softeneth the Mystery and the Parting!
BUCHANAN.

Entry into Rest.

The Souls of the Righteous are in the hand of God.

WISDOM III. 1.

—♦—
BROTHER! Thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And Sorrow is unknown ;—
From the burden of the flesh
And from care and fear released,
Where the Wicked cease from troubling,
And the Weary are at rest !

Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor Doubt thy Faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in JESUS CHRIST
And the HOLY SPIRIT fail ;
And there thou'rt sure to meet the Good
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,—
Where the Wicked cease from troubling,
And the Weary are at rest !

Earth to Earth and Dust to Dust
The solemn priest hath said ;
So we lay the turf above Thee now,
And we seal thy narrow bed ;
But thy Spirit, brother, soars away
Among the faithful blest—
Where the Wicked cease from troubling,
And the Weary are at rest !

And when the LORD shall summon us,
Whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find !
May each, like Thee depart in peace,
To be a glorious guest—
Where the Wicked cease from troubling,
And the Weary are at rest !

MILMAN.

—♦—
WELL done, Good and Faithful Servant! . . .
Enter thou into the Joy of thy LORD!

AN OUTLINE OF THE CHURCH CALENDAR

M DCCCXIII.—M DCCCXLV.

The Year of our LORD.	Sundays after Epiphany.	Septuagesima Sunday.	Ash-Wednesday.	Easter-Day.	Ascension-Day.	Whit-Sunday.	Fifth Sunday after Trinity.	Tenth Sunday after Trinity.	Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.	Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.	Sundays after Trinity.	Advent Sunday.
1883	3	Jan. 29	Feb. 15	Apr. 2	May 11	May 21	July 2	Aug. 6	Sep. 10	Oct. 15	26	Dec. 3
1884	2	— 21	— 7	Mar. 25	— 3	— 13	June 24	July 29	— 2	— 7	27	— 2
1885	4	Feb. 10	— 27	Apr. 14	— 23	June 2	July 14	Aug. 18	— 22	— 27	24	— 1
1886	3	— 2	— 19	— 5	— 14	May 24	— 5	— 9	— 13	— 18	25	Nov. 29
1887	5	— 14	Mar. 3	— 18	— 27	June 6	— 18	— 23	— 26	— 31	23	— 26
1888	4	— 6	Feb. 23	— 10	— 19	May 29	— 10	— 14	— 18	— 23	24	— 27
1889	3	Jan. 29	— 15	— 2	— 11	— 21	— 2	— 6	— 10	— 15	26	Dec. 3
1900	5	Feb. 11	— 28	— 15	— 24	June 3	— 15	— 19	— 23	— 28	24	— 2
1901	3	— 3	— 20	— 7	— 16	May 26	— 7	— 11	— 15	— 20	25	— 1
1902	2	Jan. 26	— 12	Mar. 30	— 8	— 18	June 29	— 3	— 7	— 12	26	Nov. 30
1903	4	Feb. 8	— 25	Apr. 12	— 21	— 31	July 12	— 16	— 20	— 25	24	— 29
1904	3	Jan. 31	— 17	— 3	— 12	— 22	— 3	— 7	— 11	— 16	25	— 27
1905	6	Feb. 19	Mar. 8	— 23	June 1	June 11	— 23	— 27	Oct. 1	Nov. 5	23	Dec. 3
1906	5	— 11	Feb. 28	— 15	May 24	— 3	— 15	— 19	Sep. 23	Oct. 28	24	— 2
1907	2	Jan. 27	— 13	Mar. 31	— 9	May 19	June 30	— 4	— 8	— 13	26	— 1
1908	5	Feb. 16	Mar. 4	Apr. 19	— 28	June 7	July 19	— 23	— 27	Nov. 1	23	Nov. 29
1909	4	— 7	Feb. 24	— 11	— 20	May 30	— 11	— 15	— 19	Oct. 24	24	— 28
1910	2	Jan. 23	— 9	Mar. 27	— 5	— 15	June 26	July 31	— 4	— 9	26	— 27
1911	5	Feb. 12	Mar. 1	Apr. 16	— 25	June 4	July 16	Aug. 20	— 24	— 28	24	Dec. 3
1912	4	— 4	Feb. 21	— 7	— 16	May 28	— 7	— 11	— 15	— 20	25	— 1
1913	1	Jan. 19	— 5	Mar. 23	— 1	— 11	June 22	July 27	Aug. 31	— 5	27	Nov. 30
1914	4	Feb. 8	— 25	Apr. 12	— 21	— 31	July 12	Aug. 16	Sep. 30	— 25	24	— 29
1915	3	Jan. 31	— 17	— 4	— 13	— 23	— 4	— 8	— 12	— 17	26	— 28
1916	6	Feb. 30	Mar. 8	— 23	June 1	June 11	— 23	— 27	Oct. 1	Nov. 5	23	Dec. 3

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